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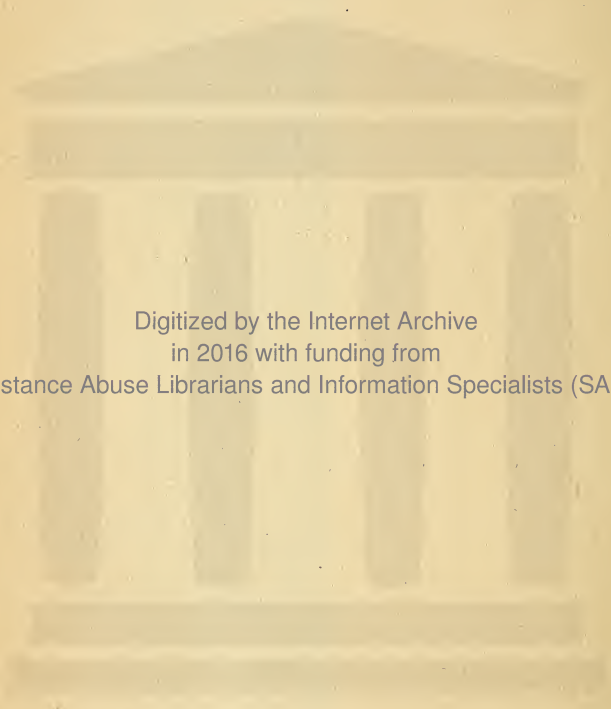
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Engr. by W. G. Jackson, N.Y.

The Fountain

THE
SONS OF TEMPERANCE OFFERING

1850.



THE
SONS OF TEMPERANCE
OFFERING:

FOR
1850.

"—— Health consists with Temperance alone.
And Peace, O virtue! Peace is all thine own."

POPE.

EDITED BY
T. S. ARTHUR.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE Publishers, in preparing an "Offering" for that great body of the People so distinguished for its love of order, peace and good-will towards men, have aimed to give to it the highest features of excellence, both literary and artistic. In order to accomplish the first, they have chosen an editor whose name is known throughout the literary world by his able advocacy of the cause of temperance as well as by his popular and useful works in the department of moral fiction. No writer has accomplished more in the temperance cause ; and his success has not been the result of accident, but of intelligent and well-directed efforts, with a high moral purpose. His versatile and eloquent pen is always employed in a good cause. His aim is always to elevate the moral sentiments of his countrymen, and to furnish new motives and excitements to unswerving moral rectitude in the conduct of life. His character, well known and established in public estimation, has inspired such wide-spread confidence, that a parent or



guardian or friend may present an Annual, edited by him, to a wife, a daughter or a most cherished friend, without previously reading or examining it; because he knows there will be nothing in it to offend the most fastidious moral sense. With such an editor for this "Offering," the Publishers come before the Order—and all friendly to the cause of literature, temperance and morals, with a feeling of entire confidence, that their efforts to produce a good book has been entirely successful.

The pictorial and typographic departments of the work speak for themselves. All must pronounce them beautiful, and worthy of the Order for which they were designed. It is the intention of the Publishers to continue, annually, the "Offering," and to give to it, in each recurring year, new features of beauty and excellence. To make it, in fact, in every way worthy of those for whom it is intended.



TO  
**The Sons of Temperance.**

OF THE  
UNITED STATES,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE PUBLISHERS

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## THE FOUNTAIN.

BY EMMA HEMPLE.

SPRINGING through the throbbing sunshine ;  
Meeting high its ray ;  
Gladd'ning every bud and blossom,  
With its glittering spray ;  
Played a fountain, freely, gladly, tiring never all the day.

Striving still to reach the branches,  
Arching o'er its head,  
Flowing back with rainbows laden,  
To its sparkling bed ;  
That with gems of brilliant brightness seemed forever fed.

And the flowers, bent low anear it,  
Seeming brightest there,  
Where it sent its cooling freshness,  
O'er their blossoms fair ;  
Flinging out their richest fragrance, as a tribute for its care.

Oh ! the fountain spread around it,  
Joy to every living thing,  
Not a bird of brightest plumage,  
But anear it, dropped its wing,  
And with heart of grateful loving, there its clearest notes would sing

Man alone, of all God's creatures,  
Turneth from its wealth aside,  
Heeding not the after sorrow,  
Which its spurning must betide ;  
'Till the bitter cup he's draining bows him down in broken pride.

Then, in humble, true relentings,  
Turns he to its blessings rare ;  
God will from his flowing bounty  
Freely give him part and share ;  
And forgive his wayward erring, when he seeks his loving care.

---

**F A R E W E L L .**

WE do not know how much we love,  
Until we come to leave,  
An aged tree, a common flower,  
Are things o'er which we grieve.  
There is a pleasure in the pain  
That brings us back the past again.

We linger while we turn away,  
We cling while we depart ;  
And memories, unmarked till then,  
Come crowding on the heart.  
Let what will lure our onward way,  
Farewell's a bitter word to say.

**CONFESSIONS OF A GAMBLER.**

OF all the passions which take possession of the human heart, and lead away the understanding, perhaps there is none so powerful and all absorbing as that of gambling. There is none which brings in its train such hopeless ruin of both soul and body ; and yet it has a strange and wonderful fascination ; and the man who once yields himself to its influence, is as one under the charm of a serpent's eye. He is entranced in a vision, and dreams of boundless hoards of wealth,—gold and silver, and everything which riches can procure, gleam upon his diseased imagination,—until, step by step, he goes on in his infatuation, and sinks, lost and destroyed, into the jaws of irremediable ruin. Would that the greatness of the evil could be felt and understood without any actual experience of the misery which, in almost every instance, results from indulging in this horrible sin !

Although we have a natural aversion to confess our own crimes, or even follies, I have become so thoroughly impressed with the sense of the inability of a second person to convey impressively the various scenes in which a gambler participates, and the slow and almost imperceptible degrees by which he is lead on in his course, that, however repugnant it may be to my feelings of pride, I have determined to make these confessions. And why not ? Who can understand it better, and who can trace out its sinuous windings ; its



incalculable train of consequences, so vividly, as one who is at last brought to a sense of his true situation,—whose very soul is gnawed at the view of his ruined fortunes, his lost reputation and health,—the memory of a dear domestic circle, lost and destroyed by his own folly,—an aged father stripped of the honest gains of a well spent and industrious life, and thrown with weak and trembling frame, his gray hairs and tottering steps, upon the tender mercies of a pitiless world. My soul burns and maddens at the thought, and memory starts back aghast at its own involuntary images. I will begin with this single observation,—that a man cannot gamble and be honest. He must be a villain. And to impress this truth upon the minds of the young, I will now enter into a detail of my own experience, and show them what an awful vortex they are rushing unguardedly into, when they make the first step. “C’est le premier pas qui conte.” The danger lies in the first step. “Touch not, handle not;” for it winds itself about you like the coils of a snake, limb by limb, till at last you are unable to throw it off, and soon or late will be crushed and powerless. Were gambling but a solitary crime, there would be enough to condemn it; but it is the father of many crimes. But to my story.

The first years of my life I shall touch upon but slightly. Suffice it to say, that my parents were wealthy and moved in the highest circle of society. They were kind and indulgent, and being an only child every care and attention was paid to my education. I was the pet of the family, and from my earliest days was taught to look upon myself as the hope of the house. The only thing neglected was my moral culture,

and I am lead by observation to fear that this is almost a universal fault among the wealthy. I was taught every accomplishment that goes to make up the fine gentleman, and my deluded parents were nervously anxious lest I should degrade myself by associating below my rank.

I was therefore, after passing through my collegiate days, thrown into the society of young men, who had been taught these aristocratic views. There was a degree of elegance about them which, to the superficial observer, was fascinating in the extreme. Nothing could be more faultless than their manners in society,—their conversation while in the social circle was of a delightful and pleasing cast,—in a word, there was such an air about everything they did and said, that one was almost compelled to be pleased. All the laws of etiquette were rigidly observed while in the society of females ; and their general intercourse with the world was so polite and pleasing, there was such an air of kindness and good will, that the very perfection of virtue and innocence seemed embodied and personified. I was delighted at the idea of forming such acquaintances and every-day associates, and thus, like a victim with a garland of roses upon my head, was led behind the scenes, and gradually became initiated into what were until this time hidden and unknown. As I was just making my debut, and having great expectations, nothing could exceed the apparent respect and attention with which I was received in the city of B——, where I was sent by my father to enter upon the study of medicine, under the care of the celebrated Dr. R——. Since there was no absolute necessity of following any profession for a livelihood, this step was taken more for the purpose of keeping up appear-

ances than any other, since even by the most wealthy in this country, one must make a show of having some business. And Dr. R—— being a man who was much esteemed, and whose society was sought by the most fashionable and the élite of B——, I was placed in his family and under his immediate auspices.

To be brief, I was soon introduced into the best society, and found myself in what was, to one so fresh and inexperienced as I, a paradise of delights. Having a natural inclination to the elegant, I was an apt pupil, and soon acquired confidence and the air *distingué* so necessary to give one success in the great world. The flattery and compliments heaped upon me from all quarters, were sufficient to have turned a much stronger brain than I could boast the possession of.

The reader will readily perceive that, with prudence and circumspection, I was in a fair way to lead a life of respectability, and gain that position in the world so eagerly sought for by the great majority. But how I fell, and forfeited my rank and station,—how I was seduced from the paths of rectitude by yielding to the passion for play, remains yet to be told.

Among the first acquaintances which I formed on my arrival in B——, was a young man of fashion, whom I shall call Finley. With him I became intimate in a very short time. He seemed to be the very essence of gentility, and had that off-hand dashing air of freedom and frankness, which is so attractive to one just entering upon the pleasures of life. How little can we judge from appearances ! I now date my ruin from the day that I was thrown into the society of this young man.

Until then I had been a student, and sought all my pleasures in books. I had an instinctive aversion to vice in all the forms in which it had come before me. But here it came in such seducing attractions that it stole upon me insensibly. The outworks of the citadel were gained, and a lodgement effected, ere the garrison became aware of the enemy's approach.

Let the following scenes tell the story of my folly and weakness.

As I was strolling down the most fashionable street of B—— one evening, enjoying the fresh air, and amusing myself with the crowds of people, some with busy looks, and others idle, like myself, I was accosted by Mr. Finley, who was accompanied by a fine looking young man seemingly of his own age. In the most agreeable tone, and with much apparent satisfaction at meeting me, he addressed me thus :—

“ Ah ! Harley, my dear fellow, how do you do ? Allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, my friend, Mr. Thomson. Thomson, Mr. Harley. How fortunate that I have met you just at this time.”

“ It gives me much pleasure to become acquainted with any friend of Mr. Finley,” I observed, with a bow to Mr. Thomson. “ I presume that you are a stranger in the city ?”

“ Why, yes,” said Mr. T., “ I may call myself a stranger ; or rather, the city is very strange to me, although it is my birth-place ; so many changes have taken place during my absence in Europe.”

“ By the way, Harley, I have invited a few friends to pass the evening at my rooms,” said Finley, “ and it will give



me a pleasure to introduce you. Only a little social party, and if you do not play—do you play whist?"

"That," said I, "is a game which I always avoid."

"Say no more. If you have any conscientious scruples, of course, you need not join us in that. Here is Thomson will not touch a card. He will entertain you with some of his incidents of travel. Let us stroll a little farther, and luxuriate in the rays of these charmingly bright eyes. One might almost imagine himself in Paradise, there are so many fairy forms flitting before him."

And thus we pursued our walk, mingling our observations on the ladies with various lively and piquant chat, in which Finley was the master spirit. Indeed I never had heard such brilliant conversation, and was highly delighted. At last we arrived at Finley's rooms, and then for the first time he threw off the strict propriety of his manners, and seemed desirous of making us entirely at ease, by giving, in the most skilful manner, a gradual latitude to the subjects of conversation. At first the general news of the day was discussed, and the segars we smoked served to create a slight thirst, which was removed by a glass or two of wine. I was wholly unused to the scene in which I found myself, and quietly yielded to the example set, in order that I might not appear altogether new and inexperienced. This was a very natural and not unusual result of the situation. I became exhilarated to such a degree that I became quite talkative, and entered freely into the lively spirit of my companions.

Three other young gentlemen were now added to the party, and after the ceremony of my introduction to them, which, in the convivial state we were in, was soon accomplished, and

without much reserve, (I pass over much that was said, in order to confine myself to the chief object of my Confessions,) very soon the cards were produced ; and although I was not a little excited by the wine I had drank, I could still perceive that there was an air of restraint,—a sort of doubtful look, and a little by-play, passing between Finley and his friend Thomson.

“Come,” said Finley, “I suppose that it will not be agreeable to Mr. Harley to join us ; therefore we will leave him to the mercy of Thomson, while we play a few rubbers. Take a segar, Harley, and a glass of wine.”

“Never fear,” replied Mr. Thomson, with a confident air. “With Mr. Harley’s conversational powers, we shall not be at a loss ; besides we can amuse ourselves with the vicissitudes of your play, in an occasional glance at the games. You understand the game, Mr. Harley, I presume.”

“Tolerably well,” said I. “My friends have accounted me a pretty expert player, in past times ; though of late I have not played ; and indeed have avoided it altogether since I came to the conclusion that gambling was sinful, and that it was dangerous to walk even upon the edge of the precipice.”

“Perhaps you are right,” returned Mr. Thomson, in a conciliating tone ; “although I do not play, I have no very strong scruples with regard to it. It is quite an innocent pastime,—not indulged in to excess. But among *friends* and *gentlemen*, who of course do not wish to win money, I do not object to playing, even for a small stake,—just enough to add a pleasant excitement.”

I responded to this sentiment, though rather hesitatingly, for I could not at once overcome my scruples. Mr. Thom-

son kept up a rapid flow of words, sometimes relating anecdotes, of his adventures in Paris,—sometimes speaking encouragingly to the players, and then skilfully coming back to the subject of my aversion to cards, and gradually sapping the foundation of my resolution not to play. During our converse, several games had been played with various success, and as I looked on, I became interested more and more, and when two of the players rose as if fatigued, I suddenly proposed to play a few games ; for I thought that they played badly, and pride suggested the thought that I could do better. Mr. Thomson seemed unwilling to sit down ; but after many well assumed objections and much feigned hesitation, finally consented. The question now was, “ Shall we bet ?—Only a small stake,—it makes so much more interest. Do you bet ? ” said Mr. Thomson, turning to me. “ Oh, I see you don’t ; ” for I hesitated, and made no answer.

“ Well,” remarked Finley, “ if Mr. Harley does not bet —— ”

“ Oh yes ” I interrupted, “ it is of but little consequence. I have no objection to a small stake.”

“ I bet with you then,” said Mr. Thomson. “ How much shall it be ? A dollar—no higher. Positively I will not go higher. Finley have you any of that old brandy ? This wine does not altogether agree with me. One does acquire such a habit of drinking, in Paris ! - The water is so bad too, in the city, that it is absolutely necessary to mix something with it to take away the unwholesome effects. Mr. Harley, allow me to give you a glass of wine ; or will you prefer a little of this good brandy which I see Finley has produced. Yes, I thought that your taste was above these insipid wines.



That's right. I see that you are a fine fellow. Don't you find the water very bad ;—producing a sort of a ——?”

“Why ye-es, I have imagined that there was something unpleasant about the wa——.”

“Say no more,” said Finley. “Brandy for me : good old cogniac against all the wines in christendom. As to the Turks and Musselmen generally, they pretend to abstain, but the sly dogs, I believe that they indulge a little in private! Come, how goes the game? Six tricks! Why Harley, you are lucky, or you play better than we. Three by cards and two by honors. Well done, Harley! If I were a blackleg I would certainly secure you for a partner.”

Oh how blind I was! How plain appears the cunning of these young *gentlemen*, now, when it is too late—too late! It may seem strange and unnatural that I should have so suddenly fallen into the snare laid for me, and have allowed myself not only to drink to excess, but actually to gamble, both of which I had hitherto held in abhorrence; but the experience of many a young man will prove that it does often happen.

I played with wonderful success throughout the evening, and when we ceased, found myself the winner of more than a hundred dollars. This sum was a mere drop, for I needed it not; but still the fact that I had won it from persons whom I thought more experienced than myself, in spite of the little good sense I then had, operated powerfully on my vanity and conceit. The spark was produced, and by the skilful fanning of these cunning fellows, flamed up into a strong passion. It is now wonderful to me, that I was so lulled to rest that I did not suspect them of any design. Finley, at one moment, was

in a well feigned rage at the loss of his money, and seemed to forget his gentlemanly deportment. Thomson was noisy and talkative, and seemed to feel the drain upon his purse very severely ;—complained of the unlucky “run of the cards.” It would happen so at times. He believed in changing partners or having “a new pack of cards.” With a half smiling, half mortified look, he reproached me gently for making so heavy a draw upon his bank, but hoped I would give him an opportunity of retrieving his fortune. Elated as I was by my success, and excited too by the wine and brandy, I promised to give him an early opportunity of doing so.

The cards were now thrown aside and all was a scene of hilarity and noise. Finley preserved his dignity, and seemed desirous of showing that he had a strong head. Songs were sung of a very equivocal character, and stories related, still more so. I went home in a state bordering on intoxication.

Strange to tell, my scruples, which were so strong until now, were scattered to the four winds ; I dreamed of my success, and a wave of wealth seemed to flow in upon me. Now was the time, when any strong and good principles would have operated to show me in what a dangerous position I stood ; but alas ! I had none. I now see that I was only governed by a desire to keep up appearances. How many are prevented from being actually vicious by the restraints, alone, of society, and are amiable and virtuous only so long as they are not tempted !

The relation of my first temptation, and the scene accompanying it, will give a sufficiently strong idea of many subsequent scenes, all tending to the same point,—my complete seduction into the paths of vice and ruin. I had a bounteous

supply of money from my indulgent parent, whose only thought was that I should make a fine appearance, and display to advantage the accomplishments and learning I had already acquired, and make a figure in the fashionable world. Little did he think of the result of these views upon his own fortunes ; and could I have foreseen how my moral sense would become deadened and lost, and myself be sunk into the lowest acts of villainy, I should have shrunk with abhorrence from the first step,—the little beginning which led me to my present miserable situation.

I shall pass hurriedly over the principal events which followed the scene of the fatal evening.

After several similar scenes in which my success was beyond all precedent, the tide of fortune seemed to turn. Notwithstanding the heavy losses of Finley and Thomson, they maintained the most polite bearing possible towards me, and sought my society on all occasions. By degrees I lost all that I had formerly won from them, and by such skilful means that I was almost unconscious of the fact. As I lost I became more and more reckless, and madly doubled and trebled my bets, till at last I was more than a thousand dollars in debt, and was obliged to draw upon my father so often, that, with all his liberality, he began to be astonished. At last I was suddenly recalled home. I returned, and met my father, and heard his mild reproaches with dissembled sorrow and penitence. For a time I appeared to be reclaimed, but the demon was still working at my heart. I soon found the means of indulging my passion for play in private, in a small way, with my associates, while I was apparently very correct in my deportment.

Meanwhile my father had met with some heavy losses in the stocks, and thought it necessary to enter into mercantile affairs in order to recover himself. I assisted him, and was at last made a partner with him. The hurry and press of business for a while obliterated my love of play, and I entered upon the duties of my station with so much alacrity and interest that all traces of my former character seemed lost.

How deceitful are appearances ! It was like fire concealed beneath ashes ; and the passion for gambling was destined to burst out afresh, and with new strength. In the course of affairs, I was obliged to visit the city of R—— to purchase goods. Here I met Finley again, and led away by his seductive manners, in an unguarded moment I accepted an invitation to a convivial party. I went, and amidst the excitement of drink, forgot my half-formed resolutions, and once more seated myself at the card-table. After various fortunes, during which it would be almost impossible to describe the exultation of success and the agony of loss, which I experienced, I rose from the table stript of the whole amount in my possession, and nearly the same amount in debt. It was a *debt of honor and must be paid*.

What should I do ? I knew not. When I sought my couch that night, or rather in the morning, it was with swollen eyes and an aching head. Various schemes for retrieving my losses passed through my mind, and I at last fell into an imperfect sleep. Horrible visions came over my sleeping fancy, and when I awoke it was with a sobered head and clear view of my situation, more agonizing than my dreams.

After revolving a thousand plans in my mind, the evil

spirit, which is always at hand with most cunning suggestions, prompted me to purchase my goods *on credit*. My father's name and reputation as a business man being so well known, I accomplished this with an ease that surprised me, and renovated my fallen spirits wonderfully. I purchased double the amount originally intended, and after shipping part of them for home, sent the remainder privately to a neighboring city where they were sold at auction. The proceeds of the sale I placed in my pocket, and after writing my father to inform him that I was detained by sickness, returned to pay my *debt of honor*, and with the hope of recovering what I had lost. Vain hope! Empty delusion! I was in the hands of most consummate villains. I played fair; for I knew not the tricks of blacklegs. Private marks,—slipping cards,—and arranging face cards so as to throw the honors all into one hand, were things entirely unknown to me. I never dreamed of them, and weakly thought that all were as honest as myself.

It is hardly necessary to say, that with such odds against me I was sure to be the loser. I lost every dollar in my possession; but not until I had detected one of my adversaries in an attempt to pass a card. I accused him of it, and the result was that he threw down his hand in assumed anger, and thus mixed the cards to conceal the cheat. He then acted the innocent, and appealed to the party as a *gentleman*. I still accused him, for I had plainly seen the attempt. He then began to bluster and assume the bully. I became incensed and called him a scoundrel. A blow was given, and then we were separated. I returned to my lodgings half mad with my losses, and in a state of mind bordering on phrenzy.



Finley led me home, and seemed anxious to calm my feelings. After he had succeeded in this to some degree, he threw me into a state of nervous apprehension, by telling me that the language I had used to Morton, (for that was the name of my opponent) and the blow I had given, must inevitably lead to a duel. A duel ! I exclaimed.

“ Yes a duel,” said Finley. “ Do you think that a gentleman can put up with such language, and not seek satisfaction ?”

“ But I will not fight.”

“ Then you must be disgraced.”

“ Is there no alternative ? I have been robbed—cheated,—and yet must risk my life. No no, Finley that cannot be.”

“ Then flight, instant flight is your only remedy ; Morton is not to be trifled with. This is not the first affair in which he has been engaged.”

“ But I will not fly. I have as high a sense of honor as any man living ; but I looked not for this. I have no fear,—still I thought not of this. Do you think he will send a challenge ?”

“ He will most certainly do so, or I do not know Henry Morton.”

Such a turn of affairs,—such a crowd of events, one upon the other, had the effect at first to almost stupify me. I could hardly realize my situation. A thousand fancies of evil flashed on my mind. A gambler,—a receiver of goods on false pretences,—an ungrateful son,—and now a duellist ! All, all this came up before me, and overwhelmed me with shame and remorse. I was interrupted in my revery, and roused from my numbing stupefaction by the entrance of a

person whom I recognized as having been a looker on while we were playing. He came from Morton, who demanded an immediate apology, or a meeting as soon as possible. An apology I would not give, and in the desperation of the moment, gave the conduct of the whole business to Finley as my friend, and retired—not to sleep, but to pass the night in a state of mind never to be understood or conceived of by one who has not been in the same situation. I attempted to write to my father, but I could not compose my mind, and at last laid down my pen in despair, and throwing myself upon my couch gave up to a hysterical flood of tears, from which I insensibly sunk into an uneasy insensibility which could hardly be called sleep. I was roused from this by Finley, and started up with a horrid and vague sense of evil, but for a time could not fix my mind sufficiently to recall the circumstances of the past evening.

“Come Harley,” said he, “I have arranged everything for a speedy termination of this affair.”

“Affair?—what ——”

“Come, come, arouse. The coach is in waiting to take us upon the ground, and here is my case of pistols.”

“Pistols! Ah, now I remember. Well I am ready. O Finley, Finley! you know not what feeling I have. How will my father bear this news? But there is a strange fatality, which leads me on in spite of myself.”

I took up one of the pistols, and the touch of the cold steel sent a shuddering thrill through my frame. I then seized a glass and swallowed a large draught of brandy,—unmixed with water,—I scarcely tasted it, so great was desperation in which I was plunged. I now gave myself mechanically into



the hands of Finley. All was like a dream. I have only an indistinct recollection of the cold and misty morning air,—the whirling of the coach,—the dimly seen figures of Morton, his second and a surgeon, when we arrived on the ground. We took our positions, and the instruments of death were placed in our hands. All was hurried. “Are you ready? fire! one—two—three”—and the discharge of our pistols was almost simultaneous. Morton sprang into the air and fell upon the damp earth!! \* \* \* \* \*

Then came the thought that I was a *murderer*! I was hurried into the coach by Finley, and fled, as though pursued by demons. What transpired for several weeks I know not. The excitement of the scenes through which I had passed was such, that a fever of the brain was induced, and when I awoke from the delirium it produced, I found myself in the cabin of a vessel and tossing upon the ocean. My passage to Liverpool had been secured by Finley, and I had been tended by the kind-hearted sailors. I will not dwell upon this part of my story.

Suffice it to say, I recovered, and on reaching our destination, I was soon lost to the world in the depths of a populous city. I could now recount the various plans I adopted in order to support life, and what low and menial labors I was driven to; but I forbear.

I have wandered over the world an outcast from society, and have sought to drown memory by a thousand ways, but never—*never*, can I obliterate from my mind the conviction, that, in the eye of God, I am a murderer. I feel convinced that the misfortunes and miseries of my life are mainly attributable to my passion for play. Every one thinks that

he has strength of mind enough to preserve himself from excess. So I thought; but how much was I mistaken. I not only ruined myself but was the cause of the ruin of a kind father, whose property was seized, when the deception which I had used was discovered, and he, obliged to labor in his old age to support life.

Let the young man take warning from my fatal course and avoid the first step, and let him remember, too, "*That a man cannot gamble, and be honest.*"

C. K. G.

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## THE INFANT.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I saw an infant—health and joy and light  
 Bloomed on its cheek, and sparkled in its eye;  
 And its fond mother stood delighted by,  
 To see its morn of being dawn so bright.  
 Again I saw it, when the withering blight  
 Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie  
 On that sad mother's breast—stern death was nigh,  
 And Life's young wings were fluttering for their flight.  
 Last, I beheld it stretched upon the bier,  
 Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,  
 Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,  
 Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay;  
 But on its lip the unearthly smile expressed,—  
 "Oh! happy child! untried, and early blest!"

## H E L E N .

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THY bright morning sun,  
Is rising in its beauty ; and the rays  
Thrown from its depths, as from an urn of fire,  
Are richly clustering round thee ; how thy path  
Doth glitter in the gay and golden sheen  
O'er mount and blooming vale before thee shed !  
And how the glories of maturer years,  
Seem to await thy light and bounding tread !  
A coronal more rare than gems or gold,  
Of living excellence they've made for thee,  
Wreathed in the blaze of mind's enduring heaven,  
With stars of never fading lustre blent,  
And wearing as a circlet the stern bands  
Of virtue—firm, inflexible and pure ;  
And thou may'st win and wear it in its pride.

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Summer hues  
Are glowing in their lustre and their love  
On thy glad countenance, so rich in smiles ;  
Thou art the flower that the healthful spring  
Hath strengthened into beauty as it passed,  
And the fair dyes that paint thy lovely cheeks  
Are less in value to thee, than the stores  
Thy mind hath gathered and may gather yet,  
Ere the more brilliant light of womanhood,  
May flash their splendors on thy snowy brow



J. C. Leitch del.

W. H. Woodcut.

*W. H. Woodcut.*



And there are mental treasures which the world  
 Knoweth not of ;—nor may the giddy throngs,  
 That sport like butterflies among the flowers,  
 Sipping the sweets of pleasure, and that sweep  
 On with the flood of fashion, ever find  
 The hidden mine whence these rare treasures spring ;  
 Would'st know where thou mayest find it and enjoy  
 Riches exhaustless as the mind itself ?  
 Take up thy blessed Bible, and turn o'er,  
 Page after page, its consecrated leaves,  
 And ponder well the purposes of Him  
 Who made the mind—noblest of all his works,—  
 To contemplate his character, and live  
 With Him forever in a higher state ;  
 And as the sheets thy fingers may unfold,  
 May the eternal God unfold to thee  
 The treasures of his own immortal truth.

J. N. M.



## GENTLE WORDS.---LOVING SMILES.

THE sun may warm the grass to light,  
 The dew the drooping flower,  
 And eyes grow bright and watch the light  
 Of Autumn's opening hour—  
 But words that breathe of tenderness,  
 And smiles we know are true,  
 Are warmer than the summer time,  
 And brighter than the dew.



## THE IMPORTANCE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

“Childhood ! happiest stage of life,  
Free from care, and free from strife.”

WHEN a little girl, I can remember having two kind hands placed upon my head, and hearing the above lines repeated to me in a sad, regretful tone, by a gentleman who was at that time unhappy. I half started in surprise, for I had looked forward to maturity, as the period when my various trials were to be ended—when I could do as I pleased without reproof—when unalloyed happiness would be my portion. I thought grown people did not think half enough of trying to make children happy. Such were my thoughts at that time. But after a good romp, when I went into the house and peeped into the parlor, where mother had company, the idea of being obliged to sit up straight in a chair, and do nothing but talk the whole afternoon, made womanhood seem a very unfortunate state.

When we leave childhood in the distance, and become absorbed in the busy game of life, with its pleasures and cares, we are apt to look back upon our earliest and strongest impressions, with a light laugh at their nonsensical simplicity. It assists us in the study of character, to cast a glance behind upon circumstances that occurred when we were incapable of



forming a judgment upon them. We can frequently trace out hidden motives in others, of which, at the time, we did not dream. We saw effects, and seldom thought of causes. In remembering how we were generally treated by those, under whose care we fell at different periods, some knowledge of the world is opened to us. In treasuring up memories of our own impressions, we gain a knowledge of our natural dispositions, unrestrained and uninfluenced by present circumstances, passions or prejudices.

The only use such knowledge can be, is to induce us to make stronger efforts to curb and put away the faults that caused us unhappiness, and in our intercourse with children never to excite the evil feelings which were caressly tampered with in our own case.

Childhood is generally regarded as of too little importance. We seek to know the characters of those with whom we associate; then why should not the turn of a child's mind be heeded by those who have the important duty of directing it as they will? It is the time when man's noblest feelings should be quietly but continually called forth, when we should learn to grow mighty in moral strength. The circumstances which then occur, exert a powerful, although it may be, an imperceptible influence. Through life, the dreams of early days linger unconsciously around us—well would it be, if they always clung to us, with a softening power; if to turn back, were only to remember the mild, yet steadfast eyes, that lit us forward in our heedless path.

I can vividly recall the first morning I went to a regular school. Whips and frowning faces, were never thought of—all was to be perfectly delightful. I was about five years old.

when these erroneous ideas were indulged. It was a clear, sunshiny day ; and from six o'clock until nine, brother C—— and I were in a frenzy of joyful anticipation. The hour at last arrived. C—— put his cap on, and my little pink bonnet was carefully tied under my chin. We left the house and walked nearly a block, very demurely, each of us, holding a hand of our mother. But our ecstasy could not long be repressed. We drew our hands away, and bounding forward, ran a race to the school house. We peeped into the windows at a scene which was intensely interesting to us, until mother came, reproved us for our rudeness, and knocked at the door. Mr. B—— opened it, and bowed to mother. We went in, and C—— and I cast down our eyes, utterly abashed as the great man smiled upon us, patted C——'s head, and took me upon his knee. I was immediately transferred to the female department and fell to the care of Miss B——. She was in no way peculiar, as a teacher. I believe she was kind hearted, but she had no sympathies with children. She never attempted to interest them ; to touch in their hearts a chord that would vibrate willingly to love. This was not from want of goodness in herself, but from incapacity to perceive, and adapt her thoughts and feelings to, the states of children. If she felt an interest in us, as probably she did, she checked the expression of it. She never treated us as if she were preparing us to become reasonable and reasoning beings. If she caught a child in the act of telling a falsehood, the child was, of course, severely punished ; and she lectured us all on the evils of lying. But she never acted towards us as if she felt implicit faith in our uprightness ; as if she thought us *incapable* of telling a falsehood.

We cannot know how far such confidence in our integrity, goes towards really elevating us. Many, many, perhaps, bitterly remember, how distrust has been ground into the very heart, awakening intense anger, and chilling every feeling of goodness and hope. Miss B—— gave me one such bitter lesson, which I never forgot, and I turn to it now with feelings of regret. When I was about seven or eight years old, I began to study Olney's Geography. I was thought too young to use a map, and all the first part of the book being skipped over, except a few pages, I was plunged into hard names, which conveyed to my mind no meaning whatever, as my lesson was never explained. Almost every day I had a crying spell. I finally wrought my courage up to the highest pitch, after I had missed every word one morning, and asked Miss B—— if I could not give up the unconquerable study. I was answered in a decided negative; and to punish me for the presumption of making such a request, my lesson was extended beyond its usual length. If it was not perfectly learned, on the next day I was to submit to a severe punishment. I felt that I was treated unjustly, and it instantly awoke in me a spirit of anger and determined opposition. We were obliged to recite separately, and our lessons were studied at home. I can recall the far-back, stubborn, unhappy feeling with which I returned from school. A sort of vague plan was formed in my mind. I resolved to study late in the evening, and early in the morning, as long as could possibly be expected of any scholar, and yet I had a secret hope, that in spite of all my labor, I should miss my lesson, and convince Miss B—— that it was useless to force me. I had a malicious desire, which sprung from her treatment of

me, to disappoint her. At times, the thought of the forthcoming chastisement produced a strong effect, and stirred some quivering fears ; but combativeness triumphed. The moment tea was over, I took my geography in one hand, my doll in the other, and went by myself, to study. I took the precaution to sit by a window, that I might not lack for amusement. I read my lesson over, fast then slow ; sung it to every tune I could think of ; read it backwards ; then picked out the words beginning with capital letters, at random, and repeated them mechanically, while I gazed out of the window, and took note of every little thing that occurred. When it became dark, I went out of my solitude, and, by the light of a lamp, pored over my book. Until nine o'clock, the time I had appointed to give up, I kept my eyes open. How slowly and wearily the minutes passed. And what a feeling of relief it was, when I was once more in freedom.

In the morning I studied an hour or two, then marched to school, in the pleasing consciousness that I was as dumb as ever. I exulted in the thought of telling Miss B—— how long I had studied.

“ Ah ! ” thought I, with a glow of triumph, “ now my good madame will consent to my giving up geography—to-day will see the end of hard lessons.” I felt some misgiveness as Miss B——’s eye fell upon me, when I entered, but the moment she looked away, I tossed my book into my desk. While I was down on the floor, picking up some beads, she approached, unseen by me, and struck her ominous ruler upon the desk with a loud noise.

“ Do you know that lesson, Miss ! ” she inquired, sternly. I started from my recumbent position, and my heart beat like



the ticking of a clock as I opened the lid of my desk and drew forth my book. Before I commenced reciting, I told her very impressively how long I had studied. After listening to the first few words of my lesson and finding I had nothing more to say on the subject, she threw the book aside.

"You have not studied this lesson, as long as you say you have!" she said, eyeing me steadily.

"Oh! Miss B——," I began.

"Hush! not a word," she answered, rising.

"I hav'nt told a story, Miss B——," I implored eagerly.

"You can ask my mother."

"Did'nt I tell you to be quiet! You have not looked at this lesson more than ten minutes. Don't speak! I know you have not," and she turned away.

I burst into tears; angry feelings rushed like a torrent over me. It was her injustice that aroused in my childish heart something like a desire for revenge. She walked slowly out of the door and through the yard to the boy's department, in order to call Mr. B——. Oh! to have been in freedom then to have spurned her threats, and to have rushed from that hateful school room, with a laugh of derision—how sweet it would have been to my excited feelings. But I knew if I did so, my passionate whims would not be indulged at home, and the thought of being walked back to school the next day, had a restraining effect. Mr. B—— came back with his sister, and they both looked down at me a moment, in solemn silence. Finally Miss B—— said,

"Brother, this little girl must be taken into the boy's

school, and stay there all day, as a punishment for two things,—first she told me a falsehood, then missed her whole lesson.”

I burst into a fresh flood of tears as these cruel words were spoken.

“Yes,” she continued, “every boy in school will know how bad she is!”

Mr. B—— led me into the male department, and that ridicule might add a sting to what I already suffered, he placed me, with an ill-suppressed smile, between two of the largest boys, and bade them see that I studied all the time.

Ridicule is an ungenerous engine of punishment towards a child ; it withers up every warm, frank feeling, and takes away all confidence in the motives by which a teacher may be actuated. It awakens feelings which can never be indulged, even by a child, without injury to the deep, kind affections within. A gall and bitterness is imparted, which after actions cannot easily cause to be forgotten.

When I caught the expression of Mr. B——’s face, I suddenly resolved not to look at my lesson—to be perfectly obstinate. For some time, I was so ; but then came the tender, relenting state of mind, peculiar to childhood, after *every* wrong action and design. I reflected that I was sent to school, by my parents, only for my own good. I thought how much was done for me, which I could never repay, except by being obedient and grateful. I remembered how kindly my mother smiled upon me when I had done well in any thing, and how much oftner her face was saddened by my yielding to my temper, heedless of all consequences.



These thoughts came, and through my blinding tears I bent over my book and attempted to study.

Mr. B—— came along, and began to hear me recite, before I had committed one-fourth to memory. He rebuked me sternly, and then placed a high stool in the centre of the room, upon which he seated me, for my old feelings had come back again, and I would not mount it myself. Again I resolved not to gratify him by studying. I forced back the thoughts of my late repentance. I tried to forget the gush of regretful feeling that poured upon me, when I thought how my father and mother would be grieved if they could look into my heart. I endeavored to banish every thing from my mind but the idea that I was treated cruelly and unjustly. The morning passed away and part of the afternoon. Mr. B—— then took pity on me, and sent me back to my own school room, no wiser in regard to my lesson than when I left it. That wretched day closed, and I hurried home, feeling utterly miserable. My sky of happiness was overcast; I was saddened and exhausted by what I had gone through, and the thought of going back to school, on the next day, I dreaded more than can be conceived. I could have knelt and prayed with all the warm but simple fervor of a child's unhappiness for a release. I could have given away all my playthings—I could have consented to have been confined in the house all day. Any thing would have been preferable, to being again a prisoner, in the school room, under the sharp eyes of Miss B——. I felt as if no one loved me there!

Affection towards children is never wasted. In after years it steals upon them, when the cares of life have worn upon the spirit; when grief has softened it. From the very

depths of our being, there well up innocent, blessed memories of earlier times, that chasten our hearts, that reprove us for unkind words spoken heedlessly to some gentle being. With spirits made better and kinder from such remembrances, we go forth into the field of duty, and more earnestly try to overcome all that is unholy within us. Oh ! if we could but realize the power that lies in childhood ! Its unseen influences awake in our souls the angel voices that were well-nigh mute.

Who, that in childhood has had the tearful eye of a mother bent for a moment reproachfully upon him, then silently averted, can forget it, when in manhood he enters into the chamber of his own soul and stirs up its by-gone memories ! His bosom seems again to quicken its remorseful throb ; the repentant tear springs to his eye as hastily as if the long past scene were present to him. With a keenness of regretful feeling that amounts almost to agony, he bows himself, and the haughty, careless man of the world, weeps alone over his early days—over the innocence, the kindness, the love that have fled from him. He thinks of hopes which his wasted years have blighted,—of affection, which his selfishness has ill repaid. He resolves and re-resolves to be a better man,—his proud heart pours itself forth in silence and in prayer—the hallowed prayer which a mother had taught his infant lips to murmur. Such feelings, transitory though they be, exert a holy influence. They prevent man from becoming entirely debased, but they are not to be trifled with and sinned against, as an idle freak of fancy, in a lighter mood, or they bring a weight of guilt, greater than if they had never been awakened. They are wild, sad, yet rich

harmonies, which never descend into the thoughts, except the soul has been softened by sorrow, by sympathy, or perhaps only by a sudden tone of affection. It sometimes requires but little to touch a chord in the heart, the thrill of which may last forever.

Who can recall a kind act, done for him when a child, without a feeling of tenderness ; without a desire to be kind himself to others ? How many guilty beings have been arrested in an evil course, by having an apparently slight circumstance recall their purer years ! When this is considered, the importance of always feeling kindly and tenderly towards children, seems to be increased. In the sternest reproofs, they should never see passion nor petulance : then, remembered tenderness will exert all the restraining power it should.

Once a little incident occurred, which I can never think of, now, without a sudden thrill of deep and tender feeling. It was but a slight thing, and yet the earnest recollection of it can start a tear in the gayest mood. One afternoon, on returning from school, I found my mother upon a sick bed ; but her illness was more of the mind than body. She was very, very sad. I began to play alone, in one corner of the room, with my doll, and was totally absorbed in my domestic arrangements, when she called me in a low voice.

“ Kiss me, my child,” she said, as I stood by the bed, and her eyes filled with tears. At that moment, I became a woman in feeling. I comprehended, for the first time, her sadness and depression—a sadness that sought affection as a relief. I could not define my thoughts, but I felt as if my heart would break with its sudden weight of emotion. I had

my doll on my arm ; after a pause she took it, and examined my efforts to dress it.

“ You may go to the bureau, dear,” she said, “ and bring me that blue satin you wanted. I’ll help you to make a dress for your doll.”

My heart gave a bound of childish gratitude and delight. Her tone seemed to say,

“ The power of *conferring* happiness is not taken from me.”

The impressions of children are transitory and changeful. My sadness departed as suddenly as it came. As I sat by my mother’s bedside, and watched her efforts to gratify me, by taking an interest in my little affairs, I was filled with happiness to overflowing. Was it wasting time thus to amuse a child, when no duties interfered ? Oh ! no. A kind remembrance was to be stored up, which could never be recalled, when childhood’s visions had passed away, without a deeper power to soften and benefit.

These things are generally too little thought of by parents ; tenderness and playfulness, at the proper season, are no barriers to a firm and judicious government. No dignity is lost by sympathising in the gay, simple feelings of a child—to the worn bosom it brings back its once delightful freshness ; it awakens the innocent joyfulness, which care had made to slumber. That heart must be cold, indeed, which cannot be made sunny for a moment by the glad ringing laugh of a happy child. I cannot believe that a person who possesses a right warm heart, ever dislikes children. It is out of the nature of things.

I was once under the temporary care of a teacher, who



must have had a positive antipathy to children. Not a scholar was young enough to escape a whipping for the slightest misdemeanor. Mrs. N—— once sent for her husband to come into the school room, and chastise her little sister for a trifling fault. While she had charge of the school, I begged mother to let me take my brother Willie, who was about three years old, to spend an afternoon. He was delighted, and his bright little face was in a perfect sunshine. When I entered the school room, I felt extremely proud of my precious charge. After taking off his cap, and brushing up his hair, I lifted him on the seat next me, with a great appearance of display. I had finished fidgetting, and had just taken up my spelling book to study quietly, when Mrs. N—— came towards me. I did not suppose it could be in her heart to do any thing but to smile upon him, or to kiss his happy face.

“Here, little boy,” she said, taking his hand, and jerking him off the bench, “you must sit with the little children. No, no,” she continued as he looked up at me, with a frightened countenance, and then burst into tears, “you can’t sit by your sister ; come along !”

She led him away, but how different was his low cry, stifled by fear, from the pleasant laugh with which he entered. He was naturally a brave little fellow, and his hearty, independent laugh, as well as his proud self-will, when angry, had always seemed to scorn every thing like submission. His young face was now wet with tears, and I watched with pain its sad, quelled expression, as he followed, with his eyes, all Mrs. N——’s motions. Occasionally he looked over to me imploringly, but I could only try to smile upon him. It was

not long, however, before he became accustomed to his situation. I soon heard his voice in a whisper, then, in a moment, he forgot himself, and his shouting laugh broke forth as free as ever. The sound startled us all. He sprung from his seat with a loud "hurra," and chased after a marble, as it rolled on before him.

"Willie, Willie!" I whispered, half starting from my seat, and glancing deprecatingly at Mrs. N——. He looked at me with a gay laugh, but when he saw me point at the teacher, he hurried back to his seat, with a sobered countenance. While he was endeavoring to get up on the bench, Mrs. N—— approached him, and struck him twice with her ruler, then lifted him up on the seat, in a harsh manner. He burst into tears, and put out his little hand to come to me. But Mrs. N—— would not permit such an indulgence. The scholars looked first at him, then at me, with pity and sympathy on their faces. There could not have been a child present, who did not feel an awakened hatred towards Mrs. N——, which must have destroyed all the influence she might have exerted for good.

I felt the hot, indignant color mount to my forehead, and I could almost hear the beating of my heart, as I turned away and leaned over my book, upon which the tears fell fast. And yet Mrs. N—— was universally regarded as a very excellent woman; she was a pattern of neatness, and, out of school, her manners were quiet and dignified. She was not passionate, but, spite of the commendations I have heard pronounced upon her by other people, I cannot change the conviction forced upon me when a child, which was, that she was very cold-hearted. Her severity seemed systematic, like every



thing else that concerned her. I cannot think of a person, as much respected as she was, who ever appeared to me to possess less feeling, and more cold, quiet selfishness.

Johnson has made the remark, that we cannot judge impartially of any thing in which we may ourselves have been concerned. I do not entirely agree with this. But it may be, that the aversion Mrs. N—— excited in me towards herself, caused me to exaggerate her faults in my imagination, and to blind me to the good qualities she might have possessed. I have spoken of her conduct as a teacher, and the impression it made upon my childish mind. The lasting remembrance I have of it, and the strong evil feeling it excited at the time, convince me of what every day's experience verifies, that the manner in which children are treated, produces an abiding effect upon them, for good or for evil. Many are the philanthropic institutions springing up around us, to elevate the debased, and to give society a more healthy, moral tone. Vigorous efforts are being made, by some, to raise our light literature to a standard of high moral worth. Woman has stepped out from her seclusion, and, taking the polluted drunkard by the hand, she bids him hope; and, by kindness, she warms his heart to humanity. The destitute beggar child is led to a home. All this is right and useful. But we can never see society in the beautiful and perfect form it was designed to be by the Creator, unless we begin at the root of the matter, which is, to place our hopes on the influences of childhood.

Let children live in a healthy mental atmosphere; let them only see kindness, love and uprightness, and they will go forth into the world, blessing and making better.

Should wealth, or the rich gifts of intellect cause a mother to commit her children to the care of hirelings? Surely not. She should ever be near, to overshadow their tender spirits with her love, her pure thoughts, her untiring devotion. Simple it may seem, and perhaps many, on whom God has bestowed the noblest powers, may curve the lip in scorn, at the idea of wasting brilliant talents in the nursery. Is it a trifling thing to lay a foundation for every thing that is noble in humanity?—Is it a trifling thing for a mother so to direct the hearts of her children, that, after her earnest cares are done, their influence may be elevating, yet innocent and grateful as the breath of spring's earliest and sweetest flowers? Is it a trifling thing to point a human soul forever onward and upward? No earthly task is so heaven-born in its greatness.

The influences of childhood cannot be what they should, unless a regenerating work is going on in the hearts of those whose office it is to instruct and guide. Children must see, in their parents and teachers, earnest efforts to do right, spite of every obstacle. Otherwise, precepts are of little avail. They must see no shrinking feelings yielded to, when the stern voice of duty speaks. Little matters have more effect upon children than is generally supposed. Few, very few are the parents who always act a consistent part towards their little ones, in slight matters as well as greater ones. A command is often more rigidly enforced, when it concerns the *convenience* of parents, than when disobedience would be of comparatively little consequence to them. Every time a child is permitted to do what he knows to be wrong, a serious injury is inflicted. Tenderness should not excuse nor palliate

the evil. Many a deadly blow has been aimed at the well-being of a child, by the false tenderness of a kind but misjudging parent. A wavering father or mother very soon becomes the submissive instrument of a child's wishes. Doating love is too often repaid with disrespect and contempt. It seems most cruel, yet why is it so? Let such parents recall the childhood of their ungrateful offspring. In their own conduct they read their sentence of misery. With bitterness they may say,

“ Oh ! that I had not yielded to my child, when reason urged me to be firm and withstand. Oh ! that I had looked up to God to strengthen my heart against the blind fondness that destroyed my child.”

There is little fear of loving a child too much or manifesting too much affection, if it be of the right kind. If it be the true, spiritual love, that seeks for ever the soul's best good, through pain and care and worn-out feeling, that holy love will struggle on. Heed not the trials that are in the way ; the clouds will often break and the glorious sunlight will stream in from heaven itself upon your own hearts and those of your children.

## SONG.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

BEND not those dear eyes on me,  
With a look of chiding,  
Now that in their depths, so long  
Love has found abiding.  
What would seem a rose to thee,  
'Reft of all its fragrance ?  
What would summer's beauty be,  
Lacking sunshine's presence ?  
Thus, unto thy glance, so long,  
Love has added beauty,  
That its absence seems a wrong,  
And its gift—a duty.

If I give thy bosom pain.  
If I need reproving,  
Speak to me in earnestness  
Truthful words—but loving.  
Only keep within thine eyes,  
Kindness, never failing,  
And its gentle power shall be  
More than all availing.  
Not the winter, not the storm,  
Spreads fair blossoms o'er thee ;  
Only sunshine, glad and warm,  
Wakes them into glory.

## T E M P T A T I O N .

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE maxim of "all things to all men," was not to be found in Mr. Fielding's rules of conduct. The moral pendulum of his mind swung to the other extreme. "I will do what is right for myself; and what is right for me cannot be wrong to others."

This was his doctrine; and, properly understood, it is the true doctrine. But most persons interpret religious and moral precepts in a way to favor their own inclinations. In fact, all of us do this to a certain extent.

On the subject of drinking spirituous liquors, the mind of Mr. Fielding was clear. He was satisfied that the introduction of alcohol into the human stomach was injurious. But, in regard to wine, he differed from the great body of temperance advocates. Wine, he said, was, like bread, a good thing; and it was not only lawful, but right to use it. He assumed that wine was not evil, from the fact that it was ordered to be used in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, that most holy of all acts of worship. For so holy a purpose, he argued, the Divine Being would not have selected any earthly thing that was not good in itself.

"Why were the elements of bread and wine chosen for so



sacred a ceremony ?” he asked, while in debate on this subject with a warm opponent of his peculiar belief.

“I do n’t know that I can answer your question,” was replied.

“I will tell you,” said Mr. Fielding, speaking with some enthusiasm. “All things in nature correspond to and represent spiritual things, because therein lies their origin. There is nothing in the material world which is not the product of a spiritual cause. Bread and wine, therefore, are the fixed ultimates of something spiritual ; and the fact that they have been selected for use in one of the sacred mysteries of the church shows that they correspond to something pure and excellent. In the Holy Supper we find an image of regeneration, which is effected by the life of truth and the appropriation of goodness from Heaven. The natural reception of bread and wine, in the ordinance, corresponds, therefore, to the spiritual reception of goodness and truth ; and I argue, from this use of these elements, that bread corresponds to good and wine to truth. In other words, that the Divine goodness, in descending through the heavens and flowing down to the lowest natural and fixed plain, subsides in bread, as that substance which, in the highest degree, nourishes the natural, as goodness nourishes the spiritual body ; and that the Divine truth in like manner finds its lowest ultimatum in wine.”

“Then why ?” asked the other, “does wine produce intoxication ?”

“Pure wine will not do so, unless taken in immoderate quantities.”

“Is there any pure wine to be obtained ?”



“ But little, I must acknowledge.”

“ Yet a vitiated appetite even pure wine will inflame and lead inevitably to excess.”

“ And so, to an inflamed eye, will the light of heaven come with a destructive, rather than a salutary influence. But, surely, for this reason, you would not exclude the light from all. Truth, to which wine corresponds, when received into the mind of an evil man, is changed into what is false, and injures rather than benefits. Yet not for this would you shut out the rays of truth and leave the world in mental darkness.”

“ Admit, for the sake of argument, what you say ; and yet the general use of wine, even if it be pure, is to be condemned on the same principle that you would condemn the admission of strong light into the room of a man who was suffering from a diseased eye.”

“ Why so ?”

“ Because a tendency to excessive drinking has become hereditary in the community. Until this be overcome, even your pure wine cannot be taken without danger.”

“ I rather doubt that. Wine perfectly pure will not, I am inclined to believe, inflame the appetite.”

“ I thought, just now, that you made a different admission.”

“ If so, it was without proper reflection. Nine tenths of the stuff called wine is a decoction of drugs, and poisons the stomach. This is the reason why wine drinking is just as bad as brandy drinking, and sometimes worse ; for brandy might almost be called harmless when compared with a great deal of the stuff that is sold under the name of wine.”

“ I should be afraid to put a glass of the purest wine that

ever was made to the lips of a man who had once been in the habit of intoxication.

“I would not hesitate,” said Mr. Fielding.

“You would not?”

“No. Every man, to be a true man, must be in rational freedom; and no one is in such freedom who cannot drink a glass of pure wine without being led astray.”

“Yet many must inevitably be led astray under such a system of license.”

“As I said before, I doubt this. But even if it is so, I am not responsible. Wine is a good gift and I am not the one to withhold it as an evil thing. With those who abuse it must lie the responsibility. As well might you ask to have the light of heaven shut out.”

“And so I would in particular cases of disease, such as you have mentioned.”

“I cannot know who are or who are not afflicted with either an hereditary or acquired love of intoxicating drinks, and, therefore, I can attempt no discriminations. I know wine to be a good thing, and, therefore, I will continue to use it and also set it before my friends. If any abuse the natural blessing, with them must rest the consequences. I will act right as far as I am concerned. If others act wrong, they are alone to blame.”

Finding, after repeated attempts to do so, that he could make no impression on the mind of Mr. Fielding, the individual with whom he was conversing changed the subject.

In his views Mr. Fielding was perfectly sincere. He was a man of great self-control, integrity of purpose, and independent feeling. He was proud, too, in his individuality,

and this led him to act with less reference to his conduct as affecting those around him than might otherwise have been the case. His cellar was stocked with the best of wine, as pure as it was in his power to obtain. This was used habitually in his family and invariably set before his friends.

Mr. Fielding had an only daughter, who was a favorite with all who knew her. Her face had a gentle beauty, that, once seen, impressed itself upon the mind and lived there as an image of purity and loveliness. Her name was Rose. It so happened, about the time Rose attained her nineteenth year, that she met a young man named Forrester, the son of an old friend of her father's who lived in the West. In early life Mr. Forrester and Mr. Fielding had been almost inseparable, and, in the mind of the latter, the memory of his old friend had always been a green spot. They separated at twenty-five and had never met since.

"I saw a young man at Mrs. Webster's," said Rose to her father, after her meeting with Forrester, "who says that his father and you were once intimate friends."

"Did you? What is his name?"

"Mr. Forrester."

"Forrester!" exclaimed Mr. Fielding, taken by surprise. "Forrester! Can it be possible! Yes, my earliest and most intimate friend was named Forrester. And so his son is in the city! What is he doing here?"

But Rose could not answer this last question.

Mr. Fielding had a great many enquiries to make as to the young man's age, appearance, character and manners, to all of which his daughter was competent to give little more than

half satisfactory replies. At the earliest convenient moment, he ascertained where Forrester was to be found, and called upon him. He found him a young man of education, intelligence, agreeable manners, and, as far as a first interview would enable him to judge, of good principles. His father had been dead for some years, and he conveyed to Mr. Fielding his first knowledge of that fact.

In accordance with a pressing invitation, Forrester returned the call of his father's old friend. It so happened, that Mr. Fielding was not at home, but his daughter received his visit, which, to her, as she had met him previously and he was gentlemanly and agreeable, proved a pleasant one. Even before knowing who he was, on first meeting him, her mind had taken a prepossession in his favor and on his part the feeling was reciprocal.

After chatting freely and pleasantly for half an hour, Forrester made a move as if he were about to retire, when Rose said, rising,

“Wait a few moments,” and left the room.

She soon returned with a small waiter in her hand, upon which was wine and glasses. She did not observe the sudden change that went over the young man's face as she entered. Even if she had done so, she would not have comprehended its meaning.

“Will you have a glass of wine?” said she, with a smiling invitation, as she approached Forrester.

For a moment the young man paused, and, to Rose, appeared as if he were about to decline the proffered refreshment, but the indecision was only for an instant.

“If I were an anchorite, I could not refuse it from your

hands," said he, as he took the decanter and filled both the glasses that were on the waiter.

"And, now, to your good health and that of your excellent father," he added, as he lifted a glass and raised it to his lips.

"Excellent!" he remarked, on sipping a portion of the generous liquor. "I have never tasted a better wine."

"My father is choice in his selection of wine," was the young girl's simple reply.

Forrester remained chatting with increased freedom for another half hour, in which time he filled his glass twice. He then went away, promising to call again, and expressing the hope that he would be more fortunate in finding Mr. Fielding at home.

The more intimate association with the young man, which this visit afforded, had the effect of giving to the mind of Rose a very favorable impression. To say that she was merely pleased with him would not convey an idea of her true feelings; something about him touched her more deeply, and Forrester was no less pleased with the lovely young girl.

From that time the heart of Rose beat with a new impulse, and a thought of the young man was sufficient to awaken a ripple on the surface of her feelings. She felt towards him as she had never felt towards any man before.

A week elapsed and Forrester did not repeat his visits. Rose had expected him within that time; for, not having found her father at home, she inferred that he would take an early opportunity to call again.

"I have rather unpleasant news," said Mr. Fielding to



his daughter about this time. He looked serious as he spoke.

“What is it?” enquired Rose, her own face reflecting that of her father.

“I met young Forrester in the street to-day, so much intoxicated that he did not know me.”

The face of Rose grew instantly pale; she made an effort to speak, but her lips quivered so that she suppressed the words that were upon them.

“Oh dear!” added Mr. Fielding, “it is sad to see a man, just in the freshness of his early spring-time, thus abandoning himself to a vice that ruins both soul and body. To think that the son of my old friend should be the victim of so degrading an appetite!”

Peace, which had nestled since childhood in the heart of the fair young girl, spread its wings and departed. A little while afterwards she was alone in her own chamber weeping. If the simple announcement of the fact that Forrester was seen intoxicated affected her so deeply, how much more painful was the conviction, soon after forced upon her, that she had caused his fall.

Rose was on a visit to the lady at whose house she had met the young man a few days subsequently, when the latter said,

“You remember Mr. Forrester, who was here on the evening I had company? I have sad news to tell you about him. It appears from what my husband has been able to learn, that his father was for a great many years before his death in habits of intemperance. And that the son derived from his father a natural fondness for stimulating drinks,

which showed itself at a very early age. Before he attained his twentieth year he was, to use plain but true language, a drunkard. The death of old Mr. Forrester, which took place under sad and revolting circumstances, occasioned as it was by drinking, startled his son and made on him so strong an impression, that he solemnly vowed to himself never again to taste even wine. He was led to this entire abstinence from all exhilarating beverage at so early an age, from a conviction forced upon him by the reasoning of friends, who satisfied his mind that the habit of drinking to excess, which his father had indulged, was transmitted to him in an undue fondness for the same indulgence, and that he could not taste even wine without having his appetite so inflamed as to be in great danger. For years he kept faith with himself in this matter. Let him be where he would and with whom he would, he steadily declined tasting any stimulating drink. Alas ! that he should have been tempted from the right way by one of our own sex. It is said, that he visited a short time since a young lady in this city, who offered him a glass of wine. In a moment of weakness, he took the cup from her hand, drank—and fell ! I would not be that young lady for the world ! What a fearful responsibility has she brought upon herself !”

It was impossible for Rose, on hearing this, to conceal her emotions ; and to the lady’s surprise, for she did not know her to be the person to whom she made allusion, she lost the entire control of her feelings and hiding her face with her hands yielded to a passionate gush of tears. What was said could not be softened, and the lady made no attempt to do so. She understood, without explanation, that it

was Rose who had tempted Forrester and caused him to fall.

The young girl, as soon as she could gain sufficient control over her feelings, started for home. Few sadder beings could have been found in the whole city. But yesterday, she was a light-hearted, happy young creature, on whose spirit but few clouds had ever rested and they not dense enough to shut out entirely the warm sunshine. Now, she was unutterably wretched. As she hurried along the street, on her way to her father's house, she suddenly encountered Forrester. Alas! how was he changed! His eyes were red, his face distorted from its former calm, gentlemanly, intelligent expression, and in his whole appearance and manner there was an air of personal abandonment. He did not see her. How like a daguerreotype impression was the form of the young man, as he thus passed before her, instantly fixed upon her memory! At home, in the solitude of her chamber, she looked at the painful image, while a voice, with rebuking tones, uttered in her ears, "This is your work!"

"And mine must be the work of restoration," said she, with a sudden energy of manner, while a flush of enthusiasm went over her face.

The idea, intimated by these words of the maiden, came like a dictate to her mind; and she felt, almost instantly, inspired with a solemn purpose.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, while her tears ceased to flow, "mine must be the work of restoration."

While the enthusiasm of this first state remained, Rose felt that the work she contemplated would be of easy performance. But as she thought longer and longer, and came,

more realizingly, into the perception of what she purposed doing, her native delicacy of feeling shrunk, like the leaf of a sensitive plant, from the exposure any attempt to approach the young man must subject her. The imputation of motives by others, and the certainty of being misunderstood and misrepresented, came next to throw a chill over her generous spirit and to occasion a long and severe contest in her mind. But her resolution, spontaneous and impulsive as it was, became permanent, and in a heroic and self-sacrificing spirit for one so young, in the secrecy of her own heart she pondered the course of action best for her to adopt so as to ensure the most certain result. Her first idea was, to write to Forrester in the plainest and frankest manner, but the fear that this might fail in effecting what she desired caused her to turn from it, and with a sense of shrinking contemplate a personal approach to the young man. The more closely she looked at the subject, the more painful became her sense of reluctance. But, inspired by a feeling of duty, she bravely kept by her resolve to do whatever was in her power for the young man's restoration.

The thought of confiding to her father what she contemplated doing presented itself to the mind of Rose, but, satisfied that he would not only object to any such course of action, but positively forbid her attempting to see or communicate with Forrester, she determined to keep her own secret.

As for the unhappy young man, on receiving from the hand of Rose the first glass of wine he had tasted for a long time, he felt his old appetite returning. And, on leaving her presence, so intense was the desire he felt for a stronger

stimulant, that, with a kind of mad abandonment of his rational self-control, he went direct to a tavern and drank brandy and water until he was so much intoxicated as scarcely to be able to reach his boarding house. Daylight found him, on the next morning, in a state of mental anguish intolerable to be borne. He had fallen again, and fallen through temptation thrown in his way by a young, innocent and beautiful girl, who had already inspired him with a sentiment of affection, and, in falling, had debased himself in her eyes. To drown his wretchedness, in a spirit of self-abandonment, he put the cup again to his lips and drank until reason left again her throne in his mind. And this was continued day after day, until nature was nearly exhausted.

A little over a week had gone by since the melancholy change in his habits and there was a lucid interval in which reason once more strove for the mastery. On the night before he had come home late, so much intoxicated that the servants had to take him to his room ; and, in the morning, he had felt too sick, both in body and mind, to leave his bed. He did not come down until about the middle of the afternoon, when he was perfectly sober, but wretched as a man could well be. Inclination prompted him to go out and drown the burning desire he felt in the maddening bowl, while reason and conscience held him back. The struggle had become severe, and appetite was about conquering, when he heard his name mentioned, in a woman's voice, at the street-door where the waiter had gone to answer the bell. Before he had decided whether to retire or not, a young lady entered the room.

“ Miss Fielding ! ” he exclaimed in utter surprise, as the



visitor drew aside her veil and showed a face on which was a deep impression of sadness.

“I have done you a great wrong,” said Rose, in a trembling, hesitating voice, entering at once upon her mission; “and I come now, in the hope that I may be able, in some measure, to repair it.”

She could say no more. Her feelings, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, here gave way. Sinking upon a chair, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed violently.

The unhappy young man found himself in a strangely embarrassed position. For a little while, he was so confused that he was unable to comprehend the meaning of what was passing; but it soon became clear, and that even before the trembling maiden recovered her self-possession. Something of admiration for her conduct mingled with other emotions in his mind.

As the bewildering whirl, into which his feelings had been thrown, subsided, good resolutions formed themselves. Suddenly approaching the young girl, he took her hand and said in a low but earnest voice,

“Return to your home, Miss Fielding. Virtuous self-devotion like yours must not—shall not be exercised in vain. From this hour I stand where I stood before we met. An angel shall not tempt me again from my integrity.”

“Enough!” said the young girl, rising, while she let her veil again fall over her face. “May Heaven give you strength to hold fast by this good resolution! Pardon what I have done, and think of it only as an act prompted by an overpowering sense of duty.”

Saying this, she glided from the young man's presence, and hurried back to her home, her heart fluttering like the heart of a frightened bird.

When Mr. Fielding became aware that Forrester had fallen in consequence of having tasted wine, presented by the hand of his daughter, he felt some misgivings in regard to his peculiar views and practice. His wine was very pure, and might be very good; but it had proved, to the morbid appetite of the son of his old friend, a maddening poison. Still more startled was he, when he learned what Rose had done; for he understood human nature well enough to know that such an act would produce a mutual interest. And he was not mistaken in this anticipation. In a very little while these two young persons were thrown together again. There was a slight embarrassment on both sides; but this soon passed off. They had thought of one another too much for either to feel indifference.

After this, Forrester ventured to repeat his visit to the house of Mr. Fielding. The father of Rose was at home, and received him with rather cold formality. But, as he had been, to a certain extent, a party to the fall of the young man, he could not treat him with repulsion. Of one thing, however, he was very careful, and that was, not to order wine to be served, although this was in the face of a previous declaration that he would not refrain from doing so to his guests, even though one addicted to intemperance were present. He saw the consequences nearer, in a different light, and as likely to effect himself.

As Mr. Fielding had feared would be the case, so it proved. A mutual attachment sprung up between Forrester and his

daughter, and when the young man asked for her hand, though he wished to refuse, yet he could not do so.

At the wedding, no entertainment was given ; only a few friends were present, and strange to say, even to them wine was not served. Mr. Fielding would have set forth poison as quickly as wine. And why ? Had he changed his views in regard to its utility ? Not so much that, as he feared the production of evil results likely to effect himself and family. His principles were based rather upon a regard for himself than dependent on abstract appreciations of right and justice—and this was one fact that he had yet to learn. As it was, he was made to feel, almost in his own person, the evil of serving wine to any and every one, without regard to acquired or hereditary predispositions to over-indulgence ; and in the future, his practice was as different from what it had been as could well be conceived.

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## A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for awhile,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea,  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity.

**DOMESTIC SLAVERY IN THE EAST.**

BY MISS PARDOE.

WERE I a man, and condemned to an existence of servitude, I would unhesitatingly choose that of slavery in a Turkish family : for if ever the “bitter draught” can indeed be rendered palatable it is there. The slave of the Osmanli is the child of his adoption ; he purchases with his gold a being to cherish, to protect and to support ; and in almost every case he secures to himself what his gold could not command—a devoted and loving heart, ready to sacrifice its every hope and impulse in his service. Once forget that the smiling menial who hands your coffee, or pours the rose-water on your hand from an urn of silver, has been purchased at a price, and you must look with admiration on the relative positions of the servant and his lord—the one so eager and so earnest in his service—the other so gentle and so unexact in his commands.

No assertion of mine can, however, so satisfactorily prove the fact which I have here advanced as the circumstance that almost all the youth of both sexes in Circassia insist upon being conveyed by their parents into Constantinople, where the road to honor and advancement is open to every one ; the slaves receive no wages ; the price of their services has already been paid to their relatives ; but twice in the year at

stated periods, the master and mistress of the family, and indeed every one of their superiors under the same roof, are bound to make them a present, termed the *Bakshish*, the value of which varies according to the will of the donor; and they are as well fed and nearly as well clothed as their owners.

As they stand in the apartment with their hands folded upon their breasts, they occasionally mix in the conversation unrebuked—while, from their number (every individual maintaining as many as his income will admit,) they are never subjected to hard labors; indeed, I have been sometimes tempted to think, that all the work of a Turkish house must be done by the fairies; for although I have been the inmate of several harems at all hours, I never saw a symptom of any thing like domestic toil.

There is a remarkable feature in the position of the Turkish slaves that I must not omit to mention. Should it occur that one of them, from whatever cause it may arise, feels himself uncomfortable in the house of the owner, the dissatisfied party requests his master to dispose of him; and having repeated his appeal three several times, the law enforces compliance with its spirit; nor is this all—the slave can not only insist on changing owners, but even on selecting his purchaser, although he may by such means entail considerable loss on his master. But, as assertion is no proof, I will adduce an example.

The wife of Achmet Pasha had a female slave, who, being partial to a young man of the neighborhood, was desirous to become his property. Such being the case she informed her mistress that she wished to be taken to the market and dis-



posed of, which was accordingly carried into effect ; but as she was young and pretty, and her lover in confined circumstances, he was soon outbidden by a wealthier man ; and on her return to the harem of Achmet Pasha, her mistress told her that an Asiatic merchant had offered twenty thousand piasters for her, and that she would be removed to his house in a few days. “ I will not belong to him,” was the reply : “ there was a young man in the market who bade twelve thousand for me and I have decided to follow him. My price to you was but ten thousand piasters—and thus you will gain two thousand by selling me to him.” Her declaration was decisive ; she became the property of her lover, and her resolution cost her mistress eighty pounds sterling.

The most perfect cleanliness is the leading characteristic of the Eastern houses—not a grain of dust, not a footmark defaces the Indian matting that covers the large halls, whence the several apartments branch off in every direction ; the glass from which you drink is carefully guarded to avoid the possibility of contamination ; and the instant that you have eaten, a slave stands before you with water and a napkin to clean your hands. To the constant use of the bath I have already alluded ; and no soil is ever seen on the dress of a Turkish gentlewoman.

I am quite conscious that more than one lady-reader will lay down my volume without regret, when she discovers how matter-of-fact are many of its contents. The very term “ oriental” implies to European ears the concentration of romance, and I was long in the East ere I could divest myself of the same feeling. I could have continued the illusion, for oriental habits lend themselves greatly to the deceit, when

the looker-on is satisfied with glancing over the surface of things ; but with a conscientious chronicler this does not suffice ; and consequently, I rather sought to be instructed than to be amused, and preferred the veracious to the entertaining.

This bowing down of the imagination before the reason is, however, the less either a merit on the one hand, or a sacrifice on the other, for enough of the wild and the wonderful, as well as the bright and the beautiful, still remains to make the East a scene of enchantment. A sky, whose blue brilliancy floods with light alike the shores of Asia and of Europe—whose sunshine falls warm and golden on dome and minarets and palaces—a sea, whose waves glitter in silver, forming the bright bond by which two quarters of the globe are linked together—an empire peopled by the gathering of many nations : the stately Turk—the serious Armenian—the wily Jew—the keen-eyed Greek—the graceful Circassian—the desert-loving Tartar—the roving Arab—the mountain-born son of Caucasus—the voluptuous Persian—the Indian dervish, and the thoughtful Frank—each clad in the garb and speaking the language of his people, suffice to weave a web of tints too various and too brilliant to be wrought into the dull and common-place pattern of every-day existence.

I would not remove one fold of the graceful drapery which veils the time-hallowed statue of Eastern power and beauty—but I cannot refrain from plucking away the trash and tinsel that ignorance and bad taste have hung about it and which belong as little to the master-piece they desecrate as the votive offerings of bigotry and superstition form a part of one of Raphael's divine Madonnas because they are appended to her shrine.

## LOVE'S PERFIDY.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Ay! thou art there beside her,  
Her fingers clasped in thine;  
Thou 'rt gazing in her love-lit eyes  
As once thou didst in mine.  
Ah me! that ever glances,  
So wavering as thine,  
Should kindle in a maiden's heart  
The fire of love divine.

I know that thou art murmuring  
To her enraptured ear  
Those thrilling words of tenderness  
I never more shall hear.  
Ah me! that words so faithless,  
That vows so false as thine,  
Should kindle in another heart  
A love so true as mine.

And she will soon awaken  
To know her love betrayed—  
Like me, alas! forsaken,  
Her truth like mine repaid.  
Ah me! that ever falsehood  
So treacherous as thine  
Should fall to blight another heart  
As it hath blighted mine.



Engraved by W. M. D. D. D.

*Thomas M. D. D.*



But look, my friend, to yonder sun,  
'T is hastening down the west,  
And we must speed our weary course  
Till night-fall bids us rest;  
But draw once more from out the stream,  
And yet a moment stay,  
And we will drink a parting cup  
To loved ones far away!

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## MARRIED PARTNERS.

BY DR. DOUNE.

"And they twain shall be one flesh."

If we are two, we are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two,  
Thou the fixt foot, which makes no show  
To stir, but doth if t'other do:

And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet, if the other far doth roam,  
It leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as that comes home.

So shalt thou be to me, who must  
Like th' other foot, eccentric run:  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.



## THE WEALTHY MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

Two fair young girls sat alone at the window of a small but well-furnished parlor. It was a quiet afternoon in autumn. The elder of the girls was beautiful exceedingly; she sat in silence, a grave expression on her fine features. A cast of thought had stolen into the sunny eyes of the younger; ever and anon she gazed with a tender, anxious look upon her sister, as if she had much to say, yet waited for a more communicative mood in her companion. At length she raised her head resolutely and said, "I thought the other evening I heard George Wetmore ask you to go to the Opera with him to-night—are you going?"

"No!" replied the other, blushing deeply; "I promised, very thoughtlessly, at first to go; but I recalled it."

"And why did you recall it, Agnes?"

"Why? Why should I go? If I prefer to stay at home, I have a right to do so, have I not? I do n't think it best to accept every invitation I get. That is your plan, though, I believe, Bessie dear, is n't it?" and she pulled Bessie's soft ringlet with a mischievous laugh.

Bessie colored, but the next moment she erected her saucy little head, exclaiming, "Well, what if I do? I want to go,

—and I only go out with one person, and that person is to be my liege lord some of these days!”

“Are you engaged to him, Bessie?” demanded Agnes.

“Yes! no. I do n’t know! He asked me a very important question last night,”—and Bessie cast down her modest eyes without proceeding.

“And how did you answer him?”

“I said *no*, of course; you know I never had an offer before, and I did n’t like the idea of saying *yes* immediately to the first one that snapt me up!” Bessie raised her roguish eyes to her sister’s face and then sent forth a merry peal of laughter, in which her sister joined her.

“But, Bessie,” said Agnes, “if you said *no*, how are you so certain that Ralph is to be your liege lord?”

“How am I certain? Would n’t he go through fire and water for me? Would n’t he ask me again? Would n’t he pine away and die, if I should not have him? And last, but not least, did n’t he know I would say *yes* at a proper time?”

Well, Bessie, I suppose you have considered the matter in every point of view; you are very young yet, only seventeen. You do not realize how hard it will be for you to be a poor man’s wife—and yet we have both had some experience of poverty. The simple style we live in now, is beyond our means, our portion will be a mere trifle; if both of us marry poor, mother’s life will not be a very pleasant one; she of course will live with us, for we would not consent to a separation!”

“Ah! no, no indeed,” answered Bessie; “mother is too noble to consider her own happiness when ours is to be secured, yet to dwell with us in comparative poverty would be a

happier lot than to see us ‘perked up in a glittering grief, wearing a golden sorrow.’ I asked her yesterday if she was willing I should marry Ralph Anson ; she looked pained a moment and tears came into her eyes, but she said, ‘ I have no doubt, Bessie, that, at present, you love him before everything on earth and I fear before your hopes of Heaven too, though you wish not to be an idolater. The passionate love of youth is a frail thing, it flourishes in the sunshine, but it often withers when it encounters the rough and homely experiences of life. Have you something higher than such a love to sustain you ? Have you energy, patience, unfailing kindness ?—will duty, aside from love, lead you to be content by your husband’s side, while you care only to promote his happiness, to share his poverty, heedless of ambition in the world’s opinion ? Do you know the importance of the step you wish to take ? Remember it is for life ! Are you ready to live more humbly than you do now ? Are you ready to leave your blooming girlhood, perhaps to meet with pecuniary difficulties, sickness and sorrow ? Are you ready to have fashionable acquaintances cut you in the street and to find you are cared for much less by your circle of friends than you supposed ? ’

“ ‘ Ah ! mother,’ I interrupted, ‘ you draw such a gloomy picture, you say not a word of Ralph’s cheerful, noble spirit, on which I may repose every care ; you forget the happy evenings we will spend together reading the works we love so much ; you forget that it will be my highest happiness to smooth from his brow the cloud of care ; you forget, that if sickness comes to him, how grateful I shall be that it is my privilege to watch over him, to cheer his spirit, and, if need

be, to work for his support. True love has made me meek-hearted, mother. I care not for any praise from the world. I care only to hear Ralph say his Bessie is all the world to him. I seek only to be worthy of him;—then am I not ready to spend my life with him, dear mother ?’

“‘Yes, darling,’ she answered, ‘you have the “magic power” within you ; your loving heart will make the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I had faith in you, my child, yet I feared you were too thoughtless. Ralph is in every way worthy of you. For both your sakes I wish he was not so poor ; yet poverty is not the worst of evils ; you both possess good health, and riches of the mind and heart. But, Bessie, you must not marry under two or three years ; Ralph cannot support a wife comfortably yet !’

“‘Oh ! no, mother, not in a year at least.’”

“I supposed mother would feel some opposition to your marriage with Anson !” said Agnes thoughtfully, after her sister had finished her narration.

“And so she would,” replied Bessie, “if she did not know that the whole happiness of her child depended upon him.”

“I think imagination has a great deal to do with this hot love ! Do n’t you suppose you could love some one else as well as you do Anson, Bessie ?”

“Never ! Imagination may give a brighter coloring to love, but it is not love itself. You would like to think that imagination has greater sway over your own feelings than love, but, Agnes, you deceive yourself. Do not be so proud, I beseech of you, or you will wreck your own happiness !”

“Am I proud ?” asked Agnes, the warm color rushing to her cheek ; “I may be a little proud, but not enough so to

injure my own happiness very materially. You are governed by impulse, my sister, and I control myself by my judgment."

"A fatal judgment, that would lead you to think you can be happy without strong affection." You are prouder than I, sister, and perhaps you have a right to be, for you are so beautiful and so splendidly endowed with intellect, but you have the warmest of hearts, and

'No dream of fame can fill  
The bosom which must vainly pine  
For sweet affection's thrill.'

Do you know, Agnes, a year or two ago, when I used to see you surrounded by the noble and gifted, 'the kings of the earth,' I often retired to my sleepless couch and wept that I, too, could not claim the homage and admiration of genius, so fascinating and grateful to the heart. But ah! how insignificant it now seems, when compared with the sweeter incense of a pure, abiding love. Why will not you, like me, consent to take an humble path in life, with one who idolizes you, and whom you love in return?"

"Whom I love in return," repeated Agnes, her cheek growing gradually pale. "No! Bessie, stop; I do not love him, and do not make me fancy so. I will not have him; he shall not win me!"—she spoke passionately, sadly, yet with determination. She continued more calmly, "George and I are not suited to each other; there is a certain antagonism in our natures. You know my faults, Bessie; so I will speak plainly. I value the opinion of the world; he is utterly indifferent to it. If an action is approved by his own conscience, the opposition of the whole universe is of no



avail—that is right, it is true, but often where it is not necessary for him to oppose others, he does it. He is so firm, so decided, so strong-spirited ; he would not make allowance for my weaknesses. I must have no failings ; I must be perfect, or see his proud lip curve in disdain. You know, with him that poverty would be my portion. How could *I* perform menial offices without bitterness ? and how could I prevent always that bitterness from escaping me ? Then how could I bear his contempt ? He does not care for wealth ; he never would trouble himself in the least to acquire it ; so my whole life would be spent in poverty, hateful poverty ! that tears from our grasp not only temporal comforts, but intellectual enjoyments. It not only cuts us off from beholding the glories of this beautiful earth, but with an iron hand it thrusts us back among the low, the common-place ; it robs us of our precious birthright, a place among the gifted. No ! Bessie, never try to persuade me to be the wife of George Wetmore !”

“ You speak extravagantly, Agnes ; you look only on one side,”—said the meek-hearted Bessie, gazing with a flushed cheek and tears in her anxious eyes upon her sister. “ George’s tastes are all like yours ; he never would associate among the low, more than yourself ; he loves you as he does his own soul ; he would make many sacrifices for you ; but he is too noble to flatter you. If you cast him off, Agnes, you will bitterly repent it, for you love him, and you are not heartless enough to forget. Oh ! crush that evil pride before it poisons your whole existence.”

“ But I do not love George Wetmore with devotion,” said Agnes almost sharply—“ I can love another as well as him-

self—I know my own heart, and I have never lost the control of it.”

Bessie sighed and was silent. Agnes kissed her soft cheek and whispered, “I appreciate your anxiety for me, sister, but my happiness cannot be promoted in the way you suppose. So brighten up, love, for my lot will be a bright and happy one, spite of all your fears—my heart is not one of the soft kind, that would break for love. But look out of the window; there is Ralph!”

“Ah! yes, *mon ange!*” cried Bessie joyfully, the sunlight coming back into her blue eyes.

“*Mon ange!*” repeated Agnes smiling, though she curved her lip with pretended disdain, “you had better open the front door for him and spring into his arms—he looks up here so smiling and confident, I dare say he expects you to do so!”

“Not I, indeed!” answered Bessie, assuming a prudish, demure deportment. “You know he is a rejected lover and I must act accordingly. Bless me! he has rung the bell twice, and that slow, poking Bridget hasn’t come up the kitchen stairs yet.”

“Well, I will make my escape now,” said Agnes, “and leave you and Ralph to make yourselves ridiculous alone.” She went, and in a moment Ralph came in, his fine face glowing with mischief, love and happiness. “My Bessie, how are you!” he exclaimed, glancing upon the charming girl with a heart-warm smile of delight.

“I am very well, I thank you, Mr. Anson!” she replied bowing politely, without rising however, and extending her little hand. Ralph looked into her demure face, shook

hands very gravely, then both burst into a hearty fit of laughter ; before an hour had gone, Bessie had found out that it was the proper time to say *yes*.

Agnes had sought her chamber ; she sat down by the window ; her cheek glowed and her proud, dark eyes flashed. "I love him indeed !" she said, and she smiled scornfully as if she despised herself for supposing such a thing. But memory turned over the leaves of her young existence. Her magic hand stole from the past its brightest gem, its sweet oasis. Ah ! still a glory beamed around it, which pride itself could not hide ; and the young girl bent her head and wept over her infatuation as she thought it. How strangely bold we are in our hopes of happiness, while the sunny sky of youth is over us, before it has been coldly darkened by some heavy grief ! How insensate is the ambitious pride that sets its dainty foot upon the richest, purest flowers that bloom in the garden of life ! The experienced and noble-hearted ones tell us we are wrong ; that the path of life *may* be a path of thorns to us—how incredulously we listen ! And then the silver shout of confidence rings forth from the youthful spirit. Ah ! no—it cannot be ; we are too strong for despair. Thus thought Agnes ; she had not met with those trials that teach us to value true happiness before the apparent. She stood upon the threshold of existence and clasped her girlish treasures of bright imaginings to her bosom as she looked back—they threw a glow upon her future ; they told her the world was yet all brightness—and yet how passing fair was that beautiful oasis still to her eye ; in it she had realized her happy dreams : should she blot it out from her future and trust to visions as happy, yet more proud ? Would she indeed ever

be so happy again, if Wetmore were lost to her? She trembled, she doubted; but her evil pride came to her support. The tea-bell rang, and she descended with a smooth brow, and with cheerful words took part in the conversation at the evening meal. A few weeks later she wrote thus in her journal:

“*June 12th.*—Would to heaven I could unwind my tangled feelings and know how to act and feel! Am I deceiving myself? Am I doing wrong to persist in repelling George? Do I really love him as Bessie says I do? But no! Why do I let a thought of having him cross my mind? Ah! I am indeed almost proud enough to break my heart! But I cannot have him; I cannot bear all the privations that would fall to the lot of his wife. Nonsense! I do not care very much for him. His own soul pours briefly over mine its burning light and I forget; his joy becomes mine, it is but the momentary reflection of his spirit. I will not see him often. Would that I was more like Bessie! I *can* become like her, if I will; but the spirits of darkness are around me, and I *will* not will it. How truly do I realize that I am possessed of two natures—sometimes I am cruel, selfish and worldly, and again I yearn after that goodness which cometh from above. When I am with George, he always leads me into the regions of pure thought; then it seems as if it would be so noble to lay my best gifts at the feet of my fellow creatures; to live only that I might make others happy, or pluck the sharp arrow of pain from some bleeding heart. He seems so solicitous that I should become pure and good. Ah! when the white wing of my guardian angel is over me,



I could sink at his feet and promise that my life, my pride, my soul, my all should be given up to him. I tremble at the strong intensity of passion that floods my heart. I have indeed deceived myself. Last night at church, I noticed that expression on his countenance which Bessie had spoken of as so splendid and spiritual. I turned my head away, and before I was aware tears were running down my face : and why did I weep ? It was for him, for myself ; because I, wretched one, was to darken his noble spirit, and because I could not surrender my ambition to a better affection. Bessie calls me so firm, so unyielding, so decided, and yet if she could look into my heart, she would see that I am in a constant agony of indecision. She pleads so nobly, so artlessly for George. I listen coldly, while a tempest rages in my heart. I yield in spirit to her eloquence a thousand times ; I see with her clear, meek eyes ; I resolve to meet George, and cast aside this chain of coldness beneath which I fret ; but then the demon of pride starts up—it cannot be ! Never before could I acknowledge that it was pride alone that governed me. And yet I have no dream of marrying without love. It was but yesterday that I received an offer, which would have gratified my pride to the utmost. I have no doubt that Lincoln loves me sincerely, but his love seems cold and measured when I think of the warm heart of George. He laid his splendid fortune at my feet ; wealth greater than my ambitious dreams had sought, but it did not raise one tempting thought. I turned coldly away, for I trembled to take a step that would break the golden links that bound my heart to George. And yet I sighed, for if I but loved Lincoln I could be so proud of him ; I could glory in his powerful



mind ; I could be so supremely happy. This world would be too enchanting a paradise if I could tear this passionate idolatry from one object and give it to another. I have heard many persons say that first love is fleeting as the morning cloud. It enwraps the early sky with hues golden and dazzling ; but they fade away, and many another sun of affection rises and chases into forgetfulness the first. So it may be with me. I think I do not deceive myself when I imagine that I can crush out this love from my nature. But shall I do it ? I knew not how strong it was until I sought to cast it from me. I cannot decide yet."

Poor Agnes ! she little knew the sorrow she was laying up for herself by those hard struggles to uproot a noble affection ; she might conquer her own will, perhaps, but not the love enshrined within her heart of hearts,

"Quiet, yet flowing deep, as the Rhine among rivers."

Often the sigh of envy escaped her as she witnessed the pure, frank happiness of Bessie and her lover. And yet she could not believe that she was casting away a jewel that she might never find again ; others might love *her*, but would the vision rise again in her own breast ? She firmly believed it would. Mr. Lincoln slowly gained an influence over her ; he ministered to her pride ; he was ten years her senior, and having had some experience in "*la belle passion*," he did not at all doubt his power of winning in the end the beautiful and gifted creature who had dared to refuse him. The calm, though respectful rejection of the haughty girl, only made him admire her the more ; he then felt that she was above all sordid motives. He had won many hearts in his day, and

had resolved that it was now time to get a wife in earnest. The genius and beauty of Agnes had fully captivated his imagination, and his heart was as much enlisted as a selfish man's is generally. He could look with pride upon her queenly grace as she presided at his elegant table, and smile with secret complacency as she hung upon his arm in the morning promenade, the 'bright, particular star,' to whom every eye turned. His literary friends would envy him the possession of one so nobly endowed with talent. Such were the paltry motives that actuated a man whose lofty intellect might have made him a benefactor to his race. So far distant may intellect be from true nobleness of soul. But the bride he sought did not judge him thus, for the manly music of his voice gave utterance only to sentiments delicate and pure; his clear, steady eye only seemed to rest upon her with the kindness of watchful love. And yet, did it awaken her own heart in return or blot out the memory of one who was the high-priest at the altar of her soul? We will look once more into the record of her secret thoughts.

"*January 20th.*—If I ever marry it shall be for love—a love that can cast aside everything for its object. Sometimes I think I love George and again I do not. I am sure it is not a deep affection, or I would not feel that I made any sacrifices. Sometimes I feel something approaching to indignation that he will still persevere in endeavoring to win my love, when I struggle so hard against it; and the next moment a flood of intense affection rushes powerfully over me!—when his strong spirit yields to deep tenderness and there is a feeling and pathos in his voice for me alone, I see

that there is a trial in store for me. My feelings of tenderness are enlisted, but my judgment never. I experience too often a certain opposition of feeling. I think he might be too severe and stern upon me; and yet I know if I possessed the pure purpose that always governs Bessie, I should rejoice in the healthful serenity that will not flatter the object best loved on earth. Again he seems too indulgent to my waywardness. Alas! what a strange, deceitful thing the heart is—it is so difficult to learn our motives. The other evening I met George at a party; he was asked to sing, and chose the touching lay we first learned together; he glanced towards me before he began. It seemed to me that I never saw the innermost soul embodied in music before—I thrilled strangely as I heard his last, exquisite tones; it seemed as if his whole heart's history was poured forth on each word—he was a changed being to me then, he was an angel-poet. I was as unconscious of the presence of any one as if I had been totally alone. I seemed to swim in the emotion that rushed through my heart. How I could have wept if other eyes had not been upon me. That heart-music has rung in my ears ever since, and I have trembled lest in a moment of impulsive feeling I should yield. When I came home, I felt as if I could sit and brood over it all night—for a short time, as I sank upon a chair and clasped my hands, I felt as if there was a will and a power stronger than my own drawing me to him. I felt that I could sacrifice all. Until yesterday I feared and trembled, but last night he revealed himself in a sterner character—he loves me, but he would not indulge me—I must shrink from no duties. He spoke of woman, of his wife,—she must be a rational being, not a toy to be petted in

her waywardness and worshipped for her pretty follies. I felt horribly provoked—ill-natured. I did not reply, but thought if I was married to him, I should be quarrelling half the time! And why? He of course wanted me to be his wife, and he gave utterance to a suspicion that I might have follies. To sift the matter to the bottom, I must be thought perfection—I must be on Pisgah's top in his eye. He would have been very sorry to have known the effect his lecture on woman's domestic duties produced. 'Would n't have him for the world,' thought I, as I parted from him. 'If his dinner was not well-cooked at any time, I should have the benefit of a lecture, and that I will in good time spare myself.' I know not what fate has in store for me. Lincoln has not taken my refusal very much to heart, for he seeks me as much as ever. Perhaps he thinks I will yet marry him. But I do not feel now as if I should ever love him as I ought."

"*December 1st.*—Winter has commenced, and there is also a winter in my soul—ten weary months have rolled into eternity since I last wrote on these pages. I have discouraged George; he left for the South three months ago. I learned how terribly I had deceived myself in thinking I could ever be happy with another, after he had gone, without one word of farewell. Ah! pride, pride, how lofty the aspect thou wearest, and yet thy serpent fangs bite into the very heart. If I could but see him! This silence of Hope is desolate. And yet why should I see him? Lincoln considers me almost engaged to *him*. I know not what will become of me. I know not where to turn! If George would but come to me once more, how meekly, how joyfully would I



sink at his feet, and implore his forgiveness for my cold trifling with his best feelings. But it is too late; he thinks I have been won with Lincoln's gold; his respect is lost, and I cannot stoop to win it again. My angel sister!—your sad prophecy has come true. I have indeed wrecked my own happiness. But, wailing heart, be silent! Now pride come forth, and sit like a queen upon the ruins of a soul that might have been great and good and noble! Your triumph is accomplished,—where is the rosy crown that was to rest lightly upon this aching brow? Where are the other joys my youth was to snatch from the future? Gold! gold!—it has swayed me, it has ruined me,—but it is now more hateful than poverty. Oh! when will this bitterness depart? I have had a brief dream of joy in my life; I know the meaning of the word happiness in its loveliest sense, but it is over!”

“*April 4th.*—I am not yet engaged to Lincoln; I have again refused him, but I feel, I know that I shall be his wife. This unwavering devotion soothes the anguish of my soul. I have grown strangely weak lately. I must have a faithful heart upon which to rest my burning brow. I am so cold, I have lost all the passion of my nature; but I will, perhaps, recover from this then; with all meekness I will devote myself to the happiness of Lincoln. I told him I had loved another. I could not deceive him. My future may yet be calm and tranquil. George's name must be forbidden these pages; yet, still too deeply beloved one! let me thank thee for the sweetest cup of joy my lips have ever tasted! *Farewell!* Dreams of thee have already haunted my soul



too long; life offers me now a stern battle. I am not worthy of thee, my lost one! Thou wouldst have guided me through flowery paths to Heaven; now Duty shall be my guide, my incessant, my exacting leader!"

"*September 9th.*—I am very soon to become the wife of Lincoln; the prospect is not an unhappy one; I think I shall love him deeply; it is my constant prayer. I think he is fully worthy of my affection, and duty and gratitude will come to my aid. I could not bear to give my consent so soon, when I am still aware that I am not as devoted to him, as I desire to be—I told him this, and he said he had no fears. Would that I could instantly forget my passionate heart's history. Yes! time changes the warmest love of the heart to coldness. Time is omnipotent over the wild, wayward, bursting heart. Feelings beautiful and burning enough to be immortal. Oh God! how they slowly die beneath the steady pressure of Time's iron fingers. What is feeling and love? I once thought they were eternal as the soul that droops helplessly and tremblingly in their power. I thought if love entered my being, it would remain for years and years, that no time could make me cease to thrill at a look or tone that once awoke the music of my spirit. At times I thought thus, when I threw aside flippancy. Now I have no confidence in myself. I have no feeling—it has departed, or it mercifully slumbers for a season until it can be awakened towards the one to whom my faith is plighted. I think sometimes I am sinning to give my hand to Lincoln, but I have lost my haughty, self-relying spirit. I should sink and die if his affection did not form a support; and yet, I would

a thousand times rather he would be a brother than a husband to me. He has made himself necessary to my happiness; it is a disappointment when he omits one of his frequent visits; he, more than any one else diverts my attention from dwelling on the past. He has insensibly called forth my dormant interest in the classic lore I once so delighted in; he seems to understand my wants and administers to them with singular delicacy. We are soon to visit Europe; then I can indeed lose myself in olden dreams and be happy. Life will once more acquire its beautiful interests; hours of quiet contemplation, hours of love and joy, hours of freshness and gaiety, hours of earnest and busy duty, hours of ardent and strength-giving prayer. Oh! for such times of happiness when I can look to my Creator and bless Him for the smile upon my path."

"*October 10th.*—We are on the boundless sea, and my heart is bursting with its love for the dear ones I have left. The bridal scenes are all over, the last farewells spoken, and I am far from home and friends. I feel so strangely, so entirely alone—I could weep my eyes out. I had no idea that my friends were so near and dear to me. Sweet mother and Bessie! But I will not write now; I shall soon be happy again. Lincoln is more kind and devoted than ever. He shall not see me grieve for 'home, sweet home.' "

"*December 3d.*—We are still in the gay city of Paris. I can truly say that I am far happier than I at one time ever expected to be. I am fully content, when I consider how little I deserve it, and how utterly wretched I have been.

Now my life lies before me like a tranquil landscape, not lit up with resplendent hues, but sobered by the grave twilight of experience. I know that a better land lies in the distance. I have every cause for gratitude—a kind husband, dear friends, and the gratification of every temporal wish. I know that grief has had a holy mission to my soul; it has made me more like Bessie. Her angel heart did not need such bitter teachings to learn the ways of wisdom.”

“*October 6th.*—To-night is the second anniversary of my marriage. I sit alone, and the evening stars of Italy burn above my head. The bay of Naples sparkles in the moonlight. I have gazed for hours out of the window upon the scene of loveliness presented; and as memory wandered back to the home of my childhood, I could not choose but weep! I would give up all this only to be clasped to the heart of my sister; she is a happy bride now, ah! how infinitely happy. Comparative poverty with Ralph is sweeter to her than gold or flashing gems. The poetry of love and goodness warms her heart; it has glorified her world; it is her shield against petty ills. Meek-hearted Bessie! Would that thou couldst have ordered my life in a path as sweet as thine. But what am I saying? Even now my lot is better than I deserve,—what have I to do with affection?—why should I dare ask for it? Alas! I die for it! I have been terribly awakened from the tranquil dream that soothed past anguish, and robed life again with its lost interests. A cloud is over my earthly life. How was I so strangely deceived? Lincoln surely loved me once, but now he seems almost to hate me. I rarely see him, and when I do he treats me almost like a

slave. If I do some little thing in the hope of giving him pleasure, he thrusts me rudely aside before I can speak. How fiercely the proud fire of my soul is stirred sometimes ; it seems as if I shall go frantic. Once or twice my passionate anger and anguish has broken forth before him ; he simply smiles and whistles, and I seek my room to weep, to pray, to upbraid myself for forgetting the deportment of a Christian. I need this discipline, fearful as it is ; it has broken my spirit—it has opened my heart to the suffering and tempted. It has made me yearn intensely to become fitted for a better world. That is my sole thought, the only hope left me of all the bright ones I once cherished. I have laid my only child in the grave. It has almost rent my heart-strings asunder ; and yet I thank God, daily, that my darling is spared the sorrows of earth. Oh ! if my husband would not scorn my affections ; if he would but love me, how wild would be the idolatry this broken heart would lavish upon him ; how happy I might be. But I cannot love him ; I did once, but daily I have to struggle against the indignant hatred that will rise up when he treats me unkindly. Then, if he once speak to me as of old, I forget all. I trust he will be what I once thought him. The deep wells of affection overflow, and for a brief space I am happy—so humbly happy ! Ah ! how I am altered. I hardly know myself. I married him, not loving him as I ought and inwardly feeling that his love was not so noble as one I cast away. I knew that his principles were not very strict, but I have found him an infidel. Oh ! George, bitter is the retribution that I have met with. Ah ! pen, write no more that forbidden name. Alas ! forbidden thoughts that are sinful now, are ever, ever rushing through

my heart like the wing of a destroying angel, telling me what I have lost. I pray against it, I resolve, and re-resolve ; I despair, then take courage again and meet my fate. Others look upon me and think I am supremely happy. They see the outward, not the inward life. Have I sinned so deeply that I am punished thus ? Many who are worse, meet with a happier fate. I will still have faith. I will still trust in the shadow of the Almighty. I will be meek-hearted and devote myself to more fortunate brethren and sisters. My husband may yet learn to feel that Christianity is not a fabrication of men. I will be satisfied with my mission, I will not sink into apathy, feeling that I am useless, a miserable unit in the world. I will awake, and shake off these idle dreams of earthly joy. I have at least money at my command, and time that no one claims. I will visit the abodes of want, and each day will do some little good. Then the regrets that consume me will vanish, and affliction, even though brought upon me by my own hand, shall be my saving angel. He who doeth all things well, can also sweeten the waters of eternal life, that I shall drink with the bitter drug that I cast into my cup."







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Engraved by G. Jackson

*St. Catherine*

## THE ONLY SISTER TO HER ONLY BROTHER.

BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

BROTHER ! while the breath of even  
Cools the burning brow of heaven,  
And the stealthy shadows, creeping  
Softly as an infant's sleeping,  
Seem but like the brooding fancies  
Which the poet's soul entrances,  
When the outward world is turning  
Dark beneath his spirit's burning,  
Then I stand amid the shrouding  
Memories on my vision crowding ;  
Then I see our sainted mother !  
Thou art with me, too, my brother !

Brother ! would that I were near thee,  
Whispering warmer words to cheer thee :  
Happy as in cheerful childhood,  
When we wandered through the wild wood,  
Finding only pleasant places,  
Filling all with fairy faces,  
Sending on our songs before us,  
Till the rocks returned the chorus,  
Till the brook, our bourne of travel  
With its wealth of glistening gravel,  
Reached—of mines we asked none other ;  
O, how rich we were—my brother !

Brother ! dost thou not remember,  
Through one cloudy, cold December,  
How we counted Christmas coming,  
All its promised pleasures summing ?  
Softly—lest our mother's sleeping  
Should be broken ? Often creeping  
'Neath the curtain's close enfolding,  
And her sad, sweet face beholding  
While she slumbered ? Never dreaming,  
When the blessed morn was beaming,  
Heaven's bright dawn would wake our mother ;  
We be left alone, my brother !

Brother ! as the past comes o'er me,  
Holy visions float before me ;  
We are children still, and keeping  
Watch beside our mother sleeping ;  
And her life of love and duty  
Folds us with its heavenly beauty ;  
And her faith, like light shed downward,  
Draws our faltering footsteps onward !  
Orphans—though the world oppress thee,  
And its wearing woes distress me,  
Never, while we love each other  
And are worthy of our mother,  
Can we be unblessed, my brother !

**HOW TO RUIN A YOUNG MAN.**

BY THE EDITOR.

I KNEW a young man who sowed wild oats for several years and reaped more than one unfruitful harvest. At best he found this a very unprofitable business, and again and again made resolutions to do better. At last he became involved in sundry small debts and the holders of them, discovering that there was something like risk in the business, grew very urgent, and my friend, whom I will call Albert Armour, found himself much annoyed by demands which, though willing, he was not able to meet with promptness. To make things worse, the only employer in the trade at which he wrought gave up business and Albert was thrown entirely out of work. The entire prostration of business in the country reduced the demand for workmen in his line in neighboring cities, and he therefore had no inducement to go to other places to seek for employment. Besides himself there was in the city another young man who followed the same trade, and as there always existed a small demand for articles which they alone could manufacture, they conceived the idea of setting up in a small way themselves. I had not seen Albert for some months, when one day he called upon me. He had changed much for the worse in appearance, and there was about him a look of concern almost approaching to distress.



"Albert, how do you do?" said I, extending my hand; for I was really pleased to see him.

"Tolerable, what's left of me," he replied, sadly and with a look of shame.

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

"Nothing at all," said he.

"How comes that, Albert?"

"Old Turnpenny has broken up, and you know there is no other establishment in the city.

"But there are several in New York. Why don't you go on there?"

"I have written, and learn that one-third of the old hands have been discharged; so, of course, there is no chance for new ones."

I did not reply, for I was at a loss for a suggestion, and he continued, heightening in color:

"I wouldn't care so much, if I had been prudent with my earnings. But I have not; and now I am troubled with some half dozen small debts that it is impossible for me to pay. I never dreamed of old Turnpenny's giving up."

"Have you thought of nothing?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I have thought of one thing. There is a good deal of work here that could be obtained, if I only had the facilities for doing it. Johnson and I have talked the matter over seriously, and we think we might do well, if we could only get under way. Indeed, he has been round among the dealers; there are five or six in the city, you know, and they all gave him encouragement and promised us work."

"Well, how much would it cost to fit you up in a small way?"

“One hundred dollars in money would be enough. We know a carpenter and a bricklayer who would arrange our shop and put up our furnaces, and wait until we got fairly going for their pay.”

“I don’t know, Albert, that I can help you any, although I should like to do so very much,” said I; “but I will give the matter all the thought I can. Call again and see me to-morrow.”

“The young man thanked me for my interest and promised to return. After he was gone, I put on my hat and went to see a Mr. Parker, from whom the principal part of the work which Albert expected to do must come. This Mr. Parker was known as a very pious man, and I therefore expected much from him.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Parker,” said I, as I entered his store.

“Ah! good day,” he responded, smiling.

“You often want jobs done in your line, do you not?” said I, coming at once to the point.

“Well—yes; I do sometimes.”

“Because,” I continued, “young Armour has nothing to do now that Turnpenny has given up, and he has some thought of opening in a small way. He will have to receive some assistance, however, for he has nothing to begin with, and I suppose there is no one to help him but me, although I have as much as I can do to help myself. I have therefore called on you to know how far he may calculate on receiving work from your establishment.”

“Oh, as to that, we are all the while wanting something or other done; and as there will be no other place to go to, he

will of course get the whole of our work. But, if I were you, I would think twice, and three times, too, before I risked a dollar on him."

"He has been rather wild, I know, Mr. Parker. But he feels keenly the consequences of his imprudence, and I have strong hopes of him. This is a crisis. If no effort is made to help him to keep up when he is so desirous of sustaining himself, he will fall, I sadly fear, into hopeless ruin. You know he can get no work here, because there is no employer in the city; and business has fallen to half its usual amount in the other principal cities."

"That's his look-out, you know," Mr. Parker replied, tossing his head. "Why didn't he take care of his money when he could earn it? He would have had more than enough to begin with now. Let him feel the shoe pinch, it will do him good."

"He does feel it severely, Mr. Parker," I urged. "But the crisis has come with him. Surely it would not be right to leave him, hopeless, in his extremity."

"I've no confidence in such kind of people as he is. He may be very much distressed now, but set him on his feet again, and he'll be as bad as ever, I have not the least doubt."

"You'll give him work?" said I, unwilling to bandy words with one whose uncharitable selfishness shut up his heart to the claims of humanity.

"Oh, of course, when I want anything done."

"Very well," said I, bowing and turning away.

I saw Armour during the day, and told him that I would be his security for certain tools and materials that were re-

quired, and besides that lend him fifty dollars. He was very grateful. Taking my hand, and pressing it warmly, he said :

“ You shall never repent having helped me just in this crisis. I have been very improvident and very wicked ; but I am earnest in my purpose to change.”

“ Be true to your present good intention, and all will be well,” I said, encouragingly. “ You have now a fair chance before you. There is plenty of work in the city, and your shop will be the only one where it can be done. But, you mustn’t expect any thing more than jobbing for the first year. The heaviest work will be sent to New York or Philadelphia, of course. But, as you get yourselves established, and the trade gain confidence in you, more important work will begin to come into your hands, and in time enable you to build up, if you will, a little fortune. An opening like the present does not often occur ; if you fully embrace the opportunity before you, you are made.”

Armour seemed deeply grateful for what I had done, and avowed it to be his determination to devote himself to his business with the most untiring industry.

I cannot say that I had the fullest confidence in the result. And yet I had great hopes that all would turn out well. I knew the young man’s weakness, and felt the danger he was in. What I most feared was, that every thing might not go on smoothly, and that he would get discouraged, lose his energies and fall back into old habits of idleness and dissipation.

Every thing depended upon the young men’s getting cash for their work. They had neither capital nor credit. In

order to procure a few small but indispensable articles in their shop, I loaned Armour, as I had promised, fifty dollars in cash. The business in which they were engaged was that of stereotype foundry. They had two or three small jobs of repairing plates to begin with, and went to work in good spirits.

On the third day, as Armour informed me, Parker came into the shop, and after looking around with an air of doubt and suspicion, said in a rude way—

“So you’ve got to doing something again?”

“Yes,” he replied, “I’m trying to do something.”

“It’s a pity you hadn’t always tried. It would have been better for you, and other people too.”

“I don’t know, Mr. Parker,” said Armour, endeavoring to speak in a way as little offensive as possible, “that I ever injured you.”

“I do, then; and seriously at that.”

“How so?” asked Armour in surprise.

“I can soon tell you. I had an important work in the hands of Mr. Turnpenny stopped by your going off in one of your wild frolics, and lost all the advantages of the fall trade sales.”

“I am very sorry,” said Armour. “I acted wrong, I know.”

“Precious little good does your being sorry now do me. I think men ought to be punished for such things. What right has either you or any one else to injure me in that way?”

“No right at all. I have no excuse to make. But what is past I cannot help now.”



"Yes! That's about all the satisfaction a body gets. But do you think, if I give you a job to do now, I can depend upon you?"

"I think you can, Mr. Parker. I will try and do it well, and in time. How large a job is it?"

"I want my pearl Bible plates thoroughly repaired. I intended to send them to New York, but the trouble, cost of transportation and insurance make me wish to have the work done here, if it can be done. But I'm half afraid to trust you with them."

"You must do as you like about that," replied Armour, coldly. He felt hurt at these uncalled for remarks.

"Can you go at them at once?"

"Yes."

"And push them right through?"

"Yes."

"How long will it take you, do you think?"

"It will be impossible to tell, until we examine the plates."

The plates were sent in, examined, and the amount of work to be done on them ascertained as nearly as possible. It would take at least three weeks to do all that was required, and the whole job, when finished, would be worth about eighty dollars. In order to get through with these plates in time, other work had to be laid aside and a number of little jobs put off or declined altogether.

A week after the shop was opened, two or three of those to whom Armour was indebted in small sums, seeing that he was at work again and actually "in business for himself," commenced a system of dunning, to which threats were soon

added. This the young man bore as patiently as possible, although it disheartened him very much. Almost every day Parker came in to see how his plates were progressing; and he always peered about in a suspicious manner, that fretted Armour exceedingly. One day he came in and found Armour, who was the "finisher," engaged on another job.

"Just as I expected!" said Parker. "I've been looking for this every day."

"Looking for what?" asked Armour.

"Looking to see my work laid aside for that of somebody else."

"It's a mere trifling job, and is very much needed. The person who wanted it done was so anxious about it and so urgent that we could not put him off."

"I don't care how anxious and urgent he was. You had no right to lay my work aside for any body's. If this is all the dependence that is to be placed in you, I will take care, another time, how I put any thing into your hands." And Parker went away quite angry.

Some weeks after this, Armour called on me, looking in trouble.

"How are you getting along?" I asked.

"I could get along well enough if they would let me alone until I got fairly on my feet."

"Who is troubling you?"

"Close, the tailor. He commenced dunning me every two or three days from the first week we opened, and now he has waranted me for what I owe him."

"How much is it?"

"Forty-three dollars."

"Can't you pay him a part? Perhaps if you were to do so, he would wait for the balance a little longer."

"I haven't a dollar to give him. We laid aside every thing for Parker's work, which has been finished for two weeks, and so far he hasn't paid us a cent; and we are out of metal, and not able to go on with work now in the shop."

"Have you handed in the bill?"

"Yes; I took it in the day after the plates were sent home."

"What did he say?"

"He took it, and after running his eye over it, tossed it upon his desk, saying in an indifferent tone—'Very well; leave it.'"

"Have you seen him since?"

"Yes, I called in three or four days, and he said he thought we were in a great hurry about the bill. I replied that we had laid every thing aside for his work, and that unless he paid us for it we could not go on, as we were both very poor. 'For that you have nobody to blame but yourselves. Why didn't you save your money while you had a chance to do so?' he replied to this. I told him that the past could not be helped now; all we wanted was a little chance for the future. He did not offer to pay the bill, although I lingered in his store for ten or fifteen minutes. In a week I called again, but he was in New York. As soon as he returned, I saw him, but he said that he had no time to attend to it. If we only had his bill, which is nearly a hundred dollars, we could buy metal, I could pay Close ten or fifteen dollars and get him to wait, and we would feel en-

couraged to press on more actively than ever ; but, as it is, we are both disheartened."

"Try and not feel so," said I. "It is very bad to give way to discouraging thoughts."

"But how can I help it?" he returned, with some bitterness. "Parker calls himself a Christian and goes to church on Sunday with a long pious face—I've seen him—and yet, in a mean, selfish and malignant spirit, withholds from me the few dollars I have earned with hard labor, and which are all that stand between me and ruin. If I break down in this my most sincere and earnest effort to do well, the sin will lie at his door. A Christian indeed!"

"Don't feel, don't think, don't talk in this way, Armour!" I said, earnestly. But he replied—

"How can I help it? It is no light thing, depend upon it, thus to break down a man in his earnest struggle against the power of bad habits and the disabilities they have entailed upon him. If I fail in this effort, I shall not, in all probability, have the heart to try again, and even if I had, no one would again put any confidence in me."

"These are only your trials," I urged. "Stand up, bravely, under them, and you will come out right. To give up can only make things worse."

"But what am I to do with Close? He will get a judgment against me and seize upon our shop and sell it. I cannot prevent this."

After thinking upon the matter for a short time, I felt it to be my duty to go still farther than I had done in my efforts to put the young man fairly on his feet. I therefore offered to go his security for the debt to Close, and thus get a stay

of execution for six months. I also loaned him ten dollars more, to enable them to buy metal and go on with the work that was in the shop.

But Armour felt too much discouraged to work with spirit. Three days after I had gone his security for the debt to Close, I was surprised to see him coming out of a tavern. I met him face to face as he did so. He colored up and looked confused. I did not allude to the fact of his again going to the tavern, but I felt my confidence in his ultimate success greatly impaired.

"Has Parker settled his bill yet?" I asked.

"No, and what is more, I do n't believe he intends doing it," he replied, in an angry voice.

"Why do you think so?"

"A young man in his store told me that he heard him advise a man who has a judgment against me for eighty dollars—(it is no debt of my own, but one for which I was fool enough to go security)—to push me, and then ask for an order on him."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"That the story was true I soon had proof all-sufficient to convince me, in the visit of a constable to the shop. He was there yesterday. And this morning the holder of the claim called to ask if I would give him an order on Parker."

"What did you say?"

"I was so angry that I could n't contain myself, and told him that I would see him in a hotter place than this, first."

"You were wrong in that," said I.

"Perhaps I was. But I was so fretted that I could not contain myself. Johnson, my partner, is terribly put out



about the whole matter and blames me for what I cannot now help. The fact is, I feel desperate."

"But think, my young friend," I urged, "that you are under obligation to me not to give up, but to struggle on to the end."

"That the breaking up of our business must necessarily involve you in loss is what troubles me. As for myself, I feel quite indifferent as to what becomes of me. Every thing is adverse, and I shall go to the wall in spite of all I can do."

I found it all in vain to talk to the young man; he had been taking a glass of brandy and that had inflamed and unsettled his mind.

Unwilling as I was to interfere in the business transactions of others, I still felt it to be my duty to call upon Parker, and urge him to act differently toward the young men. I found that the man he had advised to ask Armour for an order on him, owed him money, and that it was to secure the debt due to himself that he had proposed the measure. He was very formal and distant with me and quickly closed the interview by saying that the bill would have to be settled in that way; it was the only chance he would probably ever have to get his money, and he was determined to improve it. Armour, he alleged, was a wicked young man and did not deserve encouragement; he had already done him more injury than he would ever atone for.

The case I now felt to be almost hopeless. I was not able to risk any thing further; and if I had been, the spirit in which the efforts of the young man to do right had been met was so bad, and had already produced such an unhappy

effect upon his mind, that I should have doubted the utility of doing so.

Without remorse or delay, the coercive system proposed was carried through. An execution was issued and the shop of the young men seized and sold. It was bought by Parker, who employed Johnson to carry on the business for him. Armour was offered work as a journeyman, with good wages, but he indignantly refused to accept of it, and in a moment of anger and despondency and while under the effects of liquor, enlisted in the United States dragoon service for five years. I lost, in the effort to help him to do right, about two hundred dollars; and Parker, in breaking him down, recovered a debt of seventy or eighty dollars, and got possession of a small stereotype office, which has, in the course of seven or eight years, grown into a large and profitable establishment.

I used often to meet Parker on his way to church, accompanied by his wife and daughter; he had a rigidly righteous look, but I always thought, when I met him, of poor Armour in the far distant west, who, instead of being an oppressed, degraded soldier, might, but for his shameless conduct toward him, have been a happy, useful citizen. Sometimes I would ask myself the question, whether, for the ruin of that man, he would not be held answerable?

Five years and more passed and I had ceased to think as often as at first of the unfortunate young man I had sought to save from himself, when, going one day in Parker's store to buy a book, I noticed a poor, degraded looking creature enter and pass along through the crowd of customers who stood at the counter. He appeared to be very much in liquor.

"Is Mr. Parker in?" I heard him ask of a clerk. The

clerk pointed to the owner of the store, who stood in a small group of his church brethren, with whom he was conversing on matters of religion. Most of these were really good and true men and as unlike him as day is unlike night.

"Mr. Parker!" said the man, going up to him. "How do you do, sir? I reckon you do n't know me?"

"No, I certainly do not; and what is more, do not wish to know you."

"Mr. Parker," resumed the man, "you've got a foundry, and I'm a first-rate finisher, and want work. Will you give me a job?"

"I never employ drinking men in my establishment."

This appeared to fret the applicant and partially to sober him, for he replied sharply,

"Not even of your own making, I suppose?"

"What do you mean?" asked Parker, annoyed at this remark.

"I mean, sir, just what I said," was retorted.

"You don't pretend to say that I made you a drunkard?"

"That's just what I do pretend to say. But for you, I would have been this day a sober, steady, honest, industrious man, and would have been the owner of the very foundry you possess."

It was Armour! I stepped forward, unobserved by him, a deeply interested witness of what was passing.

"The man is crazy!" said Parker, much irritated. "I never saw him before."

"Never saw Albert Armour before! I should like to hear you deny that in the day of judgment."

"Armour!" ejaculated the bookseller in surprise, while

a flush passed over his face, "I never did you harm. You were your own enemy."

"Never did me harm!" said the poor, ruined creature, elevating his voice, and speaking, with a brief but subduing eloquence, so loud that all in the store could hear him distinctly. "Didn't you, five years ago, when I, resolving to mend my ways, started by the aid of a kind friend the foundry you now own, give me work? Didn't you, knowing that I had not a dollar to help myself with, after I had put off every body's work to do yours, refuse to pay the bill, and insult me when I asked for it? Didn't you then advise a man to whom I had become indebted by going security for a friend, to sue me and ask for an order on you? Didn't that man take your advice? Wasn't I, for refusing to do this, which was equivalent to ruin, sold out remorselessly? And didn't you buy the office for a song? Answer me, sir; and say, in the presence of all these men, if these things be not true?"

For a few moments Parker seemed terribly cut down, but he rallied himself with a strong effort, and attempted to deny what Armour had alleged against him.

"You may deny before these men," returned Armour, "but thank God! there's a day coming when denial will do no good."

"Henry, go round and bring a police officer," said Parker, turning to one of his clerks.

"I'll wait until he returns," retorted Armour, coolly. "I should like, above all things, to face you at the police office. I'll send for Mr. — as evidence of the truth of what I've said, and exhibit myself as a specimen of your



handiwork, Mr. Parker!" The man's manner changed. Some thought, some memory seemed to have touched his feelings. "It was a cruel thing in you to put your hand upon me, as you did, and crush me to the earth, when, with strength little above that possessed by an infant, I was trying to walk in the right way. You did not speak to me an encouraging word, but insulted me with suspicion and sneering references to the past. This I could have borne, although it made a place in my breast for a tempting devil; but when you withheld from me almost the first money I earned, and without which I could not move on a step, you ruined my worldly prospects and made me reckless. For five years, as a common soldier, I have been passing a wretched and degraded life, while you have been growing richer, and it may be happier in your own way, by means of the business of which I was defrauded. Yes," he added, with returning bitterness, "let us go to the police office and have this history fully told."

"Leave my store instantly!" exclaimed Parker, excited beyond control.

The man did not move.

"Leave it, I say, or I will throw you headlong into the street!"

Parker sprang toward the man, and had seized him by the collar, when I, no longer able to keep silence, stepped forward and said,

"You have done him harm enough already, Mr. Parker. Don't be tempted to do him any more. All he has said I know to be true, and that the crime of ruining a man for this world, if not also for the next, rests upon your head."



Parker released his hold and staggered back, utterly confounded. Armour was equally surprised. The latter grasped my hand, and, with the tears starting to his eyes, said,

“Mr. —— ! you were always my friend, although through this man you lost over two hundred dollars by helping me in a single instance. I have thought of you often, and, wicked sinner as I am, have sometimes prayed that what you lost by me might be made up again in some way.”

“Come !” said I, interrupting him, and drawing him out of the store, that was full of astonished spectators of this strange scene.

My earnest efforts to put Armour on his feet again proved, alas ! useless. He had become too much degraded by drink and vicious company, and had not moral power enough left to sustain him in any attempt at reform. Whenever he got drunk, he would be sure to give Parker a call and charge him with being the author of his ruin. Several times he was thrust out of his store and several times handed over to the police. These visitations were continued, more or less frequently, for about six months, when abused nature could bear no longer the rude assaults to which she had been for years subjected. The degraded, unhappy wretch was found one cold morning in December dead, under a stall in the market-house !

My own verdict in the case I found no difficulty in making up. Parker was, in my mind, guilty of his premature and miserable end. A few encouraging words, with simple justice toward him, when he was struggling to do right, would have saved him.

With a few variations from the facts as they occurred, this is an "öwer true tale," and the lesson it teaches will do much good, if laid to heart. A man who has once fallen into habits of idleness and dissipation needs, in his efforts to reform, the utmost kindness and consideration. All men should not only be just toward him, but should meet him with encouraging words and acts ; and no man, who would not incur a fearful responsibility, should, in even the smallest matter, do any thing to extinguish the new-born hope of a better life that has been kindled in his bosom. Too often it happens that men like Parker, calling themselves religious, have the least charity for one who has once fallen into evil ways, and by their conduct drive him back again into dissipation, instead of holding him fast by the hand to keep him from falling. I have met many, very many such in my life. Would that their number were less !

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## HAVE PATIENCE.

BY WM. C. RICHARDS.

HAVE patience ! the clouds will depart  
That o'ershadow thee now ;  
The sorrow will pass from thy heart—  
And the care from thy brow :

Have patience ! the sunshine will glow—  
For the shadow—more bright,  
As the morning is fairer, you know—  
For the darkness of night.

## THE DYING WIFE.

ANXIOUS friends had bent sorrowfully over the dying wife and mother for many hours of the lonely night, and now, the stars were fading from the clear blue sky. The first faint beams of the morning wandered dimly into the chamber of affliction, and the melancholy light paled the flickering night lamp, which threw its sickly rays over the faces of both the living and the dying, adding a deeper hue to sorrow and a more solemn expression to death.

A solemn stillness reigned in the chamber, broken only by the hollow and oppressed breathing of her who was struggling in her last, closing, agony. A gentle hand pushed open the half-closed door, and a child, scarce three years old, glided softly in and unrestrained pressed close up to the bedside. A tear was on her young cheek. Sleep had fled from her pillow and as if by instinct she had left her bed and sought the bosom of her who had nourished her and carried her there in the hours of infantine helplessness. The mother's eye brightened as she met the look of her dear child—but it was the gleam of affection, saddened to a cast of agony.

"Mother," said the little one in her clear, sweet tone, a smile dimpling her cheek and throwing a ray of sunshine over her face. Then climbing to a chair and from a chair to the bed, she nestled down upon the breast of her dying mother, her little arms thrown fondly around her neck, and her warm

young cheek resting against one damp with the clammy sweat of dissolution. Busy hands sought to remove the child from its resting place, but the maternal arm bound it fast with a convulsive effort.

The door again turned upon its silent hinges and one entered with a heavy tread. Though the dim light of the morning had scarce given way before the clear sunbeams, yet intoxication was written in burning letters upon his brow. Rudely he approached the bed side and for a moment, with half idiotic stare, surveyed the touching memorials it contained.

“Your mother is dying, Amelia,” said he in a drunken, faltering tone, seating himself upon the bed. “Your mother is dying, Amelia, and you must not lie there; come away!”

The mother’s arm clung to her child with a firm grasp, and her eye looked up into the face of her husband with an imploring gaze, though the death film was gathering over it.

“I tell you to come away,” said he in a louder tone.

The females who were watching the friend they loved in her last extremity, tried to draw the inhuman monster from his cruel purpose, but to their gentle interference he answered,

“She must not stay there! Amelia’s dying, and I want her to die in peace. Poor thing! it will soon be over with her!”

Then taking hold of the resisting child, he tore it rudely from the restraining arm of its dying mother, who uttered a faint groan as its infant cries rang in her ears, fell back and died.

This is no fancy sketch.

J. J. R.

## THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

'Tis sweet to think when struggling  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shores of time  
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me like a boundless sea,  
The Great Hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom,  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers, like a golden robe,  
Around the emerald isles.

There, in the blue long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,  
I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of old Beulah's land.

And far beyond the islands  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.



Unto the Great Hereafter—  
Aforetime dim and dark —  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

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## W I N T E R .

BY C. L. WHEELER.

COME in and close the litted door,  
And shut the cold without ;  
And gather in our wonted ring  
The warm fireside about.

'Tis pleasure through these winter nights,  
While winds are piercing cold,  
To gather round our own fireside,  
Where merry tales are told ;

Where tales are told, and poems read,  
Improving heart and mind,  
Till feelings warm, from care's annoy,  
All yearn for human kind

May many winters, friend of mine  
Be still in store for thee,  
And harvests rich still swell the store  
Of Christmas jollity.

## THE CAMPO SANTO.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THERE is near Naples a very beautiful burying-ground, known as *the New Campo Santo*. The place cannot, as far as natural beauty is concerned, be compared with Mount Auburn, Greenwood or Laurel Hill, although it commands many beautiful views of the city and its environs. Its chief attraction is the number and beauty of the sepulchral monuments which it contains.

We were shown over the ground by a bare-footed capuchin, who seemed the very type of good-humored jollity. Had Rabelais written in the year 1847, I should say that Friar John was but a transcript of this person. Grave-diggers are proverbially merry, and something of this seemed to have been communicated to our worthy friend in brown, whose office it was to tend the corpses laid out in a long room adjoining the cemetery. In this place the bodies are laid on beds, with a rope attached to the arm, which, when pulled, rings a bell. Should the person revive, the bell would thus give notice to one who is always in waiting. When we entered, there was only one body, which was that of a beautiful little girl, who had died with a smile on her lips. How

I wished that the bell *would* ring. How pleasant it would have been to have seen that death-smile changed for one of life and light.

At the end of the room lay the corpse of a girl of eighteen. The body was extremely emaciated, and the long black hair which hung loosely over the face and breast, gave it a strange, witch-like aspect. Yet in all we saw, there was nothing to harrow up the feelings, nothing to produce that fear of death and the grave which is so usual an attendant upon such scenes. There were here none of those "strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome."

Pleasant and cool upon the soul rest the memories of those gone before, when to the eye of sense there speaks nothing to remind us of the decay of those forms which we once almost identified with the souls which dwelt within them; but pleasanter far is it when we see the grave covered with emblems which speak only of hope and a blessed immortality. Many such I noticed among the bright flowery walks which here led us among the homes of the departed. One Latin inscription spoke of the dead as a root planted in Earth to blossom in Heaven, while another simply stated that — was born on a certain day and rejoined the angels a few months afterwards.

It was with pleasant feelings that we left this burying-ground. A thousand gentle thoughts, a thousand tender associations were awakened by the beautiful death-memorials which lay around. Von Schwartz, who had not spoken during the excursion, was evidently in a reverie. Turning to me at last, he remarked, "When I visit such a place, I can

almost regret that I have no friend buried here, that I may the more fully develop that deep spiritual melancholy which such scenes excite."

"Such a reflection as that," I replied, "though German to the last degree, is derived from the worse and not the better part of your philosophy, for depend upon it, that no occurrence which can truly excite regret should ever be recurred to for the sake of exciting mere poetic feeling."

"You are right," he replied. "*Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht.* Let us go."

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## THE IMITATOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AN arrow from a bow just shot,  
 Fléw upwards to heaven's canopy,  
 And cried, with pompous self-conceit,  
 To the King Eagle, scornfully :  
 "Look here ! I am as high as thou,  
 And, toward the sun, even higher sail !"  
 The eagle smiled, and said, "Oh fool,  
 What do thy borrowed plumes avail ?  
 By others' strength thou dost ascend,  
 But by thyself dost—downward tend."

## O U R L I T T L E S O N .

WITHIN our quiet nest at home  
We have a little son ;  
Five smiling years have passed away  
Since his young life begun.  
Five smiling years ! Brief, happy time !  
So fleet have moved the hours—  
So light our steps—we've only seemed  
To tread among the flowers.

When day declines, and evening shades  
Come stealing soft and slow ;  
And star-rays in the dusky sky  
But dimly come and go ;  
From care and thought and business free,  
I homeward turn my feet—  
Oh ! how the absence is repaid  
When that dear boy I meet.

I do not know that other eyes  
Would linger o'er his face ;  
Or find on brow, or cheek, or lip  
A single winning grace ;  
And yet, it would be strange, I own,  
If other eyes could see  
No beauty in his countenance,  
So beautiful to me.





Mrs. F. J. J. J.

Eng. & W. J. J. J.

*Chas. J. J. J.*



To us his face is loveliness—  
There sweet expressions blend ;  
There thoughts look upwards ; and on these  
Affection's smiles attend.  
A picture in our hearts he lives,  
Bound by love's golden frame ;  
And love has given the precious boy  
A fitly chosen name.

Oh ! could we keep our darling one,  
As innocent as now ;  
As free from lines of care and pain  
His smoothly polished brow,—  
As free from evil every throb  
His joyous pulses fling ;  
And free each thought that upward soars  
On mind's expanding wing !

O Thou, who lovest every one—  
Whose face *their* angels see—  
The children thou hast given to us,  
Hold, hold them near to Thee !  
If ever, in their future years  
Their feet aside should stray,  
Oh, lead them gently back again,  
And keep them in Thy way.

T. S. A.

## NIGHTS IN THE OLD ALMSHOUSE.

[THE following narrative is supposed to be related by one whose mother died of a broken heart when he was but eleven years of age. After she was laid in the grave, there was no one to care for him but his drunken father, who had become so debased as scarcely to retain any truly human feelings. He sold the bed upon which his wife had slept, gave up the room she had occupied, and with his little son, it being summer-time, went out into the woods to sleep at night. We give only a fragment from a long and painfully-interesting history.]

At first, I could not sleep for fear, all alone as we were in the woods. And often, after I had fallen into a dose, would I be awakened by the noise of the wind rustling through the trees. My father always slept soundly. After a while, as I became more accustomed to it, I could sleep as well in the woods as any where else.

I remember one beautiful summer-night we went out into the woods about eleven o'clock, my father so much in liquor that I had to lead him. Our usual place of sleeping was just within the enclosure of Col. Howard's garden, on the side next to the city, (Baltimore,) and close to the small stream that flowed from the stone spring-house a little west of the garden. With much difficulty I got him over the fence, and

we laid ourselves down on our grassy bed. My father was soon asleep, and snoring loudly. After a while I got into a doze from which I awakened, or appeared to awake, in, I suppose, something like half an hour. It looked unusually light, and I raised my head to see what caused it. Within a few feet of me, was a female figure. She was very beautiful, and a soft light shone out from her in all directions. I knew her to be my mother, in a moment. Her face was sad and pale, but there was something heavenly in its expression. She fixed her mild eyes upon me long and sorrowfully, and there was a look of warning in her countenance. I did not at that moment feel afraid, but sprang to my feet, and called, 'Mother!' Instantly she faded from my sight, and all was darkness. Clouds had covered the sky, and a low wind murmured among the trees, rustled through the long grass, and stole about me cold and chillingly. Greatly frightened, I crept close to my father, who still slept soundly, shut my eyes, and lay trembling with a strange fear, until I again fell asleep. I do not know how long it was before I awakened, but I was aroused by a stunning roar, and found that the rain was pouring down in torrents. I had only got my eyes fairly open, when the whole heaven seemed to be in a single blaze of light, and then came a peal of thunder which made the very earth tremble under my feet. My father was also now wide awake, and we sought the temporary shelter of a large tree, guided by the almost incessant flashes of lightning. Soon, however, the leaves no longer retained the large drops that fell upon them, and we were drenched to the skin. The storm continued for more than an hour, with frightful violence. I never felt so awful in my life. The tremendous



jarring and rattling of the thunder—the almost incessant blazing out of the lightning : and the roaring of the wind among the trees, were such as I had never heard nor seen. To those who were closely sheltered in their houses, that was an awful night ; but to us who were all alone in the woods, it was terrible indeed. It was daylight ere the storm abated. When I could distinguish my father's face, I saw that it was very pale, and that he trembled in every limb. Slowly we left our home in the woods—it was the only place where we could lay our heads—and drenched with rain, sought our way to the city, to pick up something to eat and drink. Dry clothes we had none, for our wardrobe we carried on our backs. While my father waited around the corner of a street, I went into the kitchen of the Golden Horse Tavern, and got a supply of cold bread and meat. A fresh loaf of bread I begged at a baker's ; this we sold for liquor, and then went back to the woods to devour our breakfast. After this we parted, my father to lounge in a grog-shop, and I to pick up a few coppers, if possible. We met at dinner-time. I had eleven pence. This we made go as far as possible. Six cents worth of liquor satisfied my father's thirst ; while three cents worth of cakes and three cents worth of crackers, checked the gnawing of our appetites. We then went back to the woods.

While sitting on the grass, under a tree, my father told me that he had got a room in the old Poor House, which was vacant, the inmates having been removed to their palace-home at Calverton. Here, he said, we could sleep at night and not care for the storms. And it would be a shelter on Sundays, when some of our favorite haunts were closed.

I, of course, had nothing to say in opposition, and so out we went to the Poor House to inspect the premises, and choose among its many deserted chambers one that we might call our home. I had never before been within this spacious, but time-worn building. As we went up the broad avenue, entered the gate, and stood beneath the trees that threw their broad shadows upon us, I felt indeed the silent desolation of the place. But a few months before, hundreds of human beings were here; now, we alone thought and felt where thousands had lived and moved and passed away forever. We did not linger long to view the premises; for, whatever either of us thought or felt, we wasted no words on our impression, but pushed our way up the broad staircase and entered the desolate halls, which echoed and re-echoed long, and it did seem to me, mournfully, to our tread. From chamber to chamber we passed on, first through one extended wing of the building, and then through the other, with what might truly be called 'idle curiosity.' Then from attic to cellar we wandered, until we knew every room, and every cell in the vast building. It was indeed a lonely place. Standing separate as it did, the avenue of entrance reaching west, and remote from any dwellings, it seemed to me, as if we were almost the last of our race; as if some terrible pestilence had swept away the busy millions, and that we alone were left.

After due examination, we chose a comfortable room in the centre or main building, which had been appropriated for the use of the Keeper and his family, and taking the floor for our bed, and our hands for our pillows, we laid ourselves down to sleep away the afternoon. It was nearly sundown when we aroused ourselves. The trees threw into our room

a deep shadow, and made it look almost like night. I felt a fear creeping over me, and thought that I would rather be in the woods and risk the storms, than sleep in so desolate a place. The strange vision of my mother, also occurred to my mind, and I looked timidly around, almost expecting to see her pale, sad face, turned upon me. We descended from our room and made our way quickly towards the city, my father eager to quench his burning thirst, and I to get some food, for I felt very hungry. At the corner of Howard and Franklin streets we parted—he to lounge in a certain grog-shop, while I endeavored to raise a little change. It was late, and I was exceedingly put to it for some successful experiment. At length a happy thought struck me, and I went into a drug-store in Market street, and called for six cents worth of the cream of tartar. It was soon weighed out and handed to me. Just at that moment a person came in, and soon after two or three more. The young man in the store was of course soon busily engaged in serving them. I stood still at the counter, with my little package in my hand, waiting with seeming great patience. After all were gone, I still remained, standing there, and at last the clerk asked me if I wanted any thing else.

“No, sir,” said I, “I am only waiting for my change.”

“Your change, oh! what did you give me?”

“A half dollar, sir.”

He looked at me for some moments, and then said,

“Are you right sure?”

“Oh yes, sir,” said I with all apparent ingenuousness. “I gave you a half dollar just as that girl came in for the castor oil and you put it in the drawer, and forgot to give me the change.”

"Well, I am sure I did forget all about it," said he, as he gave me forty-four cents change.

I walked quietly out of the shop, but as soon as I was round the corner I threw the cream of tartar into the gutter, and ran off as fast as I could to join my father.

He was delighted with the large supply I had raised, and when I informed him of the trick to which I had resorted, he patted me on the head, and said I was a sad dog—and then laid himself back to enjoy a hearty laugh at the joke.

"Money is too scarce now, Charley," said he, "to afford to buy any thing to eat with it. You can easily get enough cold victuals. So do you go out and get something for us to eat, and we will go home and take our supper in our new lodgings. We will take a bottle of gin along and some beer, and fare sumptuously."

"But what shall we do for a light, father?" said I.

"Sure enough, that is a question."

"Suppose we buy a candle—we can get one for two cents."

"But we must have a candle every night, and candles will cost two cents a piece. That will never do. And we will have to get matches. Besides, I don't believe the Trustees would allow a candle to be taken into the building. Any how, there is no great use for a candle. We know the way in well enough. We never had a candle in the woods, and now because we have got better lodging we are not content without additional luxuries. It would be a useless expense, Charley, and we will not incur it."

Much against my will, I had to consent to this mode of reasoning. It was not long before I filled my handkerchief with bread and meat, at the kitchens of sundry benevolent

individuals, and called for my father, who was already much intoxicated. After pulling him by the arm and coaxing him a good deal I got him under way, and towards ten o'clock we turned into Madison from Howard street. Here commenced the lonely part of our journey. The huge pile of buildings into which we were to creep like thieves, arose gloomily on the right, and looked the very picture of desolation. My father was too much in liquor to be a sensible companion, and I, boy as I was, had to meet the imagined horrors of such a lonely, deserted place, almost companionless. Slowly we wound round the enclosure, until we gained the north-west front of the building, and then kept on up the broad avenue, until we were once more beneath the trees that threw a shadow dark as midnight upon the porch and entrance of the house. As the gate swung to behind us, with a loud noise and the jingling of a chain that was attached, a wild, unearthly scream, which seemed to come from a window over our heads, thrilled upon my ears. I almost sunk to the earth.

"What is that, father?" said I, in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

But he was too far gone with the liquor he had taken to notice it as any thing unusual. I stood still, and so did he, for his motions were governed by my own. I knew not what to do or what to think. The wild, awful scream was still ringing in my ears, and the strange sight I had seen but the night before, was still before me in imagination. After a few minutes of indecision, I pulled my father towards the steps that lead into the building, which were indistinctly visible in the darkness. As he attempted to set his foot upon the first of these, he stumbled and fell upon them with a loud noise.



Instantly that piercing scream was repeated, then there was a rustling among the branches of the trees over our heads, and a large, dark-looking bird, swept away with a slight noise as its wings beat the still air.

I recovered my senses in a moment, greatly relieved, though I trembled violently from head to foot. I knew that I had been frightened by a "screech owl." I now endeavored to get my father on his feet, and after some difficulty, we were safely lodged in our own room. We were at home. One long draught at the bottle sufficed him, and he laid himself down, and was soon snoring loudly. For my own part, I had little appetite for the bread and meat I had brought with me, and following my father's example, I took a long draught, and laid myself down upon our hard bed. Happily for me, I was soon sound asleep, and did not wake until the sun was shining in at the window.

The burning thirst of my father was quenched at the pump in the yard, and he then took a dram from the liquor in our bottle. We now made a breakfast from the cold meat and bread which I had begged the night before, and after sitting about until towards nine o'clock, went into town to act over, with various modifications, the scenes of many previous days. Thus we passed our time, for some months.

I was often greatly frightened in the old Poor House, by strange noises and stranger fancies, but never more so than on one dark night when, failing to find my father in any direction, I bent my steps for home (!) a little after ten o'clock, supposing that he had gone out there. Every step which I took, after leaving Howard street, increased my fear, and when I entered the dark avenue which led up to the

dreary looking mass of buildings, the cold chills crept over my whole body. When I got as far as the gate, I remembered every frightful tale I had ever heard, and was so sick with fear, that I had almost to hold myself up. I stood with my hand on the gate for a long time, irresolute whether to enter, go back, or remain where I was. At last I mustered up courage to call my father, who I thought might be up stairs. I gave one loud cry of "FATHER!" and paused, with a wild beating at my heart. My voice sounded strange and awful to my ears, as it rang out in that lonely and deserted spot. There was no answer, but I thought I heard a motion in the trees over my head.

After waiting for some minutes until I could feel re-assured, I again called in a louder voice, "FATHER!" The bird of night replied to me in a shrill, unearthly scream, which so startled me that I almost sunk to the ground. But I was reassured in a moment, and the consciousness that there was any thing living near me restored a portion of my fast fleeting courage. I now waited for full half an hour, at the gate, and as my father did not come, I began to think that perhaps he had come home early, sick, and was now in our room suffering, or perchance dying. The moment this thought glanced across my mind, I summoned up all the resolution I had and opening the gate, glided in and up the stairs with a quick step, yet fearing every moment that my eyes would meet some terrible apparition. When I got into our room, and had felt all round it in the dark, and was fully conscious that my father was not there, I sat down upon the floor, perfectly overcome with fear. To be there alone, at the dead hour of the night, a mere boy, in that deserted place, was a

reflection that paralyzed me. What I suffered then and there, I can never describe. From a state of stupid fear I was aroused by the thought of my father. Where was he?—how was he? He must be sick or dead. Filled with this idea, I crept softly down the stairs as though fearful of disturbing the spirits of the place, and reaching the yard, opened the gate and ran with feet winged by fear until I got into the main road. Just there I met my father, who came staggering along too drunk to know little more than that I was his son. What a load was removed from my heart!

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TO \* \* \* \*.

(On her asking the author to make choice of a gemmed-ring for her,

BY JOHN H. HEWITT.

WERE I born to repose in the depths of the sea,  
 I then might make choice of a min'ral for thee,  
 But no, Madame Nature hath ordered that I  
 Should not bask in the ocean nor soar in the sky.

But list to my lay. Once the queen of the waters  
 Held a meeting of all of old Ocean's fair daughters :  
 Her throne was of coral and studded around  
 With the loveliest gems that her nymphs ever found.

'List, maids of the ocean!' the smiling Queen cried,  
 'The shores of the deep must be searched far and wide ;

For she who will show me the loveliest gem,  
Shall win her reward from my own diadem.'

'Twas said—and while strains of soft music soared round,  
The zone of each Nereid was quickly unbound,  
And each garment stream'd out on the tide light and free,  
As she searched every grotto and cave of the sea.

Some brought the bright emerald translucent and green,  
And some showered sapphires before the fair Queen,  
While, others brought rubies and garnets to view—  
But, no ; though all lovely, still would they not do.

At length came the diamond as pure and as bright  
As the spirit that bore it, but scarcely as light,  
'Ah ! no,' said the Queen—'tis too rich, and I'm told  
Though it shed brilliant beams yet the radiance is cold.'

The next fairy nymph brought a gem dark as night,  
'Twas a jet undelighting, though costly and bright.  
'Cast it down the abyss !' cried they all in a breath,  
'Tis a sorrowful gem and the emblem of death.'

Soon far, far a spirit was seen through the deep  
Adown the blue waters with fleetness to sweep ;  
Her form was transparent—her silvery curls  
Were decked with a tiar of the loveliest of pearls.

'Here, here !' cried the spirit, 'in coral-girt bowers,  
This pearl have I plucked from a bed of sea-flowers ;  
'Tis the tear-drop of virtue, and blest be the girl  
Whose heart is as taintless and pure as a pearl.'

The fair sovereign smiled, and the costliest gem  
She could find midst the crowd of her bright diadem,  
She gave as a meed to the nymph. Then, dear girl,  
Let thy ring be bedecked with simplicity's pearl.

## SILENT LOVE.

From the German of Caroline Pichler.

BY HARRIET MANSFIELD.

THE wife of the President Von Almstein entered the chamber of her daughters to announce to them that they were invited to a grand ball at the foreign ambassador's, and laid on their table the latest number of the Journal of Fashion, from which to select their costumes. With a radiant countenance, Caroline, the youngest sister, sprang up from her work, eagerly, took the book and turned over the leaves, while with joyous volubility she admired some of the drawings, found fault with others, and finally selected the one which best pleased her fancy. Her elder sister sat quietly beside her.

"You say nothing, Henrietta," said the President's wife, somewhat displeased, "are you not glad?"

"You know, dear mother, that I do not love such entertainments; and if you would allow me—"

"To stay at home—is it not so? But this will not do. You must go with us. I can easily understand that with your face you do not like to appear by the side of Caroline; but for this very reason you must go with us, and be dressed as handsomely as she is. I will not let the world say I make



a difference between my children, and leave you in the background because you are ugly.”

She left the room. She thought by these means to show the world that she did not prefer the beautiful Caroline to her sister ; but the world was not deceived. From her earliest childhood, Henrietta had been the repulsed, neglected, child and her mother felt herself quite relieved when about ten years before, her sister, the widow of a general, had begged to have the little girl, who, as she had no children of her own, might afford her companionship amid the solitude of a country life. There Henrietta was brought up with carefulness and affection. Her aunt, an excellent woman, cultivated her active mind and her feeling heart upon the highest principles. She sought to make amends for the absence of outward charms, by the superiority of inward attractions. Henrietta knew well that she was not handsome ; but in the country, as the niece of a lady so universally respected, as a girl who even without this advantage, might be loved and esteemed for her own sake, it never occurred to her that the want of beauty was so great a fault, so powerful a preventive to success or happiness in the world. The aunt died, and the president brought his daughter home.

Here she now experienced, with a feeling of deep bitterness, the high value placed upon a gift of nature which depends so little on ourselves, and has no influence upon our true merit. When she appeared with her beautiful sister, no one took notice of her, no one spoke to her ; and wounded and repulsed by this treatment, she forgot or disdained those attractions that might have drawn towards her the attentions of a better class of men. But she saw that even they followed the lovely

enchantment. She remained quiet, forgotten, alone, in the midst of brilliant circles, and the ungentle treatment of her mother increased the deep sorrow which often made her shed burning tears over the loss of her excellent aunt, and the lovely period of her earlier youth.

Caroline, although adored by her parents, and overwhelmed with flattery by the world, had still preserved her good feeling. She loved her sister tenderly; but even she was not quite happy. The wishes of her father, a sort of family arrangement, destined her to be the bride of a relative, whom she had known only as a child, and of whom for ten years she had known nothing further than that he was a major, a very handsome man and a brave soldier. Caroline was not refined nor cultivated enough to think of sympathy of mind or character, but she trembled at the thought of giving her hand to a man who might not be in any way agreeable to her. The girls wept together and tried to console each other, and mutual sorrow served only to unite them more closely.

The President Von Almstein was the last male scion of the younger branch of his family, which by a singular accident possessed all the wealth and property of the elder branch. His grandfather had two sons by two wives, whom, as well as their mothers, he loved with a very different degree of tenderness. Domestic troubles and his own inclinations led the eldest son, after the death of his mother, to become a soldier, in which character he obtained that love and esteem which had been denied him in his father's house. He rose by his own merit to the rank of general, but when yet in the bloom of manhood, hardship, fatigue, and dangerous wounds had so enfeebled his health, that he looked forward either to

a speedy death or a miserable old age. He gave up all thoughts of happiness arising from the possession of a wife and family and, while in this mood, a self-styled friend who was in reality an emissary of his step-mother, persuaded him to relinquish his property to his younger brother, and thus enable him to maintain the honor of the family. The general then retired to a small estate he still retained, where he led a calm and secluded life. But amid the quiet and repose of rural life, his health was gradually restored; existence again became dear to him; he found a maiden whose beauty and gentle goodness touched his heart, and who was willing to share his fate and his small fortune. His eldest son followed his father's footsteps; his grandson, the major, who was destined for Caroline, had already obtained considerable renown, and the president was extremely anxious to bring about this alliance, which was to unite the two branches of the family, and thus restore to the elder branch the possession of that property of which it had been deprived for half a century.

Caroline sought in vain to turn aside her father from the execution of a plan which seemed to endanger her future happiness; but he was inflexible, and seemed to be influenced by some weighty reason which involved his own tranquillity and contentment.

Thus several months passed away. Towards the end of the next autumn the president received news that the major had obtained leave of absence in order to visit the city and become acquainted with his future bride. Report preceded him and announced to Caroline and the other ladies of the capital, that the major was the handsomest, noblest and bravest of officers, and many anecdotes were related to prove

his valor and goodness. It was he who had once, when almost alone, stormed a hostile fortress, and at the risk of his own life protected from injury and borne from the field one of the enemy's generals, whom he had wounded and taken prisoner ; it was he to whom a village that had been fired owed its preservation and the inhabitants their lives and the safety of their property. He was thus a topic of conversation several days before his arrival, and although it was known his hand was promised, this did not prevent many fair damsels from laying plans for the capture of his heart.

It was natural that Caroline and her sister should anticipate his coming with eager anxiety, and their confidential conversation turned almost entirely upon him. One evening a numerous circle assembled at their house, when the doors were suddenly thrown open, and a young man entered dressed in uniform, with an order upon his breast. He had a fine manly appearance and there was something so noble in his countenance and bearing, that it involuntarily detained the eye which had casually fallen upon him. With modest self-possession he approached the president and handed him a letter, which the latter had no sooner opened and glanced at, than he greeted the young man with sincere pleasure, presenting him to his wife and the whole circle as his nephew, Major Von Almstein.

Caroline blushed up to her temples. This, then, was the man to whom she was to be indissolubly united ! His appearance, at least, was not unpleasing, and she often stole a glance at this object of universal attention, while her mother looked round in triumph, as if to say : " this phoenix, of



whom report has said so much, and whose looks promise more, is ours, is the property of the admired Caroline !”

Henrietta’s eyes had also been directed towards him, and a trembling feeling pervaded her whole frame. Here was her realization of a perfect man. How often had an ideal being, with just such features appeared to her silent dreams ! She turned pale, for this man was her sister’s betrothed lover ; and while others joyfully gathered round him, she quietly withdrew, with a deep wound in her heart. When in her solitary chamber, she gave a sad glance at her mirror, and tears stood in her eyes. She determined to avoid this dangerous being as much as possible, that the arrow might not pierce her heart too deeply.

The major was soon at home in the house of his relatives, and every thing seemed to go on exactly as they wished. Caroline’s appearance had at first attracted him, and her natural amiability held him fast. He soon found that she was deficient in mental culture, but he trusted, as she was so young, he might remedy this neglect when she became his wife. He perceived in her too great a fondness for dress and dissipation, but he flattered himself that when she had learned to know and love him truly, love and domestic happiness would make her ample amends for the loss of these glittering pleasures. Thus, this connexion, at which his whole nature had at first revolted, gradually lost its terrors, and he reconciled himself to the idea of considering Caroline as the future companion of his life. He had no passionate feeling for her, she was not indispensable to his happiness ; but he felt towards her an affectionate regard, and hoped with this feeling his married life might be happy.



The conduct of his future sister-in-law seemed to him very strange. That she had more sense and cultivation, and more character than her sister, was evident from the few conversations he had forced her to enter into, and what Caroline told him of her excellent heart, confirmed the opinion he had himself formed of her, so that he esteemed her highly without knowing her well. But it was almost impossible for him to approach her more nearly, for she sedulously avoided him, and did every thing in her power to escape being with him, and especially alone with him.

Her parents noticed this behaviour and expostulated with her about it. She tried to defend herself by various excuses, but as she did not change her conduct, they were at length convinced that she entertained a secret hatred towards the major, or at all events disliked the connexion, because the larger portion of their property was destined to Caroline, while only a moderate sum was secured to her.

Such a supposition wounded Henrietta deeply, but she did not attempt to disprove it. She would rather have suffered any thing, death itself, than betray her unhappy feeling for a man who was intended for her sister, and was so well contented with his prospects. The major at last began to believe she cherished a secret prejudice against him, and many misunderstandings, inevitable under such circumstances, many hints of the imprudent mother confirmed him in this opinion.

The major's leave of absence had now expired; it was hoped the approaching campaign would be the last, and the wedding was to take place as soon as peace was proclaimed. He took leave of his betrothed without deep grief, though

with some emotion, received the blessing of her parents, and Henrietta's silent trembling farewell, and departed.

For a few days, Caroline felt sensibly the loss of her pleasant companion, but diverted herself afterwards by attending to her outfit and making preparations for her future establishment. Henrietta was quiet as ever, but the house, the world, seemed empty and dead to her. She listened tremblingly to the news of the war : consulting newspapers and maps was her favorite occupation : she changed color when letters came from the major, and was evidently anxious when they were long delayed. Her parents who had never understood her, were at a loss to account for this ; they called her strange, ridiculous : at length became used to her peculiarities, and let them pass unnoticed. This was all she wanted.

Towards spring, Caroline was attacked by a severe illness, which increased with great violence. Henrietta would not leave her bedside notwithstanding the danger of infection with which the physician threatened her. On the fifth day, the joyous, blooming Caroline was a corpse. Henrietta's grief was deep and abiding, yet it was in her affection that the bereaved father first found comfort. Her mother was in despair ; the death of her darling daughter had broken her heart, and she began to droop. These unhappy tidings were communicated to the major ; his letter bore the marks of the deepest sympathy and true sorrow, but no sign of that distraction which the death of the woman he loves must produce in the heart of a young man.

When the first stupefying effects of grief were over, the president spoke of his plan of uniting the two branches of the family as still unchanged.

"We have still a daughter," he at length said. "Henrietta shall take Caroline's place; the estate will thus be undivided and return again to the elder branch."

Henrietta was present. A fever seemed to run through her limbs. Rapture and anguish—hope and sorrow, alternated in her soul.

"Alas!" said her mother. "What an exchange! Leah for Rachel!"

These words cut Henrietta to the heart. Leah for Rachel! She tottered as if falling and supported herself by a chair. It was not the unkind allusion of her mother, but the conviction that with her appearance she could never become the wife of so handsome and attractive a man, without drawing upon herself the contempt and censure of the whole world, and see him pining away at her side from chagrin and repentance—it was this that now seemed painfully clear to her mind. She resolved to resist to the last extremity, rather than receive this terrible sacrifice, which only a regard to family interest could compel him to make.

All her refusals were of no avail. A letter was written to the major, who avoided giving an answer to the proposition; saying it was impossible for him, so soon after the loss of his first love to think of any second alliance, and begging for delay and time for reflection. This was enough for Henrietta. She knew now all she needed to know, to render her earnest resolution still more irrevocable.

In a few weeks her mother died from grief for the loss of her daughter, and Henrietta persuaded her father to retire with her to one of his estates, for he had remained in the city only to please his wife. There she devoted herself with

enthusiastic affection to the comfort and happiness of the only loved being now remaining to her, and the president, who, in his fashionable marriage, had never known this feeling, lived anew in her confiding love, and seemed nowise dissatisfied that the major postponed his decision still longer, and left him the daughter who had now become so dear to him. But Henrietta's cruel destiny was not yet weary of aiming at her heart. Late in the autumn, while engaged in the chase, which he passionately loved, the president was thrown from his horse and was brought home to the castle, dying. He had lost his speech, and Henrietta felt despair when she saw the signs, the intensely-anxious looks, with which he pointed to his secretary, and which, after a hundred attempts she could not understand nor explain. He died in her arms a few hours afterwards, leaving her in possession of all his immense property.

Thus bereaved and alone in the wide world, she was for a time dead to every pleasure—to every glad and happy feeling; at length time exercised its soothing influence upon her, and she was able to think of something else than her grief and the loss of her loved ones. The first thing was to break off her proposed alliance with the major, and restore him to perfect freedom. It seemed to have been the dearest wish of her father to restore the property to the elder branch. This should be done in part, though not as he had intended it.

She wrote to the major: she did not conceal from him the little inclination she knew he felt for her; she described the high requisites she thought necessary for a happy marriage, and for that reason begged him to release himself and her from all future compulsion, and to relinquish a plan which



could make neither of them happy. At the same time she begged him to allow her as she was an orphan, and alone in the world, to form another tie with him in place of the one now broken; to consider her as a sister, and her property as a common inheritance to which he had the same claim as herself. Finally, she urged upon him the acceptance of half her property with so much warmth and earnestness, that one must have been as much charmed with the beginning of the letter as the major was, who could see in these expressions any thing but the most urgent desire to break off the connexion, cost what it might.

In this disagreeable mood, he sat down to answer her at once. He restored to her her liberty; renounced all claims to her hand; sent back all her father's letters referring to the matter; but rejected decidedly, and with much bitterness, her offer to divide the property.

He was very angry. He knew he was no fool, and thought that his conduct had awakened sufficient confidence in every one, even in Henrietta, to make them feel he was incapable of marrying a woman who did not give him her hand of her own free will. Then why all these circumstances? Why so great a sacrifice? Was he so unbearable or so mean-spirited that she must give up half her wealth to buy him off?

His letter pained Henrietta, whose intentions had been so good: but she was charmed by the noble pride that spoke in every line, and she felt with sorrow how excellent the man was whom she renounced, from whom an insuperable difficulty, as she called it, separated her for ever. "Leah for Rachel!" It sounded in her ears whenever she yielded to



deceitful hopes—to flattering possibilities—and her resolution again stood firm as before.

When the first heat of the major's anger was over, he read Henrietta's letter a second time. And first he was struck by the beautiful writing, which he had not noticed before; the firm, fine hand. Then he came to the sentiments: these were at least not common—almost noble. He imagined himself in her situation; he found there was something delicate and beautiful in her course of action; something sincere in her tone towards him, and he began to have a high esteem for the girl who refused so pointedly to become his wife.

A whole year had now passed away since her father's death. The major had meantime been promoted to the rank of captain, and it was only by chance or secret means that Henrietta heard of him. At this time, a change she had made in the arrangements of the castle, made it necessary to remove the furniture from her father's sleeping apartment, which, from a feeling of reverence, she had hitherto left undisturbed.

The secretary she had removed to her own chamber, and there arranged it for her own use.

While thus occupied, she remembered with sorrow the last moments of her father, and her vain attempts to understand his signs. She had then searched the secretary and found nothing. Now, in consequence of the moving, a hidden drawer had become visible in the back part of the cabinet, whose existence she had not suspected. She opened it with a secret shudder, and found some very old writings endorsed in an envelope in her father's hand-writing. She read. How great was her astonishment—her horror—as she learned

from these papers that her family were unjustly possessed of their property ; that there was in existence a second will of her great grandfather, cancelling the unjust arrangement he had before made, and re-instating the eldest son in his rights. Her father had found this will among some private papers of his grandfather : and apparently neither the wife nor younger son had been aware of its existence, or they would have destroyed it. Brought up amid wealth, and accustomed to luxury, the president had not the strength to renounce all, by making the matter public ; but as his conscience did not let him rest, he sought the middle way, of attaining both his objects by means of this family alliance.

Henrietta now understood her father's last anxious gestures, and a thousand thoughts and feelings rushed upon her. For a time she sat as if stupified—the ominous letter in her hand. But to a mind like her's there was no doubt as to what was to be done. She sprang up : her resolution was fixed. Without consulting any one, without even disclosing the matter to her guardian, she made her preparations for a journey to the capital, where the Countess of Dehnitz, Almstein's sister, was spending the winter. She went directly to her, and begged her to call her husband, as she had an important family secret to reveal to him. The count came. Henrietta drew forth the papers, handed them to him, and begged him to write to his brother-in-law, and request him to take measures for resuming the property, which she was ready to resign at once.

The count and countess gazed upon Henrietta with mute astonishment. They did not know which to admire most, the greatness of the sacrifice or the calmness and apparent

pleasure with which it was made. At last the countess threw her arms round Henrietta's neck :

"But have you not considered, noble girl, that you will now be quite poor, when you give up every thing to my brother? Have you no conditions to make? Name them! Ask what you will! I know my Adolph; he will joyfully share with you what you might have retained altogether."

Henrietta's heart swelled. Noble pride, joy that she could thus give happiness to one she loved, and tender emotions swayed it alternately. She sank in the arms of the countess, and said with tears :

"I shall be quite happy when your brother takes and keeps that which is his in the sight of God, and every just judge. What I inherit from my aunt is sufficient for my wants; I need nothing more."

Again they urged her; she persisted in her refusal, and insisted that their brother should wait no longer for these good tidings.

The count wrote at once, but the countess would not let Henrietta go away; she considered her as a guardian spirit, a higher being, who had come as a blessing to her house. Henrietta found a part of her reward in the love of her relatives; and the likeness to Almstein attracted her strongly to his sister. Sophie, so the countess was called, had her brother's features and complexion, and a voice whose tone recalled the remembrance of his. Henrietta felt herself drawn to her as if by a charm; she loved to be with her and spent here many happy days.

In the meantime the captain had received his brother-in-law's letter. Henrietta's noble conduct astonished him. It

was not her restoring an estate to which she had not a full right that touched him—he felt that she must have acted thus ; that he would have acted so himself—but the manner in which she did it ; this disinterested noble conduct—this entire forgetfulness of her own interests—this beautiful confidence in her friends, touched and charmed him. He recalled his former broken ties, and it seemed to him as if his life would have been happier by the side of Henrietta than of Caroline. He sought out her first letter, in which she had entreated him to break off their engagements, and he found in it much which a year before had struck him very differently. He wished to know Henrietta better ; his heart was free—and then the thought arose in his mind, that their engagement might perhaps be renewed, and thus the noble, delicate-minded girl, remain in possession of her property.

He wrote to her. The letter bore the impress of the tenderest esteem and the kindest sympathy. He would hear of no unconditional renunciation of the property : he offered her a portion—or the whole, if she would decide to fulfil her father's old wish, and receive it with his hand.

Henrietta trembled as she read the letter ; her feeling for Adolph awoke in all its strength. She stood—she doubted. A happy future presented itself to her soul. But then her eye fell upon a mirror. “ Leah for Rachel,” sounded in her ears. She compared her face with Almstein's splendid form ; she thought of the opinion of the world ; she reflected, it was impossible that inclination, it was only magnanimity, had induced him to make this offer and she controlled her deeply moved heart to give him a decided refusal. That she might not seem obstinate or wound his kindness, she consented to



retain the single estate of Rohrbach, which was of inestimable value to her, as it was in a very romantic situation and very near Festenberg, where Almstein's sister, to whom she was bound by so many secret ties, passed the greater part of the year—where she could hear news of him—where she thought herself nearer to him.

Tender and considerate as was Henrietta's refusal, Almstein, who really esteemed her, was offended by it. He thought he perceived in it the same prejudice and dislike, of which he had before heard in her parent's house. Conscious of his own worth, and his irreproachable conduct towards her, he could explain it only as arising from a natural antipathy, and this wounded his feelings. From this time he thought of the strange girl with very conflicting emotions. But he looked upon it as a sacred duty so to provide for her future comfort that she should never have occasion to repent of what she had done. In a letter to his sister he formally resigned all claims to Rohrbach, and all that belonged to it, enclosing at the same time a *carte blanche* upon his banker, with the earnest request that Henrietta would make unlimited use of it. He delayed making any division of the remaining property until his return, which he would endeavor to hasten, in order to speak with her upon the subject.

Henrietta felt the coldness of the captain's letter, and explained it as quite consistent with her own views. She received the gift of Rohrbach with grateful thanks—tore in pieces, before Sophie's eyes, all the *carte blanche* except the signature, which she placed in her bosom, she said, as a remembrance of his generosity. Sophie gave her an earnest and inquiring look. Thoughts rose in her mind which had



before transiently crossed it. Now they became clearer and more definite, but she was silent—for she feared to offend Henrietta's deeply hidden feeling by any untimely words.

When she was alone she congratulated herself on having declined Almstein's offer—the great sacrifice which his magnanimity had urged him to make.

“He does not love me. How could he! He does not know me,” she exclaimed with sorrow. “I have nothing that men consider attractive, and if I am any thing, it is only to those who have learned to know me well. That Almstein will never do!”

She remained a fortnight longer with Sophie, and then returned to her lonely castle to resign it with all other possessions to her cousin's agent. To her great astonishment she heard from him that he had received directions to take it only in a conditional manner, subject to any requisitions she might think fit to make.

A sweet feeling of gratitude and emotion pervaded her heart; she said, decidedly, she wished no stipulations made; caused a paper to be drawn up by her guardian, who was much displeased at her too hasty magnanimity; surrendered every thing, and in a few days set off for Rohrbach, accompanied by her companion, the widow of an officer.

It was a pleasant surprise to her, on alighting from her carriage, to find Count Dehnitz and his wife already here, who welcomed her, as a neighbor, most kindly to her new residence; but a still more agreeable one awaited her. The whole castle, as far as the short time permitted, had been fitted up by Almstein's directions, with every thing necessary to convenience, elegance, and the most refined enjoyment of

life. A well filled library—a room hung with choice engravings, excellent musical instruments, a green-house, full of the rarest and loveliest flowers and plants—in short, all that a cultivated mind could need in solitude, was provided with as much taste as generosity. The countess led Henrietta all around, and she followed with a beating heart and visible emotion.

“Tell your brother,” she said at last, “how joyous you have seen me; how his gift and his attentions have made me happy, and beg him to accept the unspoken thanks of a moved heart, as the reward of his kindness.”

On the third day, the Count and Sophie returned to the capital, intending soon to revisit Festenburg, and pass many happy days with Henrietta. She interested herself in her house and furniture, and in sweet remembrances of the friendly giver. To think of him was the dearest employment of her solitary hours; but her heart and her active mind found more important occupation in plans for bettering the condition of her tenantry. Thus the remainder of the winter passed away, and with the spring, her loved neighbors returned to Festenburg. She now had society, and society of the most refined and elevated character. She was daily at Festenburg, or the family with her, and Almstein's letters from the army were exciting eras in the quiet life of these excellent people, who were so much interested in him.

His last letter contained his feelings on the eve of a great battle which was expected to take place on the following day. It was very serious, and almost sad; it seemed as if dark presentiments swept before him. A second letter was looked for with anxious expectation at Festenburg, and with still

greater at Rohrbach ; but it did not arrive. The news of the battle which had been won, came through the public papers ; among those who had most distinguished themselves, and among the severely wounded, was his name. Deep grief and fearful apprehension took possession of Sophie—and suffering she could not express, kept Henrietta for two long days in terrible anxiety. On the third day a letter arrived from Almstein's body servant. The captain, by his coolness, and the good conduct of his regiment, had regained the battle, when it was almost lost ; at the head of his cuirassiers, he had thrown himself upon the advancing enemy, broken through their closed ranks, and spread havoc and confusion around. His courage excited that of his troops, the flying stood, the scattered assembled themselves together. In the close combat, he received a sabre thrust in his head, but still regardless of his own danger, he pressed forward, when a second thrust threw him backwards off his horse, and the whole front rank of his squadron, not knowing what they did, and no longer to be restrained, dashed over him. After the battle, he was drawn out from the slain as dead ; and although at the time the letter was written, about eight days after the affair took place, he still lived, there was little or no hope of his recovery.

Warm tears flowed in Festenburg and Rohrbach, for his misfortune and their own threatened loss. Henrietta now felt, for the first time, how unspeakably dear to her Adolph had become. Violent grief affected her health ; she became very sick, and Sophie's heart was divided between the apprehension she felt for her brother and her beloved friend ; but she would not have been a woman, if all this had not

taught her that her former suppositions were correct, and Henrietta loved her brother. Henrietta's decided rejection of her brother was, however, perfectly inexplicable ; but as she observed so strict a silence about her feelings, and endeavored to conceal the true cause of her illness from Sophie, delicacy prevented her from trying to tear aside the veil in which Henrietta so studiously shrouded her heart.

Two weeks passed away in unspeakable sorrow and anxiety. At last came a second letter. The servant announced to the Countess, they had now hope of the Captain's life, but that they scarcely expected his entire restoration to health, as his wounds were deep and dangerous ; and under these circumstances, his master seemed scarcely to wish for a longer life, and was depressed and melancholy.

This letter filled his friends with mingled feelings ; the predominant one with Henrietta was her own increased love for him. His image had often appeared before her in more peaceful days, in all the glory of beauty, dazzling, enrapturing. Now it was never out of her sight—but she always saw him, pale, sick, melancholy, and for that very reason so attractive, so irresistible. She now repented that she had not accepted his offer, for then she might have attained what seemed to her the highest object of her life : the power of dedicating herself entirely to him, of brightening his sad lot, and removing many a burthen from his weary spirit. His personal beauty was no longer any hindrance—its charm was in a great measure destroyed—she would now have been on equality with him, and his happiness have been her work.

She carefully concealed these feelings under a quiet, friendly sympathy ; but Sophie had read her heart, and,

without allowing it to be known, she was secretly building up a plan, founded upon Henrietta's love, and her brother's opinions, which was to secure the happiness of the whole well-known family.

Two months more had elapsed, when a letter was received from Almstein himself. He was able to be up again, and could amuse himself for a little while with reading and writing. His wounds were healed ; but their effects would, he wrote, embitter his whole life. The future lay dark and sad before him ; and were it not for the fear of inflicting an intolerable burthen upon his sister and her family, it would be a comfort and pleasure to him to come to her the next autumn, and pass his remaining days among his beloved relatives.

The letter bore so evidently the impression of the deepest melancholy, that Sophie and her husband were quite moved by it, and Henrietta could scarcely conceal her tears. The Countess wrote to him at once ; she entreated him, with the sincerest affection, to come to them as soon as possible, assuring him that it would be the most earnest endeavor of herself and her husband to make life pleasant to him ; that she rejoiced in his coming as a great pleasure and trusted that many bright smiling hopes were in store for him in the future.

He was actually coming again—Henrietta was to see him, to be constantly near him ! Various feelings alternated in her agitated soul—longing and joy, fear and anxiety. Autumn at length drew nigh, and a letter came from Almstein, announcing his arrival the next day. His mind seemed to have aroused from the melancholy which bodily suffering had induced ; he was less gloomy, and better satisfied with his health.

Almstein knew that Henrietta lived in the neighborhood



of his sister, that he was constantly with his relations, although Sophie had designedly said little about her in her letters. It was rather a bitter appendix to the pleasures he promised himself, to be forced to be constantly with a person of whose decided aversion to himself he thought he had so many convincing proofs. He hoped, however, that by constant intercourse of such a quiet character, this unpleasant feeling between him and his former betrothed would wear away.

It was a lovely autumn day when he entered on his journey. The distance was considerable, and as he could accomplish it only by short stages, it was on the eighth day, a bright, clear Sunday morning, that he arrived in the vicinity of his future residence. As he saw, from a distance, the red roof of Festenburg, a glad feeling arose in his breast. The strong excitements and wild life of war had not made his heart cold ; he had still a keen sense of the pleasures of domestic happiness ; and though his misfortune did not allow him to enjoy them in their purest and most direct form, he gratified his feelings by thinking of the happiness of his sister and his brother-in-law, for whom he felt so strong an interest. He now discerned, on a distant hill, the pointed tower of Rohrbach, and soon after saw the white castle on the declivity, gleaming through the trees. There lived the strange girl who had been willing to resign half her property in order to free herself from his addresses. He was absorbed in imagining how she would receive him, how conduct herself towards him, and with secret satisfaction, he formed plans for repaying her generous sacrifice, and compelling her to share the wealth she had so willingly relinquished.

In the mean time, he had reached the avenue of fir-trees that led to Festenburg. His carriage had already been seen from the castle. Sophie, her husband, her children, all hastened to meet him, welcoming him with loud exclamations of joy. With a swelling breast, he descended from the carriage, threw himself into the arms of his loved friends, and with tearful eyes pressed them to his beating heart. The feeling of home, the happiness of finding himself beloved, penetrated his inmost soul, exciting the purest human joy. His friends thought him changed, but by no means so unrecognisable as he had described himself. Two great scars on his cheeks and forehead, indeed disfigured his beauty, and his blooming complexion was gone; but there was still the large spiritual eye, the noble features, the commanding height, the proud bearing, though a contusion on the foot rendered his walking difficult. Sophie's plan was formed in a moment. No one in the castle was to say a word of the captain's arrival, to the inhabitants of Rohrbach who might come over to attend the church service. She expected Henrietta as usual, with some other guests from the neighborhood, who dined with her on Sunday. She arranged it all with her husband, and gave a hint to the captain as to the part he was to play. She wished him to read Henrietta's soul, to give him some idea that at least he was not hated. As Henrietta's carriage entered the court, she reminded them of their agreement.

Henrietta entered. Sophie, and a part of the company, went to meet her, and surrounded her, so that she could not see the captain, of whose presence she had not the slightest idea. Suddenly he approached her from one side, and spoke

to her. "Adolph!" she exclaimed, frightened and trembling, while she laid her hand on her heart. His voice had been echoed there. She turned quickly round; he stood before her. Trembling, speechless, she extended him her hand; at first she could not bring out a word, but in the glistening eyes, in the tears that moistened them, there was expressed the purest joy, the surprise of the truest love. She held his hand in a long, close grasp. "At last we see each other again!" she exclaimed, looking at him with an undisguised interest. The captain was struck—he had expected so different a reception! At first, words failed him too: then he asked her if she would have recognised him, if he had not first spoken, if she had met him elsewhere than at his sister's.

"Oh, in a moment!" exclaimed Henrietta; "among a thousand, any where!"

"And yet I am very much changed," continued the captain.

"Because you have suffered so much," Henrietta interrupted, with an agitated voice. "We had given you up for more than three weeks! Oh, that was a sad time!"

She stopped—for she feared her tears were ready to fall. Sophie too approached, who had seen enough, and put an end to this agitating conversation. The conversation became general, and Henrietta gradually recovered her usual self-possession.

It was not so with the captain. Her greeting, her manner, during the whole day, was so inconsistent with the dislike he supposed her to feel towards him. He occupied himself in trying to explain it, and the girl who had so proudly

rejected him, whose outward appearance was not such as would attract most men, began to awaken a lively interest in him. Henrietta was quite cheerful, and took part in the conversation; but the captain was quiet, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. When her carriage was announced, he begged permission to visit her, and it was granted with heartfelt pleasure.

He came the next morning, and was received like a dear friend. She led him round her little mansion, showed him all its advantages and conveniences, and told him how happy she felt in being able openly to express her feelings to the one whose attention and kindness had procured her all these enjoyments. Almstein was confused and strangely affected by these strange circumstances. When she returned to the library, and was about to begin a conversation upon indifferent subjects, he interrupted her. "No, my cousin, matters cannot remain thus between us. I have long waited for an opportunity to speak with you about our mutual concerns; and if the unfortunate accident that destroyed my plans of life, had not intervened, I should long ere this have obtained leave of absence to put an end to this affair."

He then told her that since his ill health and melancholy had cut off all his hopes of domestic happiness, he had resolved to divide his property into two equal portions, securing the one to his nephew by will, and resigning the other to her entire disposal. Henrietta's eyes filled with tears as he spoke. It was not emotion at his offer; it was sorrow for his condition, for his gloomy views of life.

"You shall not do so," she said, with animation, as she took his hand; "you must not so hastily, so resolutely, re-



nounce the best joys of life. You must marry : you will find some one——”

“ Oh ! of that I have not the least doubt. I can find enough of girls who, through me, would gladly become wives—then soon widows, and owners of my estate. But if I should ever have the folly to marry, my wife must devote herself entirely to me and to my way of life. She must renounce the world and its pleasures to sit at home with a sick, perhaps morose, man ; and in this solitude be my companion, my entertaining sympathizing friend. Where shall I find one capable of doing this and renouncing so much ? Those whom I could get would not make me happy, and those who could make me happy would know how to choose a better alliance.”

Henrietta was silent. Her feelings were too much excited ; the hopes of the past stood before her—she sighed, but did not answer.

Again Almstein urged her to accede to his wishes, but she as earnestly declined. In order to avoid injuring his generous feelings, she graciously accepted her mother's jewels, which he had brought with him, and she promised in such a sincere, serious manner, to apply to him whenever she needed any thing, that he could not doubt the firmness of her resolution. He went away half pleased, half displeased with her, but determined at all events to become better acquainted with this noble girl.

He soon had opportunity for doing this. Henrietta came quite as often, or perhaps even oftener, than before to Festenburg, or they were with her at Rohrbach. The captain saw her daily, and was daily more convinced of the beauty



of her character. Her information afforded inexhaustible materials for conversation ; her talents, for she played and sang with more than ordinary skill, entertained him agreeably ; but more than all these advantages, which were the fruits of high cultivation, her tender consideration for him attracted him towards her. When walking, she was content to follow slowly on his arm, the more rapid paces of her companions. If the others ascended a hill or went where it was difficult for the captain to follow, she stayed so kindly, so cheerfully with him, that she seemed scarcely to be making any sacrifice. If pain from his wounds attacked him or a dark cloud seemed to overshadow his spirit, Sophie sent immediately to Rohrbach. Henrietta came, gave him her society, read to him when he was able to listen, narrated tales, histories, jests, to divert him ; and when nothing else would do, she went to the piano, and like David, charmed away the evil spirit from her friend, by its sweet sounds.

Slowly and imperceptibly their souls seemed to be uniting more closely together. Almstein was so accustomed to Henrietta's society, that he seemed restless and disturbed, as if something was wanting, if she missed a day in coming to Festenburg. Then he would order the carriage and drive over to her. He now scarcely remarked that she was not beautiful, her intellectual eye, her elegant figure, so often charmed him. Sophie saw the tender feeling growing in the heart of her brother, and she rejoiced at it ; his condition rendered it doubly desirable that he should be united to an affectionate, sensible woman, who would gladden his heart, and open it to the enjoyment of life. But with proper delicacy she avoided every thing like intermeddling in the

affair; she suffered their hearts to unfold to one another, watched over them, and took care that they were undisturbed, and trusted to time and love for the issue.

Henrietta observed with heartfelt pleasure how much Adolph seemed drawn towards her; she felt what she was to him, and thought how much more she might become. The thought of sharing his fate, and by sharing rendering it less hard, dedicating her whole existence to him, living for him alone, considering all his pleasures and his cheerfulness, as her work, filled her with happiness. But the more she loved, the greater was her anxiety. "He indeed prefers me to all his friends," she often said to herself; "he shows me openly an attention and affection that almost borders upon love, but only *borders*. He does not yet love me; and he is now bowed down by suffering, solitary and restricted to the society of a few persons. How will it be when he returns to the city; when his wealth, his personal attractions, his fine appearance draw upon him the looks and designs of both mothers and daughters, when efforts are made on all sides to attract and please him? How will it be then? He must stand his trial, his affection for me must resist those attacks before I can believe it is love, before I can hope to be to him all I wish to be, and our mutual happiness be secured."

Thus thought Henrietta. Almstein, convinced that he should never marry, thought only of the present moment; and thus without having tried his feelings was unconscious of their strength. In the meantime the autumn passed away, and the approach of winter summoned Dehnitz and his wife back to the city. His affairs also required the presence

of the captain. They tried to persuade Henrietta to accompany the family. Almstein urged her to do it, with warmth, with sincerity, at last almost with tenderness. But she steadfastly refused. Her heart bled at the thought of living quite alone, without him who had now become so necessary to her happiness. But she conquered this feeling; she thought of the test of his love, and excused herself on the ground of her love of solitude and her many occupations. Almstein, wounded and vexed, at last ceased his solicitations, and Henrietta remarked, not unwillingly, that from this moment he was colder and more reserved towards her.

She felt pained that she had refused him this request. He was now convinced that she did not care as much for him as he did for her, since she so easily renounced his society, and found compensation for his friendship in solitude. He remembered her former rejections; and although he no longer believed in any dislike on her side, he considered her as incapable of true, deep feeling.

The day was fixed for the departure of the family. Henrietta wept half of the night, and the next morning came to Festenburg to breakfast for the last time with her relations, looking so distressed that every one whose judgment was not warped, like Almstein's, could guess the true cause of the change. He was out of humor, and so vexed at the approaching separation, that he interpreted every thing the wrong way. According to him, all this sorrow was for his sister, and the breaking up of the pleasant social circle. The carriages were packed, and the servants announced that every thing was ready. They rose from the table. On the steps Almstein extended his hand to Henrietta. He did not

speak, but she saw that he was deeply moved. Her tears started, she could no longer retain them. "Oh, Adolph!" she said, with a voice almost choked with rising sobs: "when shall we see each other again?" He stepped back and looked earnestly at her.

"Do you wish then to see me soon again?" he asked, in a half bitter, half tender tone.

Henrietta raised her clasped hands. "Oh, Father in Heaven!" she exclaimed, and her tears streamed forth.

The tone penetrated his heart—it was the tone of the sincerest love, the truest sorrow. Touched, enraptured, he threw his arm around her and drew her toward him. "I shall come soon again, very soon, dear cousin! perhaps sooner than you will expect me."

"Oh, Adolph," she said, weeping, as her head rested against his shoulder, "my days will be very, very solitary." He kissed her forehead—she blushed and trembled. "My dear, my beloved Henrietta! I cannot live without you!" At this moment the count, who had already waited for some time in the carriage, called out to his brother-in-law. The captain tore himself from Henrietta, got in rapidly, and the carriage rattled through the castle gate and over the bridge.

Henrietta stood for a time as if stupified—lost in sorrow, joy, and unspeakable love. Then she slowly ascended the steps, sat down where she had before been with Adolph, and wept herself tired. At last she rose up, visited all the places where she had talked, read, sang with him; where she had first seen him—bade farewell to all these joys, threw herself into her carriage, and returned home through a thick December mist.

One thought alone brightened her sad solitude ; the hope, that was now almost certainty, that Adolph felt for her more than friendship, that it was really love. But the sweeter this confidence was to her, the more anxiously she thought of the attractions of the city. Only his letters, in which he spoke with such warmth of the happiness he had enjoyed, and his longing desire to see her again, calmed her anxiety, and rendered her solitude endurable.

All that she had foreseen really happened. The captain had scarcely appeared in the circle into which he was drawn by his profession, and his former acquaintance, than designs were made upon him on all sides, and the loveliest women and girls made advances towards him. He amused himself with some of them ; here and there he found dazzling beauty, shining talents, kind dispositions—but he found no where the even, equable cheerfulness, mild goodness, and deep feeling in such beautiful combination, as in Henrietta. Every time he returned home his conviction was strengthened that no woman on the earth suited him so well or could make him so happy as she ; but as this conviction grew stronger, Almstein became more depressed. Sophie remarked it ; she expostulated with him affectionately and at last he confessed his feelings for Henrietta ; he said that if she could now resolve to accept his hand, he would look forward to a brighter, happier future than he had ever anticipated even in the full bloom of health. Sophie was rejoiced ; her satisfaction was evidenced by her reddening cheek, her glistening eye. To the captain this pleasure seemed somewhat premature ; but Sophie assured him that she was certain of Henrietta's consent, she bade him be of good courage, and urged him to



write to her. He at first consented, but then determined to go himself and receive his sentence. The project had too much interest for him to allow of any delay, and his departure was fixed for the following day.

Four weeks had now passed away since Henrietta had been quite alone, living on the remembrance of past happiness and her uncertain hopes for the future. On a gloomy evening, when not a star was shining, and dark clouds hung over the leafless forests in the narrow valley through which wound the road leading to Festenbourg, she sat at the window looking out sadly and thoughtfully on the winter night. She suddenly saw lights moving at a distance; they seemed to be coming up the road that led through the valley. At first she thought it was the peasants who with lights were seeking their way home. At length she heard a distant rattling—it was a carriage—a sweet presentiment took possession of her heart—the lights came nearer, followed the road that turned off on the hill towards the castle; now they had reached the entrance, she recognised the arms of her house—Almstein's equipage—it was he. She hastened out, trembling with pleasure and surprise; he met her in the hall with outspread arms. His overflowing feeling had made him speechless, and he pressed her to his heart. It was only when quietly seated together in the drawing-room, and the first tumult of their joy was over, that they had found words to express how each had wanted the other; how they had longed for one another; how impossible Adolph had found it to live longer without her. Gradually, however, he became more silent; he seemed abstracted, lost in one absorbing thought. Henrietta observed it, and affectionately asked him the reason.

“I have an important question to ask you,” he at length began, “and I must entreat you to answer me candidly and with the strictest truth.”

She promised, and he continued. “Why have you twice so decidedly refused my hand? What was the cause of your former dislike towards me?”

“Dislike?” repeated Henrietta, blushing, and she cast down her eyes, but said no more.

The captain pressed the question upon her; at last she confessed, that the marked difference between her appearance and his, his first hopes of her beautiful sister, her dread of the world’s derision, and his future repentance had impelled her to it.

Almstein listened to her silently and seriously. “You think then,” he said after a pause, “that perfect equality of circumstances is indispensable to a happy marriage? That neither should make the least sacrifice to the other, neither excel the other in the most unimportant points? Do you really think this, my cousin?”

Almstein’s manner was very serious. At first she was silent—she saw the drift of his question. “Only a true love,” she answered after some reflection, “a love that dreads no sacrifice because it feels none; because all that it does for the beloved object is sweet and easy—only such a love can equalize greater differences. But this I could not then expect from you.”

“And could you be capable of such a love?” His voice was low, and almost trembling, and he looked earnestly and inquiringly in her eye.

She became more excited—she felt how much he was

moved—she looked at him, and this look might have revealed to him her full loving heart—but it did not satisfy his excited feelings, and again her eyes fell to the ground.

“Can you resolve,” he earnestly continued, till at last he was quite carried away by his feelings; “can you resolve to make this great sacrifice, to renounce all the pleasures of youth and society, to bind yourself to the person, perhaps ere long to the sick bed, of a hypochondriac, joyless man—to be every thing to him; to make his whole happiness—to render his life one of heavenly enjoyment; his ——”

“I am resolved to do all for you,” cried Henrietta, and her tears burst forth as she threw herself into his arms.

The captain pressed her to his heart. Her confession made him unspeakably happy; but he scarcely dared to trust the sweet enchantment.

“But have you tried your feelings, my Henrietta. We have known each other only a little while; sympathy, esteem have deceived many a warm heart because it was so warm. Is it *love* that you feel for me?”

She rose and looked at him with glistening eyes. This noble sentiment seemed to have given a calm elevation to her whole being. “Listen to me, Adolph—and then decide,” she said. “I have loved you since the first time I saw you. I fled from you, because my heart suffered too deeply in your presence. I refused your hand because I knew that you could not love me. I wished to share my wealth with you, to do all that was in my power to make you happy—and I rejected your second offer, because I saw it was only generosity that induced you to make it. But when you were wounded, when I knew that you needed the sympathy, the tender care of a

true, loving being, every drawback vanished, and I firmly resolved to share your fate—to live for you—to do for you all that was in my power. Now judge, Adolph, whether I make a sacrifice when I accept your hand !”

Dumb with emotion and rapture, Adolph could only press her to his heart. He was now convinced that he was making another as happy as himself. In a few weeks his good sister, who now with a sort of triumph imparted her long cherished convictions to the lovers, and praised her own penetration, had the pleasure of celebrating the marriage of the happy pair in Festenburg.

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### EVENING.

AN eve, intensely beautiful—an eve  
Calm as the slumber of a lovely girl  
Dreaming of hope. The rich autumnal woods,  
With their innumerable shades and colorings,  
Or, like a silent instrument, at rest ;  
A silent instrument—whereon the wind  
Hath long forgot to play.

## THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

To make a happy fireside clime  
To weans and wife,  
Is the true moral and sublime  
Of human life.

BURNS.

I SAW a scene, where Joy's bright hues were blended  
With the serener tints of Peace and Love ;  
It seemed a group of fairy forms, descended  
From the bright realms where poet-dreamers rove.

But though, all beautiful as some ideal,  
Wrought by the artist in his happiest hour,  
'Twas but a page of life, the true and real,  
The life made lovely by Affection's power.

The evening sun-light through the casement streaming,  
Made the sweet picture more divinely fair,  
Yet were the rosy rays less glad and beaming  
Than the fond eyes that smiled and sparkled there.

Three radiant faces ! radiant with a pleasure  
Known, in its fulness, to the good alone—  
Three happy hearts—to one delightful measure  
Thrilling in perfect harmony of tone !





T. F. Webster

Eng<sup>d</sup> by W. G. Jackman N.Y.

*Bel. Happy Home*



As summer stars, in their serenest splendor,  
Shine down on Earth's fair flowerets from above,  
So shone the mother's eyes—so fond, so tender—  
On her young child—the first fair flower of Love.

And, proudly as the morning sun advances,  
To look on earth, when she is glad and bright,  
The happy father turns, with radiant glances,  
To the two forms who make his world of Light.

Well may he proudly gaze ; the blessings near him  
Were won by years of patient toil and care ;  
In the dim, clouded past, there came to cheer him,  
A vision of this hour serene and fair.

With fortune lowly, but with soul aspiring—  
Left lone and friendless in his boyhood's day—  
He yet, with step unfaltering, heart untiring,  
Launched boldly forth upon life's devious way.

Patient and frugal when stern want assailed him ;  
Fearless and tireless in the darkest hour,  
He still toiled on—and hopes that never failed him  
Were crowned, at last, by honor, wealth and power.

And now, 'mid all the world's alluring pleasures,  
No higher, holier recompense can come,  
Than these communings with his household treasures,  
These joys serene that bless his happy home.

**TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.**

IN reading the works of Mrs. Ellis—works which should be found upon the table of every woman—we meet with many true and beautiful thoughts that, like precious stones, may be removed from their setting, and still shine with equal brilliancy. Here are a few worthy to glitter on any page.

“Not the foolish bird fluttering in the snares of the fowler ; nor the flower that has burst into blushing beauty on the morning of storms ; nor the child that has stolen to the brink of the precipice to play, can be more melancholy objects of consideration, than an amiable and lovely woman, who is drawing from the fountains of vanity and love, her only sources of happiness and hope. And yet who speaks of her danger ? Those who stand aloof in unassailed security, and have never known the insatiable thirst of pampered vanity, nor fallen into the snare of earthly love ? Should the deluded creature awake in a sense of her own awful situation, who rushes to the rescue ? She looks back upon her sister woman, and the strong arm of malevolence and envy is put forth to urge her to destruction, to accelerate her fall. She leans upon her brother man, and he, more treacherous but not less cruel, while he covers her with the garment of praise and pours upon her head the oil of joy, at the same time places on her brow the poisoned chaplet, crying, “Peace, peace, where there is no peace.” Like the priests

of old, who with merriment and dance and song, led forth the unconscious victim wreathed with flowers, to bleed upon the altar of sacrifice.”

“ Oh ! it is a wearisome, heartless, and life-spending service, to live by the power of pleasing ! The miner has his stated portion doled out to him, and digs in undisturbed security ; and the galley-slave knows, while he toils at the oar, that the utmost stretch of his sinews, is all that his tyrant master can require ; but the miserable child of genius, who feels that he must starve and shiver in the shade, or tax his talents, and sharpen his wit, and torture his sensibility, to purchase the genial smiles of patronage : may not his life be compared to the lingering death of the dolphin, whose dying agonies produce those beautiful varieties of color—which astonish the delighted beholder ? ”

“ Excitement is not the natural food of the human mind. It may, for a while, give life to imagination, and quicken sensibility ; but like other stimulants, it is destructive both to the health of the body, and to the soundness of the mind ; and like other stimulants, it leaves behind an aching void.”

“ There are those who shut themselves up in retirement, thinking that danger exists only in the pleasures of the world, and safety in their exclusion. But let them look well to the choice they have made, and ask, whether the evils of solitude may not be as offensive in the sight of their Creator as those of society. For themselves, they have an undoubted right, both to know, and to choose, what is best ; but there are hearts that can bear witness to the sins of solitude ; to the sins, and the sufferings too.

“ Hearts, that have been weighed down with the leaden



stupor of melancholy, until every affection was swallowed up in self, every feeling lost in the ocean of misery, from whence no gentle dew is exhaled, as an offering of gratitude to Heaven."

"Ah! that we could always compel ourselves to institute a strict, impartial, and thorough investigation, into the causes of our unhappiness. That we would make an enquiry which admits of no tampering, why we are not, as the merciful Author of our being designed we should be, numbering our blessings and counting the favors which his gracious hand bestows upon us? Would not such an enquiry produce the conviction, that we are not giving up the whole heart to him, who has an undoubted right to rule over it? That we are making no better than a conditional covenant, that, if he will grant us some particular request, we will then serve him; or, turning to idols of perishable clay, which in a single moment may be broken into fragments at our feet."

"Let not those who make great sacrifices to duty, be led on by the hope of immediate reward. When a limb is severed from the human body, the first terrible stroke is not all that has to be borne; there are after seasons of pain and suffering, that must, inevitably, be endured: and when an idol of clay is broken in the dust, it requires time for humbling reflection, before its votaries can be convinced of the reality."

"Those who would devote themselves to the service of their fellow-creatures, must be prepared for many an ungrateful return—for many a heart-rending repulse; to which, nothing but the consciousness of being about their

Master's business, can reconcile the sensitive mind. Those who would save a sufferer from death, must often present an unwelcome draught to lips that loathe its bitterness ; and those who would save a soul from sin, must bear with that rebellious soul in all its struggles to return ; *for it is not by one tremendous effort that the bonds of earthly passion can be broken.* The work in which they are engaged, is a work of patience, not of triumph ; and there must be long seasons of painful endurance, of watchfulness and prayer, which nothing but a deep and devoted love to the heavenly Father, whose service they are engaged in, can possibly enable them to sustain."

"Oh ! that women would be faithful to themselves ! It makes the heart bleed to think that these high-souled beings, who stand forth in the hour of severe and dreadful trial, armed with a magnanimity that knows no fear ; with enthusiasm that has no sordid alloy ; with patience that would support a martyr ; with generosity that a patriot might be proud to borrow ; and feeling that might shine as a wreath of beauty, over the temples of a dying saint ;—it makes the heart bleed to think, that the noble virtue of woman's character should be veiled and obscured by the taint of weak vanity, and lost in the base love of flirtation ; making herself the mockery of the multitude, instead of acting the simple and dignified part of the friend, the wife, or the mother ; degrading her own nature, by flaunting in the public eye the semblance of affection, while its sweet soul is wanting ; polluting the altar of love by offering up the ashes of a wasted heart. Oh ! woman, woman ! thousands have been beguiled by this thy folly, but thou hast ever been the deepest sufferer !"

**BREAD IN THE WINTER NIGHT.**

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Winter days and nights may bury beneath their pall of snow the sown corn ; but, when the spring arrives, it will be found equally true, that 'there grows much bread in the winter night.'"—MISS BREMER.

YES, it is true, spiritually as well as naturally, that there grows much bread in the winter night. How better can I illustrate this than by giving a passage or two from the private history of a dear friend whose bright summer declined into sober autumn ; whose autumn gave place to winter, with its brief days, its long, long nights, its cold, concealing snows, and whose dreary winter was at length succeeded by the warm and cheering spring-time. There grew much bread in her winter night.

Sunlight was upon the head and flowers along the path of my young friend, Ella Linden. Her heart was too full of its own joys to feel sympathy for others. There were so many blossoms around her feet, that she could not realize the fact that others were moving wearily along rough and barren ways, uncheered by a glimpse of sunshine, and unrefreshed by the grateful odor of a single flower.

"Come, Ella," said I to her one day, "I want you to go with me to see a poor woman in trouble. I am sure you will feel sympathy for her, and that this sympathy will inspire

you with a wish to do for her some good office ; and she needs all the kindness that generous hearts may feel prompted to bestow."

"Excuse me, Kate," she returned a little coldly. "I have no taste for any thing of this kind. I never like to meet people who are in trouble. If she is in want, I will give you something for her."

"She stands in no pressing need of charity. But she wants kindness and sympathy from those who can feel for her. Try and conquer this reluctance you have and go with me. It will do both you and her good."

But Ella shook her head and replied :

"No, no, Kate. If you can do her any good, go and see her ; but, as I said before, I have no taste for any thing of this kind."

"No taste for wiping a tear from the eye of a weeping sister ?"

"If you please to say so."

"You may live to feel differently, Ella."

"Then I will act differently," was her lightly-spoken reply.

Often did I thus seek to win her thoughts away from the mere pleasures of life, and awaken in her mind sympathy for others. But my words, like seed cast upon a sterile soil, showed no signs of germination. For years her life was a gay round of pleasure. The clouds gathered over her sky, and storms broke upon her head. After the fierce war of elements had subsided, and the atmosphere became calm again, the sun shone out, but not with his wonted fervor, and his stay above the horizon was brief. It was winter.

Briefer still became the days, and feebler the sunshine, until over my young friend's heart was thrown a snowy pall, chilling it to the centre.

There were many of her old companions and friends, who like her, had no taste for any thing but flowers and sunshine; and they turned coldly from her at the very time when she most needed their warmest sympathies.

As in the summer light of joy, so in the wintry gloom of affliction and adversity, Ella only thought of herself. It was in vain that I tried to lift her mind above its own wretchedness, and interest it in the doing of something for others.

"I have trouble enough of my own; grief enough of my own!" she would answer me.

"But try and forget these," I would sometimes urge her. "Stretch forth your hand and lift some burthen from an oppressed heart, and your own will feel lighter."

I spoke without effect. With her head bowed upon her bosom, Ella passed through her dreary winter. Spring at length came. The hand of sorrow and adversity that lay so heavily upon her heart, was lifted up; its pulsations became freer, and the life-blood flowed in warmer currents through her veins. Then it was apparent that, although the sown grain had been long buried beneath a pall of snow, yet much bread had grown in the winter night—many good affections had taken root in her heart, and were now shooting up their green blades in the warm sunshine.

But, to descend into plain prose. The death of Ella's mother, and the loss of property by her father, changed all from brightness into gloom. Following this, came the deser-



tion of friend and lover. The pure waters of affection, so freely poured out, instead of flowing in a bright and fertilizing current, were frozen as they fell. The winter was long and dreary, and full of suffering. But there came, at length, a change.

Mr. Linden was a man of great force of mind and business acumen. From the wreck of his fortune he had been able to save a small remnant. This formed the basis of new operations in trade, that were successful as far as they went. Gradually there was an increase of business, and the promise of a still greater increase in the future. But still, the income was small, and the style in which his family lived exceedingly humble. Ella was the oldest of three children, and the cares of the household, since her mother's death, devolved upon her. For a long time she had no affection for the duties that were forced upon her, but entered into and performed them under the pressure of necessity.

For two years they lived humbly and in strict retirement. A period so long gave ample time for Ella's mind to acquire a healthier tone of thinking and feeling. First, she had been touched with a sense of her father's lonely condition since her mother's death, and this led her to regard him with a tenderer affection, and to seek by every means in her power to make their home cheerful and pleasant. She thought of what his wants might be and endeavored to supply them. If he looked gloomy, she strove by act or word to dispel the gloom. To her younger sisters she endeavored more and more fully every day, after her mind had awakened to a true perception of her duties, to supply the place of their mother. As she turned lovingly toward them,

they turned, like flowers to the sun, toward her, and reflected back, smilingly, her warm affection.

At the end of two years the coldness and gloom of winter passed fully away, and not even a snow-wreath lay upon the ground. Mr. Linden's business efforts had been crowned with unexpected success, and he was able to remove his little family into a larger and more comfortable dwelling. A few weeks after this change had taken place, I called to see Ella, with whom I had been in constant intercourse during her dark days of affliction and trial, which had continued, until the work which they had been designed to effect, was fully completed. I found her cheerful; I might almost say, happy. But she was not idle, nor was she thinking of and caring for herself. Her love for her father and sisters extinguished all selfish feelings, and ever prompted her to some new effort for their comfort or happiness; and her own reward was sweet.

"You remember Florence Dale?" I said to her after we had been conversing some time.

"Oh, yes! She was one of my most intimate friends. I always liked Florence. But with the rest, when adversity came, she grew cold toward me and seemed to forget that I even lived."

"Poor Florence!" I said. "Her days of sunshine have departed. Her father died some time ago, and to-day I hear that he died insolvent. Already his widow and children have been compelled to remove from their luxurious home and sink down into obscurity, and I fear privation, if not want."

"Poor Florence!" ejaculated Ella, tears filling her eyes.

"I will see her, for I know that I can speak words of comfort and hope. Now I can go to her. Have you seen her?"

"No, not yet," I replied.

"Shall we not go together?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Let us go now, Kate," said the sympathizing girl, earnestly, while her face was lit up with a glow of unselfish affection. "Few will follow her in her sad exile from old associations and friends; and there will be few, if any, to lift up her bowed head or speak a word of comfort. I have passed through it all, Kate, and I know what it is."

Half an hour afterward we stood at the door of a small dwelling. There were few appearances of comfort about it, and nothing of elegance. We were admitted by a small colored girl, the only domestic as we afterward learned. Ella asked for Florence, and sent up both her own name and mine. In about ten minutes Florence appeared, and received us with distant formality. There was something cold and repulsive in her manner, as if she regarded us not as friends, but as those who felt a real pleasure in witnessing her downfall, and had come to ascertain how really low it was. Ella did not seem to perceive this, but grasped the young girl's hand warmly, and said—

"It's a pleasure for me to meet with you, Florence, and to hold your hand in mine once more; though I cannot but wish that it came under different circumstances. It is less than an hour since I heard of the affliction you have been called to endure, and I have come to ask the privilege of renewing the friendly relations that once existed between

us ; for I have been in the deep waters through which you are now passing. I have suffered all that you are now suffering, and can, therefore, enter into your heart and feel with you."

Florence looked into the face of Ella as she thus spoke, her countenance still cold, and her manner repellant.

"Let us be friends, as of old, Florence. Old friends are the best friends."

I saw the young girl's lips begin to quiver. Ella still held her hand and looked earnestly into her face. A moment passed, and then Florence sunk, sobbing, upon the breast of Ella.

"Bread in the winter night," I could not help murmuring, as I thought of Miss Bremer's beautiful allusion to the growth of good affections in the winter of adversity and affliction.

Long and earnest was the conversation that passed between Ella and Florence, after the latter grew calm. I had tried to speak many words of assurance and comfort to Ella in *her* winter night, but now I felt how cold they were, and wondered not that they had glanced back from her heart like sunbeams from an icy rock. *She* spoke from a deeply realizing sense of what her friend was suffering ; *I* merely uttered cold truths from my understanding. I never saw the face of Ella so beautiful as while she strove, with a loving spirit, to fill the mind of her young friend with hope in the future, through the means of duties earnestly done in the present.

"Come and see me again, won't you ?" Florence said, as she stood, with tears in her eyes, almost clinging to the hand of Ella. We were about departing.

"Yes, frequently; and you must not fail to return my visit. It will do us both good to meet often."

And they did meet often. Ella always saying something to give strength to the mind of her young friend or to sustain it with hope. The circumstances of Mrs. Dale were much straitened and she had no income. In her own grief at the death of her father and in her own sufferings, Florence had forgotten that to her mother's sorrow was added a heavy burden of care; nor did she think of it until prompted by Ella, who suggested whether it were not in her power to lighten this burden.

"What can I do, Ella, to lighten it?" she asked.

"Your mother has no income?"

"None at all."

"And but a small remnant of money from your father's estate?"

"Only a few hundred dollars."

"Which will soon be exhausted. Now, is it not in your power to lift from her heart a mountain weight by using a talent that you possess, and thereby earning something toward the support of the family? I know of no one more capable of giving music lessons than you are."

The face of Florence crimsoned over instantly.

"You cannot be in earnest!" she said, in a tone of surprise—almost displeasure.

"Why not?" Ella asked, mildly. "Is there any thing wrong in what I suggest?"

"Me, become a music teacher!"

"Deeply thankful should you be, my dear friend," Ella said, with much seriousness, "that you have the ability to



render your mother most important aid in the support of a large family. To be useful, Florence, is in reality the highest honor to which any one can attain. Think of your mother's position. Think of your younger brothers and sisters, who need to be sustained and educated, and I am sure love will prompt you to seek eagerly for some means by which you can aid your mother, and help to support and educate them. You need not seek far. The means are in your hands."

For a time Florence could not bear to think of what Ella proposed. But gradually her mind gained strength and her perceptions became clearer. She not only saw, but felt that her friend was right. To seek employment as a music teacher, and to enter upon the duties she had voluntarily taken upon herself was a great trial to Florence. But the high end she had in view sustained her. Instead of feeling humbled in her new vocation after she had entered upon it, her mind was elevated and sustained by a calm, ever abiding consciousness that she was doing what was right. The noble, unselfish spirit of Florence, gave new life to her mother's heart, and shot a ray of light across her sky, where all had been darkness.

All this I noticed with pleasure. I saw how, in reverses and afflictions, the mind is opened more interiorly, and filled with better affections, and truer sympathies, and I understood more clearly than I had ever done before, the meaning of the sentiment—"There grows much bread in the winter night."

Time did its appropriate work for both Ella and Florence. A few years have passed since their winter days and nights.

All that need be said of them is, that both are happier and more useful than they were before, or could possibly have been without affliction. There grew much bread in their winter night.

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### A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

CONCEIVE an arch wanting only the keystone, and still supported by the centring without which it would fall into a planless heap. It is now held up merely by the supports beneath it. Add the keystone, and it will stand a thousand years, although every prop should be shattered or fall in dust. Now, it is idle to say that this change in the principle of the structure was accomplished by the mere addition of one more stone. The difference is not only that of increase, but also that of almost magical transmutation. No stone before helped to hold up its neighbor, and each having its own prop, any one might have been removed without shaking the support of the others. Now, each is essential to the whole, which is sustained not from without but by an inward law. So it is with religion. It not only adds a new feeling and sanction to those previously existing in the mind, but unites them by a different kind of force, and one for the reception of which all the invisible frame was prepared and planned, though it may stand for years unfinished, upheld by outward and temporary appliances, and manifesting its want of the true bond and centre which it has not yet received.

## I AM NOT ALL ALONE.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

I AM not all alone—

Though in the halls where mirth and music meet  
No love-lit eye hails my returning feet ;  
Nor, when the wine-cup gleams 'midst mirth and song,  
Doth gentle voice from out the festal throng  
Welcome the weary one.

I am not all alone—

Though, when in the glad homes of men I stray,  
All brows are veiled and faces turned away ;  
Although, for me, no child hath fond caress,  
And woman's voice is cold and passionless,  
And mute affection's tone.

For *Thou* art with me still ;

Thy wisdom is a shield to guard my way,  
Thy love a fire by night, a cloud by day—  
Where can I wander ? in what desert place,  
That with Thy mercy and Thy loving grace,  
Thou dost not fill ?

Be near Thy fainting Son !

Redeemer ! Father ! cheer me with Thy voice,  
Make Thou my spirit in Thy love rejoice ;  
Nearest, still nearest in temptation's hour,  
Teach me to feel that, 'neath Thy guiding power,  
I cannot be alone

## ROCK ISLAND.

BY A. H. MAXFIELD.

No place on the Mississippi presents so much picturesque scenery and natural beauty as Rock Island. This and the immediate vicinity, has been, for above a century, the paradise and pleasure-ground of the aborigines. Black Hawk, in his memoirs, describes it in the glowing language of a poet:—

“A good spirit had care of this island, who lived in a cave immediately under the place where the fort now stands, and has often been seen by our people. He was white, with wings like a swan, but ten times larger. We were particular not to make much noise in that part of the island for fear of disturbing him. But the noise of the fort has driven him away, and no doubt a *bad spirit* has taken his place!”

The United States' garrison on the lower point, was erected soon after the close of the late war with England; and the post has since been the scene of many treaties and other official acts by officers and agents of the general government.

I was at this place on the evening of the 2d Sept. 1838, when an immense multitude of the natives had assembled to receive payment for their lands. The evening was such as none but poets can fully appreciate. It was clear, calm, se-

rene, and solemn ; illuminated by the full moon ! The natives seemed to rejoice in their sphere of being, though their existence had been harassed much by civilized oppression. They formed themselves into a large ring, in the middle of which were several females seated on the ground. The males, forming a circle, danced round-and-round to a most melodious air, accompanied by motions and gestures peculiar to themselves. The squaws, in the centre, kept time by beating on a kind of drum and joining in the chorus with their treble voices. Others, not far remote, were seen busily weaving rush carpets by moonlight.

The serene beauty of the night, the solemnity of the music, and the contemplation of the beings around me, conspired to make the scene strikingly impressive. The language of their song, which for the most part seemed extempore, was not reduced to exact numbers like English lyric verse, and yet was much more regular in its movement than Ossian. The substance of the words seemed to evince a design strongly to impress a few great truths, rather than any connected theory of ethics or philosophy. This will account for the seeming tautology in the translation, which may at first seem barren of diversity. By aid of a French interpreter, I took notes on the spot, and have, in the following lines, attempted to give the substance of the words, in a measure and manner as nearly as possible, corresponding to the simplicity of the original air.



**INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.**

WE all are happy, free and blest ;  
We're happy in our sphere to rest :—  
No future being need we fear,  
For all are happy in their sphere.

Unnumbered grades of being move  
Around, within, below, above ;  
Nature, their author and their friend,  
Does equal bliss to each extend !

Almighty nature, "fixed as fate,"  
Has made all beings for their state,  
They all are blessed, content and free,  
Both happy they, and happy we !

The same vast wisdom is displayed  
In forms whose world's a grassy blade ;  
Then sure in reason's eye they are  
Like objects of wise nature's care !

We are but bubbles on the sea  
Of matter, and must shortly be  
Dissolved, and to that sea again  
Return, like all the insect train !

Our particles may live again,  
Re-organized in nature's chain ;  
But future being none need fear,  
For each is happy in its sphere !

**CHORUS.**

They all are blessed, content and free ;  
Both happy they, and happy we !

**SALLY LYON'S****FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.\*****BY T. S. ARTHUR.**

WHEN Sally Lester gave her hand in marriage to Ralph Lyon, she was a delicate, timid girl of eighteen, who had passed the spring-time of life happily beneath her father's roof. To her, care, anxiety and trouble were yet strangers. The first few years of her married life passed happily—for Ralph was one of the kindest of husbands, and suffered his wife to lean upon him so steadily, that the native strength of her own character remained undeveloped.

Ralph Lyon was an industrious mechanic, who always had steady work and good wages. Still, he did not seem to get ahead as some others did, notwithstanding Sally was a frugal wife, and did all her own work, instead of putting him to the expense of help in the family. Of course, this being the case, it was evident that there was a leak somewhere, but where it was neither Ralph nor his wife could tell.

"Thomas Jones has bought the piece of ground next to his cottage," said Ralph one day to Sally, "and says that next year he hopes to be able to put up a small frame-

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\* This story is founded upon a brief narrative which met the author's eye in an English newspaper.

house, big enough for them to live in. He paid sixty dollars for the lot, and it is at least a quarter of an acre. He is going to put it all in garden this spring, and says he will raise enough to give him potatoes, and other vegetables for a year to come. It puzzles me to know how he saves money. He doesn't get any better wages than I do, and his family is quite as large."

"I am sure," returned Sally, who felt that there was something like a reflection upon her in what her husband said, "that Nancy Jones doesn't spend her husband's earnings more frugally than I do mine. Every week she has a woman to help her wash, and I do it all myself."

"I am sure it is n't your fault—at least I don't think it is," replied Ralph; "but something is wrong somewhere. I don't spend any thing at all, except for a glass or two every day, and a little tobacco; and this, of course, couldn't make the difference."

Sally said nothing. A few glasses a-day and tobacco, she knew, must cost something, though, like her husband, she did not believe it would make the difference of buying a quarter of an acre of ground, and building a snug cottage in the course of a few years.

Let us see how this is. Perhaps we can find out the leak that wasted the substance of Ralph Lyon. He never drank less than three glasses a-day and sometimes four; and his tobacco cost, for smoking and chewing, just twelve and a half cents a week. Now, how much would all this amount to? Why, to just sixty-five dollars a year, provided but three glasses a-day were taken, and nothing was spent in treating a friend. But the limit was not always observed, and the

consequence was, that, take the year through, at least eighty dollars were spent in drinking, smoking and chewing. Understanding this, the thing is very plain. In four years, eighty dollars saved in each year would give the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars. Thomas Jones neither drank, smoked, nor chewed, and, consequently, not only saved money enough in a few years to build himself a snug little house, but could afford, during the time, to let his wife have a washerwoman to help her every week, and to dress much more comfortably than Sally Lyon had been able to do.

The difference in the condition of the two families set Mrs. Lyon to thinking very seriously about the matter, and thinking and calculating soon made the cause quite plain to her. It was the drinking and the smoking. But with a discovery of the evil did not come a cheering consciousness of its easy removal. How could she ask Ralph to give up his glass and his tobacco, to both of which he seemed so strongly wedded. He worked hard for his money, and if he chose to enjoy it in that way, she had no heart to interfere with him. But from the time that Ralph discovered how well his neighbor Jones was getting along, while he, like a horse in a mill, had been toiling and sweating for years, and yet stood in the same place, he became dissatisfied, and often expressed this dissatisfaction to Sally, at the same time declaring his inability to tell where all the money he earned went to.

At length Sally ventured to hint at the truth. But Ralph met it with—

“Pooh! nonsense! Don’t tell me that a glass of liquor, now and then, and a bit of tobacco, are going to make all

that difference. It isn't reasonable. Besides, I work very hard, and I ought to have a little comfort with it. When I'm tired, a glass warms me up, and makes me bright again; and I am sure I could n't do without my pipe."

"I don't ask you to do so, Ralph," replied Sally. "I only said what I did, that you might see why we couldn't save money like our neighbor Jones. I am sure I am very careful in our expenses, and I havn't bought myself a new gown for a long time, although I am very bare of clothes."

The way in which Ralph replied to his wife's suggestion of the cause of the evil complained of, determined her to say no more; and as he felt some convictions on the subject, which he was not willing to admit, he was ever afterward silent about the unaccountable way in which his money went.

In about the same ratio that the external condition of Thomas Jones improved, did that of Ralph Lyon grow worse and worse. From not being able to save any thing, he gradually began to fall in debt. When quarter-day came round, there was generally several dollars wanting to make up the rent; and their landlord, with much grumbling on his part, was compelled to wait for the balance some two or three weeks beyond the due-day. At length the quarter-day found Ralph with nothing laid by for his rent. Somehow or other, he was not able to earn as much, from sickness and days lost from other causes; and what he did earn appeared to melt away like snow in the sunshine.

Poor Mrs. Lyon felt very miserable at the aspect of things; more especially, as in addition to the money squandered at the ale-house by her husband, he often came home intoxicated. The grief to her was more severe, from the



fact that she loved Ralph tenderly, notwithstanding his errors. When he came home in liquor, she did not chide him, nor did she say any thing to him about it when he was sober; for then he appeared so ashamed and cut down, that she could not find it in her heart to utter a single word.

One day she was alarmed by a message from Ralph that he had been arrested, while at his work, for debt, by his landlord, who was going to throw him in jail. They now owed him over twenty dollars. The idea of her husband being thrown into a jail was terrible to poor Mrs. Lyon. She asked a kind neighbor to take care of her children for her, and then putting on her bonnet, she almost flew to the magistrate's office. There was Ralph, with an officer by his side ready to remove him to prison.

"You shan't take my husband to jail," she said, wildly, when she saw the real aspect of things, clinging fast hold of Ralph. "Nobody shall take him to jail."

"I am sorry, my good woman," said the magistrate, "to do so, but it can't be helped. The debt must be paid, or your husband will have to go to jail. I have no discretion in the matter. Can you find means to pay the debt? If not, perhaps you had better go and see your landlord; you may prevail on him to wait a little longer for his money, and not send your husband to jail."

"Yes, Sally, do go and see him," said Ralph; "I am sure he will relent when he sees you."

Mrs. Lyon let go the arm of her husband, and, darting from the office, ran at full speed to the house of their landlord.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not send my husband to jail."

"I both can and will," was the gruff reply. "A man who drinks up his earnings as he does, and then, when quarter-day comes, can't pay his rent, deserves to go to jail."

"But, sir, consider—"

"Don't talk to me, woman! If you have the money for the rent, I will take it, and let your husband go free; if not, the quicker you leave here the better."

It was vain, she saw to strive with the hard-hearted man, whose face was like iron. Hurriedly leaving his house, she hastened back to the office, but her husband was not there. In her absence he had been removed to prison. When Mrs. Lyon fully understood this, she made no remark, but turned from the magistrate and walked home with a firm step. The weakness of the woman was giving way to the quickening energies of the wife, whose husband was in prison, and could not be released except by her efforts. On entering her house, she went to her drawers, and took therefrom a silk dress, but little worn, a mother's present when she was married; a good shawl, that she had bought from her own earnings when a happy maiden; a few articles of jewelry, that had not been worn for years, most of them presents from Ralph before they had stood at the bridal altar, and sundry other things, that could best be dispensed with. These she took to a pawnbroker's, and obtained an advance of fifteen dollars. She had two dollars in the house, which made seventeen; the balance of the required sum she borrowed from two or three of her neighbors, and then hurried off to obtain her husband's release.

For a time, the rigid proceedings of the landlord proved a useful lesson to Ralph Lyon. He worked more steadily, and was rather more careful of his earnings. But this did not last a great while. Appetite, long indulged, was strong; and he soon returned to his old habits.

The shock the imprisonment of her husband produced, awoke Mrs. Lyon to the necessity of doing something to increase their income. All that he brought home each week was scarcely sufficient to buy food; and it was clear that there would be nothing with which to pay rent when next quarter-day came round, unless it should be the product of her own exertions. Plain sewing was obtained by Mrs. Lyon, and an additional labor of three or four hours in the twenty-four added to her already over-tasked body. Instead of feeling rebuked at this, the besotted husband only perceived in it a license for him to use his own earnings more freely, thus making his poor wife's condition really worse than it was before.

Things, instead of getting better, grew worse, year after year. The rent Mrs. Lyon managed always to pay; for the fear of seeing her husband carried off to jail was ever before her eyes, stimulating her to constant exertion; but down, down, down they went steadily and surely, and the light of hope faded daily, and grew dimmer and dimmer before the eyes of the much enduring wife and mother. Amid all, her patience was wonderful. She never spoke angrily to Ralph, but strove, rather, always to appear cheerful before him. If he was disposed to talk, she would talk with him, and humor his mood of mind; if he was gloomy and silent, she would intrude nothing upon him calculated to fret his

temper ; if he complained, she tried to sooth him. But it availed nothing. The man was in a charmed circle, and every impulse tended to throw him into the centre where ruin awaited him.

At last even the few dollars she had received every week from her husband's earnings, ceased to come into her hands. The wretched man worked little over half his time, and drank up all that he made. Even the amount of food that the entire product of Mrs. Lyon's labor would procure, was barely sufficient to satisfy the hunger of her family. The clothes of her children soon began to hang in tatters about them ; her own garments were faded, worn and patched ; and every thing about the house that had not been sold to pay rent, was in a dilapidated condition. Still, there had been no unkind word, not even a remonstrance from the much-enduring wife.

Matters at last reached a climax. Poor Mrs. Lyon had not been able to get any thing to do for a week, and all supplies of food, except a little meal, were exhausted. An anxious day had closed, and at night-fall the mother made some hasty-pudding for the children, which was eaten with a little milk. This consumed her entire store. She had four children, the two oldest she put to bed, but kept the two youngest, one five years old, and the other three, up with her. She moved about with a firmer step than usual, and her lips were tightly closed, as if she had made up her mind to do something from which, under ordinary circumstances, she would have shrunk.

After the older children had been put to bed, she made the two younger ones draw near to the hearth, upon which a

few brands were burning, and warm themselves as well as the feeble heat emitted by the almost exhausted fire would permit. Then she wrapped each around with a piece of an old shawl, and after putting on her bonnet, took them by the hands and left the house. It was a chilly night in winter. The wind swept coldly along the streets, piercing through the thin garments of the desperate mother, who was leading forth her tender little ones on some strange, unnatural errand. But she shrunk not in the blast, but walked rapidly along, almost dragging the children after her. At length she stopped before the window of an ale-house, and standing on tip-toe, looked over the red curtain that shaded half the window, and concealed the inmates from the view of passers by. Within she saw her husband sitting comfortably by a table, a glass by his side, and a pipe in his mouth. Half a dozen pot-companions were sitting around, and all seemed enjoying themselves well.

Mrs. Lyon remained without only a few moments; then taking hold of the door she walked firmly in, and without appearing to notice her husband, went up to the bar and called for three glasses of brandy. After doing this, she seated herself at a table near by her husband. Great, of course, was the surprise of Lyon at this apparition. He jumped from his chair and stood before his wife, just as she had taken her seat at the table, saying, in an under tone, as he did so—

“For Heaven’s sake, Sally! what brings you here?”

“It is very lonesome at home, Ralph,” she replied, in a calm but sad voice. “Our wood is all gone, and it is cold there. I am your wife, and there is no company for me like



yours. I will go anywhere to be with you. I am willing to come even here."

"But, Sally, to think of your coming to such a place as this."

"If it is pleasant to you, it shall be so to me. Any where that my husband goes, surely I can go. God hath joined us together as one, and nothing should divide us."

By this time the three glasses of brandy that Mrs. Lyon had called for were placed before her on the table.

"Bring another glass," said Mrs. Lyon calmly, "my husband will drink with us."

"Sally, are you mad?" ejaculated Ralph.

"Mad, to go with my husband? Why should you say that, Ralph? Drink, children," she added, turning to her two little ones, and placing a glass of unadulterated brandy before them. "It will do you good." As Sally said this, she lifted her own glass to her lips.

"Surely, you are not going to drink that?" said Ralph.

"Why not? You drink to forget sorrow; and if brandy have that effect, I am sure no living creature needs it more than I do. Besides, I have eaten nothing to-day, and need something to strengthen me."

Saying this, she sipped the burning liquid, and smacking her lips, looked up into her husband's face and smiled.

"It warms to the very heart, Ralph!" she said. "I feel better already." Then turning to the children, whose glasses remained untouched before them, she said to the astonished little ones,

"Drink, my children! It is very good."

"Woman! are you mad? My children shall not touch

it;" and he lifted the glasses from the table and handed them to one of the company that had crowded around to witness this strange scene.

"Why not?" said his wife, in the calm tone with which she had at first spoken. "If it is good for you, it is good for your wife and children. It will put these dear ones to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. To you it is fire and food and bed and clothing—all these we need, and you will surely not withhold them from us."

"By this time Ralph was less under the influence of liquor than he had been for weeks, although he had drank as freely as ever through the day. Taking hold of his wife's arm, he said, in a kind voice, for he began to think that her mind was really wandering—

"Come, Sally, let us go home."

"Why should we go, Ralph?" she replied, keeping her seat. "There is no fire at home, but it is warm and comfortable here. There is no food there, but here is plenty to eat and to drink. I don't wonder that you liked this place better than home, and I am sure I would rather stay here."

The drunken husband was confounded. He knew not what to do or to say. The words of his wife smote him to the heart; for she uttered a stunning rebuke that could not be gainsaid. He felt a choking sensation, and his trembling knees bore heavily against each other.

"Sally," he said, after a pause, in an altered and very earnest tone, "I know it is more comfortable here than it is at home, but I am going home, and I intend staying there. Won't you go with me, and try to make it as comfortable as it used to be? The change is all my fault, I know; but it

shall be my fault no longer. Here, once and forever, I solemnly pledge myself before God never again to drink the poison that has made me more than half a brute, and beggared my poor family. Come, Sally ! Let us hurry away from here ; the very air oppresses me. Come, in Heaven's name ! come !”

Quickly, as if an electric shock had startled her, did Mrs. Lyon spring from her seat, as her husband uttered the last word, and lay hold of his arm with an eager grasp.

“ The Lord in Heaven be praised !” she said, solemnly, “ for it is his work. Yes, come ! Let us go quickly. There will again be light, and fire and food in our dwelling. Our last days may yet be our best days.”

Lifting each a child from the floor, the husband and wife left that den of misery with as hasty steps as Christian's when he fled from the City of Destruction.

The hopeful declaration of Mrs. Lyon proved indeed true. There was soon light, and fire, and food again in that cheerless dwelling ; and the last days of Ralph and his family have proved to be their best days. He has never since tasted the tempting cup, and finds that it is a very easy matter to save one or two dollars a week, and yet live very comfortably.

The scene in the ale-house is never alluded to by either the husband or wife. They take no pleasure in looking back—preferring, rather, to look forward with hope. When it is thought of by either, it is something as a man who has endured a painful operation to save his life, thinks of the intense sufferings he then endured.

## HERODIAS.

DAYLIGHT had almost faded from the fast darkening clouds, which lay, heaving their fantastic bosoms, along the western verge of the horizon. The hills of Bashan no longer stretched their clear line of blue across the sky, but mingled their dim summits with the nebulous vapors floating in the humid atmosphere. The noise of business and mirth was fast dying from the streets of Sepphoris, and the shepherds had driven their flocks for shelter to the neighboring valleys. Many a fireside was lightened by the smile of gladness; and many a little innocent was clasped to the bosom of its father, returned from the toil of the day, while the mother's eyes glistened with tears of affections as she resigned the dear pledge of connubial joy to the paternal embraces.

But there was one heart that thrilled not to the sweet associations of domestic bliss—one eye that melted not while gazing upon the pledges of mutual love.

In a splendid chamber, hung with all the costly magnificence of the East, sat a female of the most striking beauty. She wore a tunic, or inner garment, made of the finest linen, fringed with golden flowers and needlework of various colors; this was confined to the waist by a girdle, embroidered with gold and silver, and precious stones of every hue, and clasped by a diamond which a monarch would have been proud to have worn; over these was loosely thrown a gorgeous mantle of purple velvet, which, falling in luxuriant folds trailed on a carpet of the same splendid manufacture.

Azure sandals of curious workmanship bound her feet, and her head was encircled with a diadem or fillet of gold. She had been seated with her head leaning on her hand since the eleventh hour, absorbed in deep, and seemingly unpleasant reflection, for there was a stern expression on her beautiful brow, and a tear could indistinctly be seen gathering in her dark and piercing eye. This was Herodias, the wife of Herod Antipas.

News had been received an hour before that Herod Agrippa, her brother, was appointed governor of Judea, Samaria, and Idumea with the title of King, by Caligula, the Roman Emperor; and this wicked, but extraordinary woman, was resolving to compass sea and land, but that her husband should also have the title of King, instead of Tetrach, in his province of Galilee. Her pride and jealousy were aroused to their wildest pitch, by the thought that the brother whom she had saved from imprisonment and almost starvation, should thus be exalted above her.

While seated as we have described her, Herod entered her apartment and placing himself by her side, took her hand, glittering with jewels, and said,

“How now, Herodias?—melancholy?—You are not wont to be in this mood!”

“I am not,” said she—“but to think that beggarly spendthrift Agrippa, to whom we extended the hand of charity such a brief space since, should now be clad in splendor far surpassing ours, is more than I can bear without anger.”

“Be not disturbed,” returned the wily Herod, (called by our blessed Lord “that fox,”) “fortune has favored him and we will only have to wait another turn of the wheel, when we



may perchance attain a higher elevation than we now hold, or he be dashed in pieces by a fall from his proud pre-eminence."

"Fortune!" said Herodias, with a curl of the lip, "I believe in no fortune but our own exertions; and I cannot see why you might not obtain the title, and the privileges too, of a King, as well as that insinuating brother of mine."

"Caligula is not so ready to emit sparks from his own glory," replied Herod; "he would have been very far from bestowing such peculiar honors on Agrippa, had he not been a friend of his youth, and incurred censure and imprisonment from Tiberius on his account, from which Caligula released him on the death of the Emperor. What mad scheme of ambition has taken possession of your thoughts? Let us wait for some change, some offered step to a higher destiny, before we trifle with our present elevation."

"To wait for a more favorable change is folly. Go to Rome—Caligula has just entered upon the duties of Emperor—He is yet at peace with himself and those around him—He is attached to Agrippa, and the husband of his sister has every thing to hope. Gain but the title of King, and Agrippa shall not wear his honors without a rival."

The better genius of Herod Antipas forsook him, and he followed the promptings of his ambitious and envious wife. The next day found him on his way to Cæsarea, to embark for Rome.

Herod Agrippa was not long in receiving information of the movement of his relation in Galilee. He had anticipated the jealousy of his sister, but believed Antipas was too much on his guard to be entrapped to his own ruin. When it was told him that the Tetrarch of Galilee was on his way

to Rome to solicit the title of King, a dark cloud fell upon his brow for a moment—it was quickly succeeded by a smile of contempt and triumph. He called a trusty messenger and after communicating with him for some time in a hurried manner, retired to his own chamber. Half an hour afterwards a person left Jerusalem, bound, speedily, for the capital of the Cæsars.

Some weeks after our story commenced, a messenger from Agrippa was admitted to the ear of Caligula; and it was observed by those about him that, after dismissing him, his countenance wore an expression of a sterner aspect.

On the next day, Herod arrived in Rome, and after going through the usual ceremonies required by the custom of the times, obtained a private audience with the Emperor. After a very cold greeting, Caligula haughtily demanded why he had left the cares of government to repair to Rome without giving him an intimation of the cause of his visit.

Herod perceived at once that the Emperor had imbibed a prejudice against him. But he proceeded, in the most cautious manner, to lay before him the cause of his journey. Caligula heard him patiently to the end, and then answered sneeringly :

“ We in our supreme wisdom thought fit to make Judea a Kingdom, and in our supreme wisdom thought fit to let Galilee remain a Tetrarchy—have you any thing to urge against our imperial will ? ”

“ Nothing,” said the confused Herod.

“ I have heard strange things regarding your loyalty, my would-be King,” said the emperor, a dark frown lowering upon his brow.

“Did you never intrigue with Sejanus? Have you not secret intelligence with the Parthians?—Are there not large stores of arms in your armories to be ready in case of a revolt?—Answer me!” thundered forth the furious Caligula.

For a moment the pride of Herod rose above his discretion, but, his cunning coming to his aid, he repelled the too true charges as well as his confusion would permit him, but so illy, that the Emperor was convinced that his disaffection was too true.

We will now return with the reader to Sepphoris, the Capital of Galilee; where, in the same magnificent apartment that we before described, we will find Herodias seated in the same motionless posture of intense anxiety.

Many weeks had elapsed since her husband's departure for Rome, on his errand of ambition, and as yet no messenger had arrived to tell of his success. A thousand uneasy thoughts chased each other through her mind, and gloomy forebodings fell like mildew upon her heart. She half repented of her cruelty to the good John the Baptist, who had lifted his voice against Herod for marrying his brother's wife—now her mind wandered to the repudiated wife of her husband, and now returned to the hour when she had called Philip her own with all the joy of her young heart's affections; and she bowed her head like a guilty thing who desires to flee the stings of an awakened conscience. But these thoughts all vanished before that of being called Queen of Galilee.

The sound of a warlike trumpet caught her ear, echoed from the distant mountains, and her heart leaped within her—she listened and the blast swelled again melodiously on

the still air of evening, and, on lifting her eyes she beheld the Imperial Eagle waving on the Royal Standard.

A body of Roman Soldiers escorted Herod into the city ; but Herodias could not determine whether they were for a guard, or to do honor to her husband.

“ Shall I hail you as King of Galilee,” said Herodias in an anxious and hurried tone as he entered her chamber.

“ That will inform you of my title,” said he, dashing a packet on the table before her ; “ your folly has been my ruin ! ”

Hastily breaking the seal which was impressed with the King’s signet, she found, to her horror, that it set forth, that as Herod Antipas had been found guilty of secretly plotting against the government of his Imperial master, he was sentenced to depart into exile, never to return to his native country. It stipulated that, as Herodias was the sister of Agrippa, she might remain, and would be reinstated into all her former privileges and honors.

She dashed the letter from her, and giving way to her woman weakness, said, while the tears fell down upon her neck and bosom.—

“ Herod’s banishment shall be lightened by the kindness of Herodias. If Gaul is your place of exile, Gaul shall be my home. I would have shared in your highest honors, and I will partake of your lowest degradation.”

Herod Antipas, accompanied by Herodias, departed to waste his inglorious life in the same distant province in which his brother Archelaus had been banished some years previous by the Emperor Augustus, and the Tetrarchy of Galilee was united to the Kingdom of Judea.

## THE WATCHER.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

SHE sits alone within the home where gladness  
Once made the light of every passing day ;  
Now o'er that home the heavy cloud of sadness  
Falls darker as each moment glides away.

She sits alone—her infant calmly sleepeth,  
And dreams sweet dreams within its cradle-bed,  
And smiles, unconscious that its mother weepeth  
The bitterest tears that mortal eyes can shed.

The drops that fall when our beloved ones perish  
Are but the summer-showers of the heart,  
For calm, pure thoughts, and hopes we fondly cherish  
May still bloom on when these light storms depart.

But when we weep for one beloved, who strayeth  
Far from the path of good, to sin and wo,  
Our grief is like the winter storm that layeth  
*All* blooming flowers, *all* buds of promise low.

Such tears as these—such wintry drops of sorrow,  
Have dimmed the Watcher's eyes for many a night ;  
And still she weeps—but weeping strives to borrow  
Some hope to cheer her till the morning light.





W. H. Woodcut

Engraved by W. H. Woodcut

W. H. Woodcut



"This cannot last ;—his heart, once proudly leaping  
To every lofty thought and noble aim,  
Will break the fatal spells that now are keeping  
The light of honor from his once-fair name.

"This cannot last !—our child's sweet smiles will lure him  
Back to his home ; and there affection's power  
Shall weave new wiles and witcheries to secure him,  
A willing captive, to a blissful bower.

"Ah ! yes, I feel the shadows now before us  
Will vanish soon, like mist from morning sun ;  
And the sweet Heaven of Love that bendeth o'er us  
Be fair as when our wedded life begun."

Such thoughts the Watcher to her spirit foldeth,  
To light the gloomy hours that slowly pass,  
While still afar her erring husband holdeth  
His midnight revels o'er the tempting glass.

Alas, she knows not, in her guileless dreaming,  
Half the wild witchery of the maddening bowl ;  
Nor thinks how soon its flame may quench the beaming  
Of virtue's purer radiance in the soul.

The night wears on, and happy hearts are sleeping ;  
But sorrow's children wake and suffer still,  
While the pure stars their patient watch are keeping  
Alike o'er joy and grief, o'er good and ill.

The night wears on—the lamps of Heaven are paling  
Before the radiance of the coming morn—  
The weary Watcher's heart and hope are failing,  
As darker fears within her soul are born.

Well may she fear ! for as the day advances,  
And gilds her casement with a feeble ray,  
A sight of horror meets her tearful glances,  
A sight that drives all lingering hope away.

He comes at last—but, oh ! so much degraded  
By the wild orgies of the vanished night,  
That every lofty lineament hath faded,  
And reason's ray withholds its heavenly light

The fatal wine cup, rousing him to madness,  
Hath lured him on to do a deed of shame,—  
And now, farewell to every hope of gladness,  
For lasting darkness settles on his name.

No love, no tears, no prayers can now defend him  
From the sad evils that must surely come ;  
Remorse and deep regret shall now attend him,  
And the dark prison-cell will be his home.

Then weep, fond wife, thy lease of joy is ended—  
Weep for thyself, thy child, but most for him  
Whose every thought in life will now be blended  
With memories that shall make the day-star dim.

Yes, weep, but also pray—thou'rt not forsaken,  
Though darkness rests upon thy home and heart ;  
There is a Friend on High who yet shall waken  
The light that bids all earthly gloom depart.

## A REMINISCENCE.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

PEOPLE are generally disposed to consider the poor, and especially poor young females, as necessarily vulgar minded. Although too often this is true, yet there are many, very many exceptions. I can now recall, more than one, yes, more than a score, whom I once knew, who were as pure in heart, and who had something as spiritual and elevating about their thoughts, as even the heroine of a modern romance—and these very girls were used to work—even LABOR, with their hands, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof, and often until midnight, for those who looked upon them and despised them as menials.

Let me present to you, kind reader, Ellen Filmore. She is not beautiful, as the world would call beautiful; and yet, that fair face—as I now recall it—those modest, downcast, yet earnest eyes—that symmetrical frame, are to me very beautiful indeed—for I see in every glance, in every emotion, the moving impulse of a pure heart.

I first knew Ellen Filmore when she was only a domestic, toiling from morning until night in the meanest drudgery for one who had taken her at the request of a dying mother, to whom she had promised that Ellen should be as her own child. Poorly clad, and working like a slave, this patient



girl never complained, and was faithful in all her ways. Her father and mother had moved in 'good society,' but the former died insolvent, and the latter soon followed him. Ellen was then but ten years old. She remembered all her former blessings—the tenderness of her mother, and the fondness of her father; and sometimes the contrast would sadden her even to tears. Then she would steal away to her poor chamber in the garret, and kneeling beside her bed, earnestly ask of him who is a Father to the fatherless, to give her patience and resignation in her cheerless pilgrimage.

Mrs. L——, to whom she was bound by the Orphan's Court, was a cruel woman, and very passionate. She kept boarders, and had no other servant but Ellen, after the delicate girl passed her fourteenth year. Many a time have I seen her go past our window, toiling beneath a market basket that would have wearied a strong man. But she was never known to complain. No one could say that a shade of anger was ever seen to cross her brow, or that an evil word was ever heard to fall from her lips. Mrs. L——'s boarding house was next door but one to Mr. Williams', where I was apprenticed, and as the lady was an inveterate borrower of tubs on washing days, and all manner of kitchen utensils, besides drawings of tea, "makings" of coffee, and plates of butter, I often met Ellen who performed these errands. I, of course, sympathizing with those on a level in society with myself, could not but notice and admire the apparent amiability of her disposition. Sweet Mary Williams was very kind to Ellen Filmore, and often gave her an encouraging word, and always a pleasant smile. She would frequently speak of her, and regret the hardship of her lot.

Being of a quiet, thoughtful turn, a friendship soon sprung up between Ella and myself; and whenever we met, we always had a passing word. I not unfrequently went into Mrs. L——'s and sat with Ellen in the evening after her work was done; and while she was sewing for herself, would read from such books as fell in my way. I never could be trifling or lightly familiar with her; for her whole appearance and manner forbade any thing like levity; and, indeed, she, being then about my own age, and well grown, appeared so womanly alongside of me, that I looked up to her as one somewhat above me.

Mrs. L——, who was a vulgar minded woman, frequently came into the dining room where Ellen sat in the evening, while I was there, and knowing me very well, would often pass some coarse jest upon Ellen about my "sparking" her. The color would mount to the young girl's cheek whenever such a sally was made, and she would seem greatly mortified. For my own part, these jests always made me angry—Mary Williams, was the one whose image was ever in my heart, sleeping or waking, and I could not endure to think of any other. For Ellen's lonely condition I felt great sympathy; and also sought her company often to relieve myself from wearying thoughts. The poor girl constantly looked forward to the day on which she would complete her eighteenth year, when her term of service would expire. It was then her intention to learn a trade, and endeavor to make her living in a less laborious and more respectable way. I always encouraged her in this resolution, and used to advise her to learn to be a tailoress.

Her time did at last expire, and through the influence of

Mary Williams she was taken into our house to learn a trade. She was to remain twelve months, and board away. Mrs. L—— was greatly incensed at her for leaving, for she could not get along without Ellen, to whom she had made the liberal offer of three dollars a month! So bitter were her feelings against the poor girl that she would not allow her to board in her house while she learned her trade, to pay for which she offered to work every night until bed time, and every morning until nine o'clock. She even went so far as to speak lightly of the poor girl, and intimate that she was not to be trusted in all things. This slander came to the ears of the upright and simple minded Ellen, and caused her great distress. Honest in every thought and action, she had an instinctive horror of any thing like a reverse of this character, and such an imputation upon herself crushed her spirits and saddened her heart. No one, however, believed the selfish and vile slander, and the very act of persecution gained her friends. But a wounded spirit who can bear? Hard labor and unkind treatment she had borne, as it was her lot in the world; but a slander upon her character from one whom she knew had done it falsely, and from one too, from whom of all others it should not have emanated, weighed upon her spirits, and was the first blow that started the foundation of a delicate constitution.

An arrangement of the kind she had contemplated with Mrs. L—— was made with a widow woman having a small family, who lived several squares off; and poorly and thinly clad she commenced her trade with Mrs. Williams in October. She would come at nine o'clock and work until dark, and then go to her comfortless home—it was comfortless in

every sense of the word—and there toil, sometimes over the washing tub, drying the clothes by the fire, and sometimes over the ironing table until eleven and twelve o'clock at night. When the washing and ironing were over, she would ply her needle to as late an hour, to pay for her boarding, which was so poor as hardly to afford sufficient nourishment.

The change from active life to a sedentary one at her age, soon affected her health, and before she had been at her trade six months she was much troubled with a pain in her side, and grew thinner and paler every day. Mary Williams soon noticed the change and urged Ellen to take a little recreation ; but she was too eager to finish her trade, that she might earn something with which to replenish her scanty wardrobe, and render herself independent. As she began, so did she continue and finish her trade, working all day for Mrs. Williams, and until eleven and twelve o'clock at night to pay for her board. But she took a cold, going to and from her work during the severe winter weather, and when October returned, she was very thin and pale, and had a troublesome cough. Unmindful of these painful indications of failing health, she immediately took boarding at a dollar and a half a week, and commenced working for herself. She had seen more of the heartlessness of the world in the last year than she had ever before experienced. This with her failing health, and the yearning tendencies of a young heart, made her thoughtful, and even melancholy. But to sustain her, she had the strengthening influences of religion, and when desponding thoughts would crowd upon her mind, she would lay her cause before Him who is a Father to the fatherless, and find comfort in depending upon God.



It often fell to my lot to carry her work, and to go for it when finished, as I was generally sent on errands of the kind. We had become better acquainted than ever since her coming into the house to learn her trade, and always, when we met, entered into familiar conversation—too familiar I afterwards found for the peace of one mind. She would tell me unreservedly of all her little plans and arrangements for the future; of all her little hopes and fears—how lonely and desolate she sometimes felt, without a friend or a relation in the world, and cast upon its restless surface to take care of herself. Her heart was full of the yearning tenderness of a young girl—its affections were feeling about for an object, and I soon became alarmed at finding that she seemed to regard me with an interest that I did not wish her to feel—for sweet Mary Williams was my heart's idol. Knowing how lonely was her lot—she had not a single female acquaintance of her own age—I could not change my manner towards her, and yet, I feared for the result.

Since she had been working for herself, she was confined in the house much more than ever, and took little exercise within doors; consequently, her health grew worse, and the pain in her side increased to such a degree, as frequently to cause her great distress and almost unfit her for work.

In the pleasant weather of the next summer, I would often walk out with her on a Sunday afternoon, and we generally bent our way to a burying ground in the suburbs of the city, where lay buried the dear ones of her heart. Instinctively she would direct her steps there, for no where else did there seem any kind of attraction for her. How many a time have I sat with her beside the two little mounds of earth that



marked the spot where slept her parents, while we conversed of many things connected with the hard lot of those who were necessarily subordinate to such as thought little of the rights and feelings of others. Very many times had we wandered out to this burying ground during the summer after she was free from her trade. It was that summer which I can never, never forget—the one in which died sweet Mary Williams. She was not buried here—I could not have visited the spot had it been the place of her repose. She had been dead about a month, when one Sunday afternoon we had taken our accustomed walk, and were seated near the spot so dear to Ellen's heart. I was very much cast down in spirits, a fact which could not escape Ellen's quick eye—but she knew well the cause—knew it painfully; for I had, since Mary's death, told her of my secret love for the dear girl; what she had before discovered, for she was present when Mary Williams died, and had witnessed my strange conduct. Since opening to her my heart, she had been very low in spirits, but still met me as usual with a welcome smile, whenever I called to see her. Her health which had been giving away, had, since the death of Mary, become more rapidly on the decline, and now, as we sat side by side alone in the burial ground, with the last rays of the setting sun glimmering through the distant trees, her cheek was lit with a hectic glow that I knew was too fatally bright for health.

“Let us go home, Ellen,” said I; “it is growing late, and I fear that the damp evening air will chill you before we get back.”

“Home, did you say? How strangely that word affects

me ! I feel that I have no home, except it be here—and in this peaceful home how I do long to be laid at rest !”

“Don’t talk so, Ellen. You did not use to talk so once. Though your lot was hard, you never murmured.”

“No I did not in former times murmur at my lot, though it often seemed a hard one. But I am strangely altered of late.”

Poor girl, the capacities of her young heart had become enlarged, and there was nothing to fill them—the tender buds of affection had put forth, and a blighting frost had passed over the opening blossoms.

“But Ellen, it is vain, you know, thus to give way to your feelings. If we bear patiently a hard lot, it becomes easier.”

“I know all the kind suggestions your kind heart would make to strengthen my feelings, but a change, and to me an alarming change, has passed over me. I am no longer what I was. Once I could command my own heart, now it leads me away, and I cannot help myself. The time was when I could look steadily away into the future and see that which was desirable, and to which I hoped to attain. This hope supported me when I had not a single friend to speak kindly to me. But now there is nothing in the future that I desire to have, and the present is a dreary present. I have seen little here but labor, uncheered by smiles or encouragement, and realized nothing but disappointments, and now I desire only to be called *home*.”

Perhaps the fashionable lady and the heartless beau will not sympathize with Ellen Filmore, a poor seamstress—and once a kitchen maid. Let them pass on, their sympathy is

not asked. But there are those who can understand her feelings—a poor, single-hearted girl, who had no one to whom she could turn for that encouragement she so much needed, now that she was more than ever alone in the world,—and alone with declining health, added to disappointed affections ; for I cannot disguise it from myself now, any more than I could then, that she had suffered her young heart to dwell upon me too often and too tenderly. And why should she not ? I was the only one she had ever found who could and did constantly sympathize with her. There is a time when the young heart suddenly awakes to consciousness, and awakes with bewildering joy, or to sadness and deep despondency. Ellen had thus awakened, and—to misery.

I replied not to her last sorrowful remark, but offered her my hand to assist her in rising ; and then we both turned towards home, just as the sun had cast his last smile over the earth. We said little by the way. But we thought, perhaps, as we had never thought before.

I did not fail to call and see Ellen as often as ever ; and she was ever as glad when I came. Steadily from morning until late at night she plied her needle, even though she had received many sad tokens of failing health. But in the latter part of this summer she was attacked with fainting fits whenever she over-exerted herself, and had of necessity to relax in her industry. By this time she had been enabled to earn herself a tolerable good supply of comfortable and respectable clothing, and as she had a very neat figure, and what I would call a handsome face, she made quite an attractive appearance. But she had yet been able to lay by nothing and was not unfrequently so ill as to cause her to keep her

bed for a day or two. Consequently, she earned but little more than would pay for her board, and sometimes not that. The woman with whom she boarded, finding her health declining, and fearing that she would become burdensome, began to treat her so unkindly as to cause her to change her boarding house. This she bore patiently for awhile, but being confined to her bed for a week with the pain in her side, this woman became so insolent and cruel, as to determine her to change so soon as she was able to go out. The next week she got herself another boarding house, with a kind widow lady whom I had long known, and who I knew would be as a mother to Ellen. She was four dollars behind in her board when she went away, to secure which the unfeeling woman detained a fine merino shawl which had cost twenty dollars.

She soon however obtained her shawl, for Mrs. — with whom she now lived, learning that it was in possession of her former landlady, went immediately and redeemed it. This change had a salutary effect upon Ellen's spirits, and of course, temporarily upon her health. Mrs. R—— was indeed as a mother to her, and Ellen repaid her with more than a daughter's love and gratitude. But when once that fell destroyer, consumption, has been feeling around the vitals, there is little hope.

During the ensuing winter, her health declined very fast, and she was able to work but little over half of her time. But, work she felt that she must so long as she could hold up her head, for on no one but herself did she feel that she had any right to depend for support.

To visit her every Sunday, as well as through the week



whenever I could, had become a habit, and a habit that began to accord more and more with my feelings. So glad was she ever to see me, that my heart at last began to warm beneath her sweet smile, and to return her more than fraternal regard. A young girl's heart has quick instincts, and her's soon discovered that mine was more interested than it had once been. The light came back to her eye, and the gladness to her pale face, and her voice had something of its wonted tone. But it was not to last long. The worm in the bud had nearly done its fatal work, and the fair promise of life was soon to fail forever.

It now became my turn to suffer again as I had but a brief season before suffered. Ellen had become more to me than a sister, and I could not but see that her way to the tomb was a steep one, and the descent quick. I did not forget sweet Mary Williams. How could I? How can I even now? But Mary Williams was sleeping the long sleep of death.

The rapid progress of disease, greatly accelerated by her constantly sitting over her work—for she would sew as long as she could hold up her head—soon prostrated her system, and she was laid upon that bed from which she was never to rise again; early in the spring, even before the earliest blossoms had been warmed into life by the genial sunshine. Spring soon passed into summer, while Ellen failed rapidly, and when the chill winds of October moaned through the leafless boughs, her hour came to die. Her last days had been rendered comfortable and she was able to look death in in the face without shrinking.

It was on a Sunday evening that she died. I had been sitting by her bedside all through the day, holding her hand,



cold and clammy with perspiration, though she was too weak, and too insensible to surrounding objects, to notice that I was near her. I cannot describe my feelings through all that day and night. I had but once before looked on death—the death of a dear one too—and that but for a few short moments—now I looked upon the slow and regular progress of dissolution, until my feelings were strung to a painful intensity. The hour at length arrived, when the last struggle was to take place. I was still seated by her side and still holding her hand when the dreadful change passed over her. I looked upon the ghastly contortions of her face, the writhing and fearful play of the muscles about her neck, and heard the low strange moans of mortal agony. Spell-bound I gazed upon her face, and tightly held her cold hand, while the gasping breath went and came, and the faint pulses lingered in her veins. There were a few convulsive struggles for breath—a faint quivering of the muscles—the pulse stopt—went on—stopt again—moved once, twice, and all was still. Oh, the desolation of that moment when we feel that one we loved has gone forever!

And thus died Ellen Filmore. Her lot was hard to be borne, and her journey through life a cheerless one—but there are hundreds around us as worthy and as neglected as she.

## THE WATER SPIRIT.

BY MISS ELISABETH G. BARBER.

SPIRIT! sweet spirit, of mountain and meadow,  
Blessing of summer and joy of the May.  
Singing in sunlight and sighing in shadow,  
Soft is thy lay,  
Floating with zephyr and sunshine away.

Where the green willows are mournfully bending,  
Soft are thy melodies, tender and low,  
When thy bright waves, with the sunshine are blending,  
Gaily they flow,  
Singing and dancing, with smiles as they go.

Kissed by the moonlight and starlight so holy,  
Then thou dost waken thy tenderest strain  
Soft as Love's whisper, as gentle and lowly,  
Floats its refrain,  
Sweet as the dropping of summer night's rain.

Water! bright water! I joyously greet thee,  
Thou in the gladness of earth hast a part,  
Whether in sunlight or shadow I meet thee,  
Welcome thou art,  
Bringing a blessing and joy to my heart.

In the dark city, methinks thou dost borrow  
Beauty, like stars, that are clearest by night,  
Bringing to children of toil and of sorrow  
Dreams of delight,  
Hours, when the fountains of childhood were bright.

Whether thou flowest by cottage or palace,  
Welcome alike to the peasant and king,  
Quaffed from the "old oaken bucket" or chalice,  
Or from the spring,  
Still thine own boon of delight thou dost bring.

Water, bright water! with beauty and gladness,  
Smile in the sunshine, and bid us be gay,  
Not like the Circean cup, with its madness  
Stealing away,  
Binding the soul, with its tyrannous sway.

No! thou art holy, the type of that river—  
River of Life in our Father's own land—  
Where we shall quaff its bright waters forever  
Led by His hand,  
When in His holiest presence we stand.

Spirit sing on, with thy melodies flowing,  
Sunlight and starlight, thy waters shall lave  
Loveliest gift of our Father's bestowing,  
Earth ever gave,  
Crowned with His smile, there is "*Light on the Wave.*"

**MONODY--GEN'L. S. W. KEARNY.**

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

THEY have thrown up the earth—they have rent the green sod ;  
And have heaped on his bosom the valley's cold clod ;—  
They have left the strong man in the bond of the grave,  
Whom no chains could enfetter, no foeman enslave ;  
And the sword of the hero lies dim in the sheath,  
Where it fell from his hand in the shadow of Death.

They have wailed him in music—the muffled drum beat  
As he passed to his home through the crowd heaving street ;  
And the trappings of war, with the saddle of wo,  
Lightly hung o'er the form of the sleeper below :—  
Of the good and the brave—of the noble and just  
There remain but a name, and an image in dust !

He has gone from the earth in his strength and his prime,  
To the beautiful Land on the borders of Time ;  
To the land of the peaceful—the clime of the Blest ;  
Where the soul of the Hero from battle shall rest ;  
For he fought his last fight as he gave his last breath,  
And the victor is known as the Conqueror, Death !

Let his name, then, the watchword of Liberty be,  
While the blue, red and white shall wave over the free,  
Hang the laurels which fell from his brow in their bloom  
On the cloud-piercing shaft that shall point out the tomb  
Where the chieftain, who died in the fulness of trust,  
Lowly lies in his grave, in a mantle of dust !

## LOUISE OF LORRAINE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

AN unwonted smoke was seen ascending from the tall, turret-shaped chimneys of the old castle of Vaudemont, the feudal residence of Nicolas Duc de Mercœur and Count de Vaudemont; while the savory steams that mingled with the clear mountain air, gave evidence of preparations for some extraordinary festivity. The occasion of this bustle in the kitchen was a supper to be given in honor of the marriage of the Lady Louise, the eldest daughter of the illustrious house of Lorraine Vaudemont, with the Count de Brienne; a ceremony which her father had decreed should take place that evening, although the consent of the reluctant bride had been obstinately withheld.—This, however, was a preliminary that, in the sixteenth century, was not considered indispensable.

The Duc de Mercœur was one of those luckless collaterals of a semi-royal house, who are doomed to support, with very inadequate means, a station in society in accordance rather with their ancestral dignity, than their actual fortunes.

He was uncle to the reigning Duke of Lorraine, and, having inherited little more than the barren lands, and title of Count de Vaudemont, he had imprudently taken, for his wife, the dowerless orphan of the heroic Count Egmont.



She, however, died, leaving him the father of two fair daughters, Louise and Marguerite. His second choice was directed by motives of interest ; for he married the heiress of an illustrious family, from whom he derived some wealth, and the title of Duc de Mercœur ; but his new alliance was productive of an offspring so numerous, that, after a time, he found himself almost as much embarrassed with pecuniary cares, as when he first succeeded to his stunted patrimonial domain. He looked with peculiar anxiety to the children of his first wife, having no means of providing for them ; but his careful Duchess, who regarded with a jealous eye her husband's affection for these portionless maidens, took the trouble of negotiating a marriage for Louise with the wealthy Count Brienne, a kinsman of her own.

Louise was just eighteen ; the Count was fifty-five, and very unprepossessing in his person and manners ; but, had he been the handsomest peer in France, it would have been the same to Louise, whose heart was given to another. She was, in truth, secretly betrothed to the young Count Charles of Salm ; but his friends were, not less than her own, averse to the marriage.

Louise, however, was determined to endure every persecution, rather than resign the object of her first affections. In this resolution she was supported by her sister Marguerite, who though one year younger than herself, was of a far more energetic and decided character. Louise was all gentleness and feminine softness ; though under the ordinary stature of women, her form exhibited the grace and symmetry of a fairy. Marguerite was tall and majestic, as well as graceful, and had the step and air of an empress. She too had an

unprosperous love affair upon her hands, for she was beloved by Joyeuse, whose haughty father had banished him to the Court of Poland, to prevent any farther intercourse between him and a daughter of the house of Lorraine Vaudemont.

Yet Marguerite neither wept nor despaired, she relied implicitly on the constancy of Joyeuse, and was only seventeen. It was when she observed the pale cheek and tearful eye of poor Louise, that she first knew what it was to be unhappy ; for Louise reposed all her griefs in her sister's bosom, and appeared to depend on her master-mind for support, and even for deliverance from her difficulties.

On the memorable evening of which I speak Louise entered her sister's apartment with a distracted air, and flinging herself upon a couch, exclaimed, " It is all over, and nothing is left for me, but to submit to the wretched destiny that waits me, and to become the wife of Count Brienne."

" You shall do no such thing," replied Marguerite.

" Marguerite, resistance is of no avail—the sacrifice is inevitable."

" Say not so, my sister ; you have only as a last resource, to declare yourself under contract of marriage with another, and appeal to the church for protection."

" Ah ! Marguerite, Marguerite, you know not what has occurred since I saw you last."

" Yes, I do ; I am perfectly aware that a considerable slaughter has taken place in the poultry-yard, and that the fatted calf has been killed for a supper, in honor of a bridal which never will be celebrated, if you exhibit a proper degree of spirit, and produce your contract with Charles of Salm."

" Charles of Salm !" exclaimed Louise. violently agitated ;

“ah, Marguerite, name him not, he is a worthless recreant, whom I now despise a thousand times more than I hate the Count de Brienne. I am now no longer under contract of marriage to him, my sister; for I have torn the paper, and released him from his boyish love-plight, as he inconstantly styled our solemn betrothment.”

“When was this, Louise, and how did it occur?”

“Oh, ask me not, my sister—it is enough that he, on whom I relied for support in the crisis of my fate, has proved faithless, and now there is nothing left for me but to wed the Count de Brienne, and die.”

“Hush, hush, my sweet Louise! you shall not thus abandon yourself to despair; nor is it a matter of necessity, that because the man you love has proved unworthy of you, you should mar your peace for life, by wedding another who is abhorrent to you. No, no, be ruled by me, and inflict on the Count de Brienne a little of the pain which the recreant Salm has caused you?”

While the sisters were thus discoursing, Louise received a summons to attend her father, whom she found with the Duchess, her step-mother, engaged in earnest conversation with the Count de Brienne and family priest.

“I did not send for you,” said the Duke, turning an angry glance upon Marguerite, who had followed the pale and sinking Louise.

“I came to support my sister, my lord,” replied Marguerite.

“And to encourage her in her perversity, I suppose,” said the Duke, “but, now, damsels, I will be trifled with no longer, the tapers are now lighted on the altar of the chapel,

in readiness for the spousal rite, and within one hour, you, Louise of Lorraine, will be the wife of the Count de Brienne."

"I will never enter the chapel for such a purpose," said Louise, seating herself resolutely on the lowest step of the dais."

"Nay," returned her father, taking her by the arm, and forcibly lifting her fairy form from the lowly seat she had taken, "you'll go, even if I am at the trouble of carrying you thither in my arms, like a perverse baby as you are."

"But no power on earth can compel me to pronounce the fatal vow," observed Louise.

"So said the royal Marguerite of France," responded the Duke, "when it was deemed expedient to wed her to Henry of Navarre; yet it availed her nothing that she remained obstinately silent, for our late lord, King Charles, (whose soul may our lady assoiled) in the face of all Paris compelled her to signify an assent by placing his hand upon the back of her neck, and forcing her stubborn head to bow; and cannot I do the same by thee?"

"Courage!" whispered Marguerite to her trembling sister, "I predict a rescue!"

"What said you to Louise, you audacious one?" demanded the Duke, sternly.

"I was advising her to compose herself, my lord: for I hear horsemen approaching the castle."

"Horsemen! who should come to Vaudemont at this hour?"

"Persons of importance I should judge, from that bold bugle blast," responded Marguerite.

The horn, indeed, was sounded so long and lustily, as to startle the lord of the castle from his immediate purpose.

“Open, in the name of the King of France!” was the reply to the warder’s challenge.

When this demand was communicated to the Duc de Mercœur, he proceeded forthwith to the gates to hold a parley with the party by whom this unexpected requisition was made ; and, opening a window about six inches square, he inquired in a loud tone, “Who be ye, and what would you of the lord of Vaudemont?”

“Open, in the name of the King of France!” was the response.

“The King of France is dead,” replied the Duke.

“The King of France never dies!” thundered a chorus of stern voices from without.

“Charles the Ninth sleeps,” said the Duc de Mercœur, correcting his first somewhat unconstitutional assertion.

“Henry the Third is awake. Open, therefore, in his name!” rejoined another voice, which startled the cautious vassal of the vacant throne of France ; but these not being times in which it was safe to commit mistakes in the admission of guests, he replied :

“Henry the Third is in his far northern kingdom of Poland. We know not whether he hath so much as heard the news of our late lord’s decease ; and even if the tidings reached him by a swift messenger, there hath been no time for him to gain the French frontier.”

“Henry the Third is at thy gates,” returned the other ; “they travel quick who ride to win a throne. Fling back thy portal, and let it be thy boast among thy peers, that



thou wert the first to render homage to thy sovereign in his own dominions.”

At these words the portcullis was hastily raised, the jealously barred gates were thrown open, and the lord of the castle, with bare head and bended knee, greeted the foremost of the advancing company; who, flinging back his dark travelling cloak, and raising his plumed hat from his brow, revealed the strikingly handsome features of Henry of Anjou, King of Poland, and the successor to the throne of France.

“By St. Dennis! my lord Duke, but this is a cold welcome on the frontier of my own kingdom,” exclaimed he.

“I crave your pardon, my gracious lord; but these are troublesome times for the vassal peers of France. The Huguenots are in motion, and we being engaged in important family matters when your knights were pleased to summon us, our wits were not so clear as they might have been.”

“So it should appear, lord duke,” rejoined the sovereign.

“I hope, Sire,” pursued the mortified lord of Vaudemont, “you do me the justice to believe ——”

“That you are not disposed to waste your hospitality on unknown vagrants,” replied the king, laughing. “The days of chivalry are well nigh over. A plague on these Huguenots and their preachers! We may thank them for that change; so no more apologies, but let us taste your Vaudemont pigeons, if you have naught else in your larder to set before us, for we are as hungry as Saracens!”

“My gracious lord,” replied the duke, “we are but a younger branch of the house of Lorraine, it is true, and therefore our cheer is humble, as you suppose, but, thanks

be to the saints ! our larder will furnish forth something beyond pigeons for your royal refection."

"O, I crave you pardon !" replied the king, "I spoke merely to put you at your ease, should you have already supped, as it is past eight o'clock."

"Our evening meal, was for family reasons, ordered two hours later than usual," returned the Duke with great solemnity, "and if I mistake not, is ready to be placed on the board."

"Then, I pray you, order it to be served forthwith," rejoined the king.

The dishes which had been prepared for the bridal supper were immediately put in requisition to furnish forth the royal cheer. King Henry and his company were agreeably surprised at the appearance of a banquet which so far exceeded all reasonable expectations, and paid many compliments to the Duke and Duchess on their excellent housekeeping.

"By the soul of St. Louis ! ye nobles of the provinces live well ;" cried the monarch, after he had done ample justice to the fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, "I protest I have not even seen such a feast as this, since I took my farewell of my good city of Paris. You must be a rich man, my lord duke, and you cook such suppers every night at Vaudemont."

"Sire," replied the Duke, "this is not our usual fare ; for, truth to tell, this supper was provided in honor of the espousals of my eldest daughter, whose marriage your royal visit has for the present postponed."

"I owe the fair bride many apologies, by my fay," replied the king ; "and all the amends I can offer to her, is to

bestow her with mine own hand on the bridegroom, to-morrow morning, before we depart from Vaudemont."

"Your grace will render us an unspeakable honor," said the duke.

"I have also to crave the pardon of the bridegroom for the disappointment of which I have unintentionally been the cause," observed the king. "I pray you make him known to me, my lord duke. By my halidom!" continued the monarch, laughing, when the duke, with much formality, presented the Count de Brienne, you are a bold man, Count, to adventure on plighting faith with a lady whose father is evidently your junior. May we not see the fair bride?"

But the poor bride had availed herself of the confusion caused by the royal visit, to retreat with Marguerite to the sanctuary of her own apartment, having little desire to exhibit her tear-swollen eyes and pale cheeks to strangers.

The sisters were presently joined by their fille de chambre, Sophie, who came dancing into the apartment with crimsoned cheeks and sparkling eyes, exclaiming,

"Oh, Holy Virgin! what an arrival is here!"

"An arrival!" cried Marguerite, "is it my joyeuse?"

"Your young ladyship is a passing shrewd guesser," cried Sophie: "but who think ye, cometh with him?"

"Charles of Salm?" whispered Louise in a faltering voice.

"Nay; to what purpose should the recreant count come here, since your ladyship would never see nor speak to him again? But it is a true-hearted—ay, and a royal bachelor of whom I speak."

"The king?" cried Marguerite, at a venture.

“ Ah, the king—the king, young ladies !” returned Sophie, “ and I would advise you both to steal a look at him as he passeth to his chamber ; ye may never see so goodly a sight again, for he is accounted the handsomest prince in the world. The heretic Queen of England weareth the willow for his sake, they say : and he was compelled to fly from Poland by night, because the Polish ladies said they could not part with so beautiful a sovereign.”

“ My good Sophie, what nonsense you are talking !” interrupted Louise, impatiently.

“ As you please, my lady Louise ; however, if I were in your place, I would seek this amiable sovereign before he leaves the castle, and implore his royal interference to preserve you from this odious marriage.”

“ Excellent !” cried Marguerite ; “ come dry your eyes, Louise, and to-morrow you shall make your appeal to the king in person.”

“ Hark !” cried Sophie, “ the folding doors are thrown open ; he is now going to his chamber ;”

Away ran the fair sisters to reconnoitre the monarch as he ascended the stairs.

“ Ah, how handsome he is !” cried Louise, peeping over the balustrade.

There was a singular echo on the staircase of Vaudemont, which caused the flattering exclamation to reach the royal ear : and, looking up, King Henry perceived and saluted, with a profound reverence, the pretty simple trio, who were regarding him with such unequivocal tokens of admiration.

Louise felt as if she could have sunk into the earth, as she hastily retreated from her station, covered with blushes.



"Alas!" cried she, "I shall never dare present myself before King Henry, now!"

"Nonsense! he will be the more disposed to give you a favorable hearing," replied Marguerite.

They were now interrupted by a visit from the Duchess de Mercœur, who came to apprise Louise of the honor designed her by the king, in condescending to bestow her in marriage on the Count de Brienne, with his own hand, and exhorted her to conduct herself in a becoming manner on this important occasion.

A look and a sign from Marguerite induced Louise to receive this communication with patience. The duchess commended her for returning to reason, presented her with a handsome addition to her bridal jewels, and withdrew.

Marguerite, who, on the following morning, had arisen with the lark, and procured an interview with her beloved Joyeuse, before her sister was awake, now hastened to dispel Louise's slumbers, and assisted her bower maiden to set off her natural charms to the best advantage; not by dressing her in the costly bridal garb that had been prepared for her intended nuptials, but in a simple white robe, that flowed in soft easy folds round her graceful form; and combing her beautiful fair hair in natural ringlets; that were simply confined by a fillet of pearls, to which her veil was attached. She then put into her hand a basket of fresh flowers which had been gathered and arranged that morning, and bade her seek the king at the shrine of our Lady of Vaudemont, in the woods, whither, Joyeuse had informed her Henry would proceed to pay his vows, alone, at six o'clock that morning.

Louise, with a beating heart, sought the little sanctuary,



but not daring to enter it, she seated herself at the bottom of the steps leading to the chapel ; and when the king came forth, she rose, put back her veil, and bending her knee, offered him her flowers with downcast eyes.

The king, greatly charmed with the touching simplicity of her appearance, selected a half-blown Provence rose and a sprig of victory laurel from her basket, and placed them in his bosom with one hand, while with the other he offered to raise her from her kneeling attitude.

“No,” she replied ; “I am a suppliant to your majesty, and cannot rise till you have granted my petition.”

“Declare it, then, fair maid,” replied the king, who immediately recognised the voice that had, on the preceding night, uttered the exclamation so peculiarly gratifying to his personal vanity.

“All I ask,” said Louise, raising her soft blue eyes to her sovereign’s face, “is your gracious protection from a cruel doom, in which, they tell me, you are about to act the part of the executioner.”

“Indeed !” replied the king ; “my enemies give me credit for being a great barbarian, then ; but you are talking in riddles, my fair damsel ; so be pleased to tell me who you are, and what you desire of me ?”

“Sire,” returned she, “I am a poor motherless maiden, and my father hath been wrought upon by my cruel step-dame, to promise me in marriage to the most unloveable old peer in France ; and the sacrifice would have been made last night, in spite of all my tears and remonstrances, had not you arrived, like my guardian angel, to prevent it.”

“Ha, ha !” cried the king, laughing ; “are you the young lady whose bridal cheer I so unceremoniously devoured ?”

“Yes, sire ; but you have done worse than that, if they say truth, who tell me that you have promised to bestow me upon the Count de Brienne, this morning.”

“They told you the truth,” said the king gravely.

“Oh heavens ! but you will not commit so barbarous an act !—ah ! if you could but know how much I detest him.”

“Poor man ! he is greatly to be pitied.”

“Pitied !” cried Louise, in surprise.

“Yes, sweet Louise, pitied for being so much the object of your dislike.”

“Ah ! sire, you are pleased to make sport of my calamity.”

“By no means ; but perhaps it is in my power to render Brienne more agreeable to you ; suppose, now, I were to make him a duke ?”

“If your majesty were to make him a king, he would still be the object of my aversion.”

“Poor Brienne ! he is very unfortunate ; but perhaps, lovely Louise, you have fixed your affections on another,” said the king, taking the pretty suppliant by both her hands and looking earnestly in her face.

“No ; I hate—all men !”

“Oh, you hard-hearted little tyrant ! but I shall not interfere to procure you the satisfaction of leading a single life, believe me,” said the king, “especially since you are so unkindly disposed towards me.”

“Towards you, sire !”

“Ay : you told me just now that you hated all men !”

"Except my king," rejoined Louise.

"You are very kind, to make an exception in my favor."

"One must love the king," observed Louise; "it would be treason not to do so."

"I fear there are many traitors in France," was the rejoinder.

"I am not among them, sire, I protest to you," said Louise, earnestly raising her eyes to his face.

The king thought her very charming, and resolved to carry on the dialogue with the lovely petitioner.

"Come, give me some proofs of your loyalty;" said he.

"In the first place, sire, I always pray for you."

"Good; but how long have you done that?"

"Ever since the death of your royal brother, King Charles."

"Humph! a whole fortnight," said the king. "But, Louise," he inquired, after a pause, "what are your objections to the Count de Brienne?"

"Sire, they are innumerable. He is old, ugly, formal, and very disagreeable; and if your majesty will not, in charity, find some way of delivering me from his pertinacity, I shall be compelled to vow myself a nun, which I would rather not do."

"Well," said the king, "there are three ways in which I can work your deliverance. In the first place, I can rake up an old offence of his against my brother Francis, which, I think, with a little straining of evidence will enable me to bring him to the block."

"Sire, I do not wish you to take his wretched life."

“ Shall I interrupt the ceremony, then, by arresting your cruel father, and sending him to the Bastile ? ”

“ Not for a thousand worlds ! ”

“ Then, only one alternative is left : I must find a more agreeable husband for you.”

Louise began to weep afresh. “ Have I not told you, sire, that I hate men ! ”

“ Humph ! I thought you made one exception ! ” observed the king, looking into her eyes.

“ Yes, one only.”

“ Positively, you flatter me too highly.”

“ But, sire,” supplicated Louise, “ you will deliver me from the Count de Brienne ? ”

“ Have I not obligingly offered to cut off the tiresome old fellow’s head for you ? ”

“ All I ask, my liege, is that you would but condescend to forbid the marriage.”

“ Well, I promise—will that content you ? Have you any other request to prefer ? ”

“ Sire, you are very gracious, and embolden me to implore of you to favor the marriage between Joyeuse and my sister Marguerite.”

“ Are the parties agreed ? ”

“ Sire, they love each other to distraction.”

“ More fools they ! What are the obstacles to their union ? ”

“ The cruel opposition of his father, sire.”

“ I will engage to procure his consent.”

“ How very amiable your majesty is ! ”

“ You are a charming girl,” said the king, smiling ;

"but have you no love affair of your own, Louise, in which I could stand your friend?" continued he, regarding her with a penetrating look.

"Alas, no!" replied Louise.

"You have no wish to be married, then?"

"None."

"Farewell then, for the present. Remember, you may rely on me."

Louise pressed the hand of her sovereign to her lips, courtesied, and withdrew.

The Duc de Mercœur, fearing resistance on the part of the reluctant bride, came himself to conduct her into the royal presence.

Her serene demeanor surprised him, as he had expected to find her in agonies of despair. However, he made no remark on the alteration in her deportment; but concluding that the new and costly additions to her bridal jewels, which he had deemed it expedient for his duchess to present to her, on account of the share the sovereign was about to take in the ceremonial, had the effect of reconciling Louise to her marriage with the Count de Brienne, he took her by the hand, and, followed by Marguerite, proceeded to the chapel.

"May it please your majesty," said the Duc de Mercœur, leading the blushing girl to his sovereign's feet, "this damsel is my eldest daughter, whom I have now the honor of presenting to you. Louise, perform your homage to your royal master."

Louise would have knelt and kissed the king's hand, but the monarch, gracefully preventing her, saluted her on the cheek.



"You are very fortunate, my lord duke," observed he, "in being the father of so charming a daughter."

"Sire, you make us only too proud," said the duke, "this is the maiden, my liege, whom you were graciously pleased to promise to bestow in marriage on the Count de Brienne."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the king, who had continued to gaze on the trembling Louise, with manifest admiration. "Did I really make so rash a promise?"

"Upon the honor of a peer of France, you did, my liege," said the duke.

"Nay, then it was before I had seen the maiden, or I never could have promised to give her to another;" returned the enamoured monarch.

"To another," cried her father, advancing a step forward. "What mean you, sire?"

"My meaning is so honest, I care not to disguise it," replied the king. "Louise of Lorraine Vaudemont, speak out truly. Are you contracted in marriage to the Count de Brienne?"

"My gracious sovereign, I am not under contract of marriage, to him or any one," replied Louise.

"Do you wish to become his wife?"

"No—no—no!" returned she with great earnestness.

"How is this, my lord duke?" demanded the king, turning with a stern countenance to the Duc de Mercœur.

"My liege, this is sheer perversity on the part of the damsel," muttered the duke.—"Had it not been for your arrival last night, sire, she had now been his wedded wife."

"I know not how maidens are wedded in the provinces," observed the king, "but in my good city of Paris, and

every where else, where the law of God is obeyed, a marriage cannot be contracted without the consent of both parties, and your daughter, it seems, has not given hers to wed the Count de Brienne."

"Nor ever will!" said Louise.

"Then I forbid the marriage," said the king.

"My liege, is this a meet return for the hospitable entertainment you have received at Vaudemont, to deprive me of so honorable a son-in-law as the Count de Brienne?" said the Duc de Mercœur.

"My lord duke, I trust to provide you with one whose alliance even you shall admit to be not less honorable."

"But my liege ——" interrupted the duke with some heat.

"Nay," replied Henry, "wait till you hear his name, and then speak your pleasure; but first I crave conference with the young lady herself, for we would not press the suit, unless assured from her own lips that the new candidate for her love will be agreeable to her." Then, taking Louise by the hand, he led her aside from the company, and when they were at a convenient distance to speak without being overheard, he said, "Louise of Lorraine, are you willing to become the bride of him who holds your hand in his?"

"Oh, my dread lord!" cried she, trembling with emotion, "how is that to be?"

"I did not ask you that, Louise; I only require of you a plain answer to my question. Are you willing to become my wife?"

"Your wedded wife, my lord?"

"Ay, my queen."

"Oh, my royal lord, how can the simple Louise of Lorraine support that awful name and dignity?"

"Enough, enough," said the king. "Now my lord duke," pursued he, leading Louise to her father, "what say you to your sovereign for a son-in-law?"

"Your majesty is pleased to jest with me."

"Nay, I am perfectly serious, and I who might demand, request your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"The blood of Charlemagne is in the maiden's veins, my liege, and if she be your wife, she must also be your queen."

"She shall, my lord, and this day three weeks she shall be crowned, and anointed with me in the Cathedral of Rheims," replied the king.

"Then she is yours, my liege," said the duke.

"Priests, draw up a solemn contract of betrothment," said the king; then turning to the Count de Brienne, who stood gnawing his embroidered glove with a malcontent countenance, the monarch gaily added, "But for you my good count, I scarcely know what I am to do to console you for your present disappointment."

"I will settle that matter by giving him my second daughter," said the duke.

"Not so fast, my lord duke," cried the king, "I have another alliance in view for the sister of our gracious queen. The Lady Marguerite of Lorraine must not be wedded to any man unmeet to be the brother-in-law of his sovereign. She is, moreover, contracted in marriage to my noble kinsman Joyeuse."

"Your grace appears to be in possession of many particu-

lars relating to my family, of which I was in ignorance," observed the Duc de Mercœur.

"Ay," replied the king, "and of some passages in the past life of him who was to have been your son-in-law, which haply, he would not thank me for disclosing. Nay, nay, my lord of Brienne, never change your color thus, we are willing to forget all past misdemeanors, provided you can forgive us the loss of so fair a bride."

"My liege you have shown me my folly in aspiring to call her my countess, to whom I now offer right humbly the homage due from a subject to his queen," replied the Count de Brienne; and, with as good a grace as he could command, he, in turn, affixed his sign manual in witness to his sovereign's contract with the fair Louise of Lorraine.

In three weeks from that day the contract was fulfilled by the marriage of Louise to her sovereign. The alliance caused some surprise at first; but a new king and a handsome king is generally a privileged person in France; and the beauty and feminine graces of the young queen made her an object of universal interest and unbounded popularity with the good people of Paris, a popularity which her virtue rendered permanent.

**TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

ON, brothers, on ! though the night be gone,  
And the morning glory breaking ;  
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,  
For danger's ever waking.  
Ye have spread your sail, ye have braved the gale  
And a calm o'er the sea is creeping ;  
But I know by the sky that danger's nigh—  
There's yet no time for sleeping !

Still dingy walls nurse midnight brawls ;  
Up from the vale is wreathing  
A fatal cloud, the soul to shroud,  
While man its poison's breathing,  
Still vice is seen in glittering sheen,  
In the ruby bubble laughing ,  
But Death his shrine has reared in wine ;  
And the young blood he is quaffing.

When the beaker's brim with rust is dim,  
Because no lip will press it ;  
When the worm is dead, which ever fed  
On the heart that dared caress it ;  
When the gay false light of the eyes so bright  
Be too true for thought to smother ;  
When the art be lost, and the demon tossed,  
And man tempt not his brother—



Then, peaceful and blest, from toil ye may rest ;  
Else, rest is but in heaven—  
For shame still lies in sad wet eyes,  
Still hearts with wo are riven.  
Then, brothers, on ! though the night be gone,  
And the morning glory breaking ;  
Though your toils be blest, ye may not rest,  
For danger—danger's waking !

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## THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here,  
This firstling of the infant year ;  
Ask me why I send to you  
This Primrose all be-pearled with dew ;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of love are washed with tears :  
Ask me why this flower doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break ;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THOMAS CAREW.

## FIRST EARNINGS.

BY HARRY SUNDERLAND.

Most boys are inclined to be spendthrifts. Sixpences and shillings burn holes in their pockets or slip through their fingers like so much quicksilver. It was not so with Ned Billings; though this could hardly be placed to the account of his over-carefulness of money; for money was a thing that rarely grew hot in his pockets or made his finger-ends uneasy. Intemperance had brought his father to an early grave; and his sad-hearted mother was laid in her last resting place ere he was five years old. From that time he knew not the comforts of a home. An aunt gave him shelter under her roof, and a seat at her table; but both were grudgingly bestowed. As for clothing, he had little beyond what decency required. But Ned was a boy of a cheerful, buoyant temper. He went singing and laughing on his way through life, as happy, apparently, as if he were in the enjoyment of every external comfort. The common school of the village in which he lived, afforded him the rudiments of an education; and, wild and apparently reckless as he was out of school, he was rarely behind in his class. By the time he was twelve years old, Ned's mind was very well furnished for one of his age; though, to judge from his exterior, he



Painted by Walter Luby

Engr'd by W. J. Jackson N.Y.

*Fishwife*



would hardly have been thought competent to spell a word in three syllables.

The older the lad grew, the less comfortable did he find his home, and the more clearly did he perceive that his support was felt as a burden by his aunt, who hardly ever gave him a pleasant word. This was the state of affairs when, one day, as Ned was strolling idly along, a boy several years older, named Andrew Chester, the son of a storekeeper, who had been sent to carry a pretty heavy bundle to a customer who lived at some distance, called to him and said,

“ I’ll give you a shilling if you’ll take this home.”

“ Agreed !” was Ned’s instant reply. “ Where is it to go ?”

“ Over to Hargrove’s.”

Ned took hold of the bundle, and lifted it. The weight was considerable for one of his strength, and the distance to go was over a mile ; But, this caused no hesitation. A shilling was an amount of money so far beyond any thing he had ever possessed, that the temptation was not to be resisted.

“ I’ll stay here and play ball until you come back,” said Andrew, as he helped to place the bundle on Ned’s shoulders. “ I’ve got the shilling all ready for you.” And he displayed the money before the eyes of the poor boy.

Ned started off at a quick pace ; but he had gone only a few hundred yards when he found himself staggering under a weight that was too much for his strength. Aware that if he laid it down in order to rest, he would not be able to replace it on his shoulder again, he braced himself under his burden, and moved along as rapidly as he could walk. But, ere a third of the distance was accomplished, his strength



failed, and bundle and boy both fell upon the ground. After resting for ten minutes, Ned made an effort to raise his burden ; but the attempt was fruitless. A man passing at the time gave him the required assistance, and once more he started on his errand. The next resting place for his bundle was on a fence ; a hundred yards further on a tall stump served the same purpose. And thus, pausing to rest himself and recover his strength, every twenty or thirty yards, he succeeded in accomplishing the whole distance.

When Ned came back, Andrew Chester, who had enjoyed his ball-playing for nearly an hour, paid over the shilling according to agreement. The sight of this money—a large sum in the lad's eyes—affected him with a new pleasure. Here were his first earnings, and, as he looked at the coin, different thoughts from any he had heretofore known, began to pass through his mind. He felt that he had in him the power to be independent. He had hands to work, feet to walk, and a willing mind.

Ned's first earnings were not spent in gratifying his appetite. He had worked too hard for his shilling to part with it lightly. Again and again he looked at the money, and, each time he surveyed it, it appeared more attractive in his eyes. At last it was carefully deposited in his pocket, to be more carefully hidden away in the little garret where he slept, on his return home.

For half the night Ned lay awake, his mind too busy with the new thoughts which had entered it to sink into the oblivion of sleep. The world was opening before him, young as he was. He saw paths in which his feet could walk ; and he felt eager to move in them. On the next morning, after

taking a glance at his shilling, he started forth, and going to the store of Mr. Chester, saw Andrew, and asked him if he would have any more bundles for him to carry. The father of Andrew Chester, though in very good circumstances, had no idea of raising his son in idleness. He knew the value of industrious habits, and, in order to form them in Andrew, who was disposed to be indolent, he took him from school when he was fifteen, and placed him in his store. The lad was very well pleased with the change at first, for he did not much like his books. But he soon grew weary of attending in the store and carrying home goods to customers, and whenever an opportunity offered, endeavored to escape from the duties required of him. As his father let him have money pretty freely, he did not value it much ; and had parted willingly enough with a shilling in order to escape carrying a heavy bundle for a long distance, while, at the same time, he secured the pleasure of an hour's sport.

The application of Ned was favorably received by Andrew ; and it was agreed between them, that the former should receive three cents for every package he took home for the latter, who, it must be understood, did not much like to be seen carrying bundles of goods about the village. Ned, it was also agreed, should be in waiting somewhere in the neighborhood, and meet Andrew as soon as he came forth with goods in his hands. While he conveyed them to the customers, Andrew would be free to enjoy himself as he liked. For three weeks this arrangement was continued. By this time, Ned had over a dollar in his little treasury. Not a single copper had he spent in any self-indulgence. But, a change came over his golden dream Mr. Chester dis-

covered what was going on, and, after severely reprimanding Andrew, positively forbade him making any further delegation of his work. Poor Ned was grievously disappointed when this intelligence reached his ears. Already he had begun to make calculations for the future. But the beautiful castles he had built were but airy structures, and faded away into nothingness.

The new ideas and purposes awakened in the mind of Ned could not sleep again. They were ever present before his mind. One day, a few weeks after the sudden closing of his arrangement with Andrew Chester, he said to the relative who had given him with grudging a home, "Aunt, if you'll give me some clothes, I'll go to New York and take care of myself."

"To York!" exclaimed the aunt, taken by surprise. "What'll you do there?"

"Work," was the confident reply. "I'm old enough and strong enough."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Ned," petulantly returned the aunt, who hardly ever gave the boy a kind word.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Ned. "Only give me some decent clothes, and I'll never trouble you again as long as I live."

Ned continued to urge this point, day after day, until the aunt, becoming convinced that he was really in earnest, granted the request. A coarse suit of clothes was made up for him, and a pair of shoes and a new hat bought. With these, his dollar hid away in his pockets, as much money besides as would pay stage hire to New-York, and his aunt's blessing, such as it was, Ned turned his back upon his home

and his face to the world, feeling strong and confident. A few hours' ride brought him to the great city. Never had he felt so much alone as he did while wandering along the crowded streets, which he did until the sober hues of evening reminded him that he had no where to lay his head. By this time he was hungry and fatigued. Not a copper had he spent since his arrival, notwithstanding the tempting array of fruit and confectionery that met his eyes at almost every turn. Now the calls of nature were not to be disregarded, and buying some buns, he seated himself on the steps of a large house in the upper part of the city and commenced eating his evening meal. While thus engaged, a man stopped before him, and after looking at him for some moments, said, as if satisfied with his observation,

"Eating your supper, I see."

Ned looked an affirmative, but made no reply.

"After supper, where do you expect to sleep?" said the man, leaning as he spoke upon the iron railing.

"I don't know," replied Ned.

"Don't know! You're from the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"What brought you to town?"

"I've come to get work and take care of myself."

"You have! When did you come?"

"To-day."

"Where from?"

"P——."

"Have you no friends in the city?"

"No, sir."

"Are your father and mother alive?"

"No, sir. I've lived with my aunt ever since I was a little boy."

"And did she let you come into the city to take care of yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Her affection for you must be strong," said the man, half to himself. "Have you any money?" he added. The boy hesitated a moment or two, and then replied,

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Seven shillings and six pence."

"Where did you get this money?"

"I earned it."

"Since you came to the city?"

"No, sir, I earned it in P——. But, I couldn't get any thing more to do there, and so I thought I'd come to New-York where there was plenty of work."

Something about Ned interested the man, and as he lived in the house, he said to him, after a hurried reflection as to the propriety of doing so,

"Come in. I'd like to have some more talk with you."

Ned followed the man, who took him into his kitchen, and told a servant to give him some supper; and also to let him remain there until he sent for him.

A further interview with the lad interested the man still more. He was a lawyer named Folwell, who had risen from a poor boy, through the force of his own character, to eminence and fortune.

"The boy needs a friend, and if he be worthy, he shall find one in me," said Mr. Folwell to himself after his second



conference with Ned. Under this feeling, he gave him a shelter under his roof for the night, and, on the next day took him to his office in order more accurately to determine what was in him. To his surprise, he found that Ned could write a very fair hand, and could make ordinary calculations quite as well as most boys of his age. Moreover, he was quick, earnest and intelligent ; and eager to enter upon any employment that was assigned him.

“He’s got the right kind of stuff in him,” said Mr. Folwell, after testing Ned’s character and abilities in various ways. “Just such a lad as I’d like to educate in my own profession.”

Of course Ned had no objection to any thing his new-found friend had to propose. It was, therefore, settled, that he should enter his service and give himself up implicitly to his direction.

A year after Ned came to the city, Mr. Chester called upon Mr. Folwell, and arranged with him that his son Andrew should read law in his office. Up to this time, Ned had found but few chances of adding to his first earnings which had never been touched beyond the sixpence it cost him for his supper on the evening of his first arrival in New-York. Occasionally Mr. Folwell had given him a shilling to spend for himself ; but the little coin had, in no instance, passed through his fingers, but was safely deposited to swell the treasure he was hoarding. Andrew’s arrival in the city made a new era for Ned. Pocket-money had he in profusion, and, as before, he availed himself of Ned’s readiness to perform almost any service, in order to gratify his natural indolence. Dollars found their way now to the

boy's accumulating fund more rapidly than shillings did before.

"How much money have you, Ned?" asked Andrew, one day, after he had been a year in the city.

"Six dollars," replied Ned.

"Lend it to me until week after next, and I'll pay you back seven?"

Ned hesitated

"Don't be afraid. I'll pay it. You know I get money from home every month."

"I'm not afraid," replied Ned. "I'll bring you the money when I come from dinner."

This was done. The six dollars were lent, and seven paid back, as agreed upon, at the time specified. Here was the beginning of new operations. Andrew now spent his money more freely, because he knew that when it was gone, he could borrow from Ned until another supply came; and the young usurer was even more eager to lend than he was to borrow. This had been going on for several months, when Mr. Folwell became aware of what was in progress. After a serious conversation with Andrew upon the folly and danger of the course of life he was adopting, he called Ned into his private office, and after referring to the subject, said to him:

"Are you not aware that what you are doing is wrong?"

"No, sir," replied Ned, looking Mr. Folwell, without a quivering eyelid, in the face.

"It is, Edward, very wrong; for you are taking advantage of Andrew's weakness and prodigal habits, to get his money from him. I understand, that for five dollars lent to him for a week or two, he pays you six dollars. Is this so?"

"Yes, sir. He offered me that."

"But it was wrong for you to take it. You should have been willing to oblige him without the exaction of this exorbitant interest. Where did you get so much money to lend?"

"I had seven shillings and sixpence when I came here, and you have given me a good many shillings since."

"Hav'n't you spent anything?"

"No, sir."

"But I hav'n't given you enough to make the sum of money I learn you have in possession."

"No, sir. But, since Andrew has been in New York, he has paid me a good deal for doing things for him."

"How much has he paid you for lending him money?"

"Six dollars," replied Ned, after thinking for a few moments.

"Six dollars!" Mr. Folwell shook his head and looked grave. "I don't like this at all. It's the worst thing I've seen about you, Edward."

"If I've done wrong, I'm sorry," said Ned, his face becoming serious. "I didn't know there was any harm in it."

"There is always harm in seeking our own good through injury to another," replied Mr. Folwell. "This you have done in taking the money of Andrew for a little service that you ought to have cheerfully rendered him. It put you to no inconvenience whatever in doing the favor he asked of you; but you would not grant it unless paid a most exorbitant price. Sheer selfishness and not a spirit of good-will influenced you. Thus your heart was hardened towards your fellow's, instead of being filled with kindness. This is a wrong

beginning, my boy, and will lead you to grow up into a man of oppression. Why are you hoarding up your money?"

"I'm going to keep it until I become a man."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Folwell shook his head.

"I don't like this, Edward, at all. It isn't good to love money for itself. Money is the medium of usefulness in society, and should be accumulated and used as the means of accomplishing some desired purpose. To gather and hoard it as an object of possession is wrong. No one can do it and not become a selfish, bad man. I want you to think of this. To-morrow I will talk to you again."

Ned's mind was thrown all into confusion by this unexpected reproof from Mr. Folwell. At first, he could not understand the meaning of the strange language that had been used; but, as he thought of it more and more, a dim perception of the truth began to dawn. On the next day Mr. Folwell again referred to the subject, and succeeded in making a stronger impression on the mind of the lad. From that time he observed him more closely, and sought, in every possible way, to give him higher and truer views in regard to the use of money. He induced him to spend a portion of what he had accumulated in articles that he could use in the better furnishing of his mind. For instance, he offered to pay for musical instruction if Edward would buy himself a flute. It cost the boy a struggle to do this; but, after it was done, and he commenced taking lessons, he by no means regretted the act. Thus, by ever keeping his mind on the boy's particu-



lar bias of character, Mr. Folwell was able to bend it into a better form ere it had hardened into permanency.

As for Andrew Chester, his indolence and tendency to self-indulgence were so great that little promise of future usefulness was apparent. When he was old enough to be admitted to the Bar, he had nothing like the legal knowledge possessed by Edward Billings. In his first case, he paid the latter for searching out the legal authorities required for its successful presentation to the Court; and gained his cause alone through the aid received from a stripling, three years' younger than himself. The money received for prosecuting this case, constituted Andrew Chester's first earnings.

"Do you see that, Ned," said he, exhibiting a fifty dollar bank bill in triumph.

Edward Billings opened his eyes.

"There's my first fee! A good beginning, is not it? I'm off for Saratoga to-morrow, and don't mean to come back while a dollar of it remains."

"I wouldn't do that," said Edward.

"Why wouldn't you?" quickly asked Andrew.

"Of all money, I wouldn't waste my first earnings. Keep them as a nest-egg."

"You're a miser, Ned. A real money-lover."

"I'm not a money-waster. Dollars don't come so easily that I can afford to throw them away. But, if you will spend your first fee, do it in some useful way. Buy your mother or sister a present; or spend it in law books. Any thing but waste it in self-indulgence."

"Don't preach to me, Ned," replied Andrew, laughing.

"My mother and sisters don't want any of my presents; and



father has promised me a five hundred dollar library. I'm off for Saratoga ; that's settled. "I mean to have a good time on my first fee."

And Andrew kept his word. When he came back, every dollar of his first earnings were spent, and he applied to Edward Billings for a loan. When the latter was admitted to the Bar, Andrew had obtained a very fair practice for the time he had been in the profession ; but it cost him three times what he earned to live. His father, of course, made up the deficiency.

Very different from this was Edward's manner of commencing the world. He understood too well the value of money to waste it in mere idle pleasure and personal gratification. The first fee he received was twenty dollars. Instead of spending it, as Andrew had done, he laid it carefully away to help serve as the means of his support ; for, from the time of his admission to the bar, he had felt under obligation to meet entirely his own expenses. A natural feeling of independence would not permit him any longer to lean upon his kind patron. His careful habits had, during his minority, enabled him to save up about sixty dollars, which now came in as a temporary means of self-sustenance. Mr. Folwell, who had availed himself of his services for so many years, still retained them to a certain extent, and the regular amount paid to Edward for this service, helped him considerably.

A few years showed the result of the different modes of entering the world pursued by the two young men. He who spent, foolishly, his first earnings, continued to waste what came in subsequently ; and he, who was careful of his first earnings, continued to be careful of his after receipts.

About the time Andrew reached his twenty-seventh year, his father died ; and, on the division of his property, twelve thousand dollars came to him as his share of the estate. This was in two houses in P—— and a farm in the neighborhood. Scarcely a week elapsed after this division took place, before Andrew applied to Edward Billings for a loan of one thousand dollars on a mortgage of the farm. The latter had the money in bank and took the mortgage. This money he had saved from his professional earnings. Andrew might have laid up money also ; but as he spent his first earnings, so he continued to spend. Ten years afterwards, and Edward Billings was worth twenty thousand dollars, while Andrew Chester was not worth a penny. Each had gone on as he began, and here was the result. Disheartened by this result, Chester, who had acquired dissolute habits, fell into intemperance, and gradually sunk lower and lower, until he became a social cast-off—a wretched cumberer of the ground. And thus he died in the prime of manhood.

Edward Billings still lives, and is one of the most intelligent and successful members of the bar in the state of New York. He has acquired large wealth ; and, he has gained it fairly. The error into which his love of accumulation first led him, was properly corrected at the time, when a new and healthier form was given to his growing character.

Few men succeed who do not begin right. Early errors are too frequently reproduced in all the after life. This wasting of first earnings is one of these errors. Let all who are entering the world beware how they fall into it.

## THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THE Old House lies in ruin and wreck,  
And the villagers stand in fear aloof;  
The rafters bend, and the roof is black,  
But bright green mosses spot the roof;  
The window panes are shattered out,  
And the broken glass is lying about,  
And the elms and poplars cast a shade  
All day long on the colonnade.

The lawn in front with its sloping bank;  
A garden sweet in its happier hours,  
Is covered with weeds, and grasses rank  
Usurp the place of its faded flowers:  
Adders bask in the summer sun,  
And rusty toads and beetles run  
Over the paths, the gravelly floor  
Where children played in the days of yore.

A light wind bloweth—the front door swings  
And creeks on its hinges—the sun lies there,  
There's a web stretched over it full of wings,  
And the spider watches within his lair.  
I see the staircase slant, and wide  
Floating along from room to room;  
The floor is covered with damp and mould,  
And the dust floats up like a mist of gold.

I hear a noise in the echoing hall,  
A solemn sound like a stifled sigh ;  
And shadows move on the dusky wall  
Like the sweep of garments passing by ;

\* \* \* \* \*

And faces glimmer amid the gloom,  
The Dead comes back, a shining train,  
And people the lonely House again.

I seen a beautiful Lady bright,  
Stand at her mirror with conscious pride,  
Decked with ornaments, gems of light,  
And robed in white like a lovely Bride ;  
And her young sisters, blithe and fair,  
Are twining flowers in her wavy hair.  
And, lo ! another unseen before—  
The Bridegroom peeping in at the door !

Yule ! the walls are covered with holly,  
And a mistletoe bough is hung on high,  
The wassail passes—the men are jolly,  
Kissing the blushing maids a-sly ;  
The old folks sit by the crackling blaze,  
Living over their early days,  
The children chatter and laugh in glee,  
And the baby crows on its grand-sire's knee.

And now 'tis Summer, and children sing,  
And hide in corners and shady nooks,  
And sit on the floor in a little ring,  
And one in the middle reads fairy books.  
Twilight comes and they cease their play,  
And crowd at their mother's side to pray,  
And kneel, and after their prayers are said,  
Kiss her and huddle away to bed.

But gloomier pictures come with years—  
The sick man lies on a bed of pain,  
And the pale wife sits by his side in tears,  
Watching his broken sleep in vain—  
In vain! for his days on earth are done;  
And the falling sands of his life are run:  
A kiss—a smile—and the soul is fled,  
And the living is left alone with the dead.

A funeral now in the darkened hall,  
The mourners gather around the bier,  
And look their last, and the children small  
Peep in the coffin and shrink with fear;  
The body is borne with tears and woe  
Down the shaded avenue slow,  
Down to the gates where the mutes await,  
And the plumed hearse and its sable state.

The House is quiet and sleeps in gloom.  
The mirth and revel of yore have fled,  
The widow sits in the silent room,  
And dreams of the dear departed Dead,  
Fast by the magic of Memory bound—  
And the books and the gifts around,  
Deepen the spell, and more than all  
His portrait, hung on the sombre wall.

The shadows thicken—a gloomy train,  
Sorrow and sickness—death—the pall—  
Sorrow and sickness—death again—  
The shade of his wing is over all—  
Right and left his arrows fly;  
One by one the family die;  
And the Old House falleth in decay,  
And wastes with the silent years away



## THE BODY AGAINST THE SOUL.

BY J. A. STONE.

“THE *spirit* is willing, but the flesh is weak,” is the language of the holy word. And in all our little indulgences of life, too true it is, that we seem to lose the abstract sense of what we are. We seem to forget how brief and how fleeting is time ; and to hoard up the little pleasures of our short day on earth, as though they were truly the end and aim of our creation. Slowly and imperceptibly does pleasure, thus pampered and indulged, win the affections ; and when at last, startled by its advances, we would shake off its hold, we find it clinging with a tenacity, that evinces its iron-grasp upon our animal nature. The spirit and the conscience yet incline us heavenward ; but the flesh has its appetites, and we have perhaps too long granted them indulgence—too long warred against *that Spirit which shall not wrestle with us always*. The flesh is emphatically too weak to break off the strong bonds of habit.

Pleasure, however, as we use the term, needs defining. In kind, and as distinguished by its object, it is either *true* or *false*. We will venture to assume the ground, that wherever and in whatsoever it is sought for its own sake alone, it is *false* pleasure. Its true nature—pure, joyous, delightful

—springs out of the faithful performance of the duties of life. It is found with the Christian, and the doer of good deeds, in a sense differing from the delights of the debauchee and pleasure-hunter, “as the *real* diamond differs from the *paste*.” In our use of the term, we allude to what we deem its false representative.

Among all the avenues through which pleasure is sought, perhaps none opens so wide a path as Intemperance. This leads in fact into every other. It prepares the mind for them, by dulling its perceptions of truth and reason, and, in an imperceptible manner, drawing a slow-gathering mist over those divine powers and soul-longings which God has implanted, and gradually obscuring from the sight the goal to to which Heaven is pointing.

It is perhaps a settled maxim, that man is never satisfied with what earth can yield him ; and the possession of one world but increaseth his want for *another*, mightier than the one he hath. In this truth, how beautifully revealed is that mysterious, immortal thirst, which can never be quenched but by an immortal draught ; and which, mistaking that fountain-spring, that “well of life,” whence alone flows the full and copious supply, drains every cup that time can fill—finds each a poison to his blood, that makes him thirst the more. Thus, Napoleon-like, man climbs the giddyest height, grasps an imperial crown, holds the rein of empires in his hand—and yet, is not satisfied. “And what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ?”

Kings and conquerors in every age have drunk the wine of debauch. As ambition has found its check in the sober-

ness of reason and unprisoned thought, men have fancied weariness, and sought refreshment in the pleasures of wine. It was a restlessness of conscience, and the remedy was found in a fresh supply of the stimulus which fires the "spirit of the damned"—a new invigoration of the promptings of "the evil one." It was pleasure's game on a grand scale. But whether this subtle conspirator with the devil act upon men of exalted, or upon men of degraded rank, it ever exerts a demoralizing influence; it is ever destructive to *religious* feeling. Its influence is felt, not only by the individual upon whom it more specially acts, but also by those who are drawn by his example. It is slowly corrupting; insidiously leading astray from rectitude and virtue; arraying vice in its most dazzling colors; and luring on step by step to the dark mazes of that dismal night, in which the soul finally loses the sense of its own high destiny.

As the love of money is the root of all evil, so is the love of alcohol the root of every vice. Not that crime is never committed without its agency, any more than other forms of evil never arise unless the love of money be the exciting cause; but rather that every *species* of vice and crime is found to spring from this source, as every species of evil is known to come from the love of money. But, while the one confers many advantages, the other is attended with none. While the love of money is often followed by blessings, the love of alcohol is ever a withering curse. Where money circulates freely in a community, it is a sign of prosperity, life and business; but where alcohol circulates freely, it is a sign of adversity, death, and stagnation of the general pulse. While one procures the blessings of a temporal home, the other pur-

cnases the curses of Heaven, and an eternal inheritance for a ruined soul. And can the good and the wise longer behold *where* it works, and *how* it works upon the mind and condition of man, and what have ever been its effects, and yet remain its advocates, or even its lukewarm opponents? Can they behold it everywhere—on every side the right hand tool of vice, without which its activity would be largely diminished; a tool that carves its lines of moral death upon the soul as legibly as the chisel traces its epitaph upon the tombstone; an elixir that fires every vein and sinew of the human frame into open rebellion against the warnings of the spirit?—can they see all this, and yet fail to raise hand and voice against the deadly peril?

What strenuous efforts are deemed necessary to guard the health of the body against the infection of disease. Even a morbid sensibility sometimes seizes the minds of individuals and of communities. The sick are often left without attendance from fear of contagion. A vessel whose unhappy inmates are infected with “ship-fever” or other pestilence, is thrust from our harbors, until the danger to the community subsides. And certainly, a due regard to public health is imperative in those vested with authority in the premises. If the virulent matter of merely bodily corruption and disease, could be bottled up and distributed among numerous depots, throughout every city, town and village in the country; and there uncorked to send forth its poisonous effluvia to infect the pure air of heaven; or in some pleasing mixture, be sold as a “cordial for the ills of life;”—the good and the wise—nay, the overwhelming mass of mankind—would rise in arms, and cry out that some fiend incarnate had been sending forth the

legions of hell to war upon the habitations of men, and to exterminate them from the earth.

But what is the practical lesson here taught? That men live for their *body's* sake, more than for their *soul's* : for alcohol is this "virulent matter," with one addition to its power. If it be an atoning one, let good men judge. It is not only as deadly to the *body*, but it moreover *destroys the soul*.

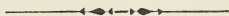
Is it not singular, that men are so sensitive to every pin's scratch in the flesh, and yet can remain so insensible to the dagger-wounds upon their spiritual nature? If professing Christians, they must admit that this life is but a little span, and that the body is but that corruptible part, which cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. It is but a seed sown in the ground, that shall spring up in the eternal world, a tree bearing good fruit or ill, according as the genial winds and gentle dews of heaven, or the scorching blasts and poisoning vapors of hell, may have triumphed in the garden where it was sown. Though still its successor, yet not in the same unchanged body shall it rise again. St. Paul says: "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body." Of how trifling importance then, in the abstract, is that flesh which we pamper so indulgently, and which the Scripture teaches should be crucified in its desires and appetites and longings and self-consuming passions; and, as a thing of mortality that passes away, be brought into subor-



dination to the high, immortal interests of the soul ! Let it never be forgotten, that all apparent *sacrifice* required in this is real *gain*. The *entire man* is so made, as best to perfect his *physical* as well as *mental* organization in the pure atmosphere of virtue. There is, in their harmony of action, a genial intercourse and sympathy between the material and spiritual nature. But, if the spirit be neglected, the flesh is like a hard-working machine, from whose journals and bearings the oil is withheld, so that it is soon consumed with its own friction. Thus, to the argument of the *soul's*, then, is added that of more invigorated bodily health—we might add, of growing wealth and happiness : and surely, all these ought to be sufficient to overcome the strongest natural proneness to Intemperance and its attending vices.

Yet, the vice of moderate drinking, as the term goes, is a habit to which the world has been wedded, until it has grown hoary with age ; and to call upon it now to shake this habit off, as vile and immoral in its tendency, is like asking the silver-haired husband to thrust from his arms the wife whom he has cherished as the partner of his youth and his age, on the charge of real corruption and infidelity, to which his blinded sense will not yield credence. Though you show him that his wife is a sorceress, who has all through life been mingling slow poisons with his meats and drinks ; and though you point out the crippled limbs, and the mental infirmities which she has brought upon him ; the paralysis of body and the blight of soul ; yet incredulous perhaps, will he cling to her still, and be loath to yield her up. In such a case, all persuasion and argument having failed, there might be some query upon how strong proof of *her* wicked

designs, and *his* blind affection, the law might interpose its strong arm, and stay her deadly purpose. Taking alcohol, however, for this false jade—in whose embrace the wide world has grown old, the proof against *her* would seem to be abounding, sufficient and superabundant. And we may here add, the confidence of the bridegroom in his perfidious bride is shaken. We look with glowing hope and heartfelt pleasure, at the developments and changes of the last quarter of a century. That period back, and how few were bold enough to raise the standard of total abstinence! If they had done so, the opposing voice of public opinion would have shouted them down.



## THE HERMIT AND THE PITCHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

HE who bids adieu to the world, and retires into the wilderness, does not for that reason become a saint; for so long as the inclination to evil dwells in the heart, temptation from without is easily found and sin is committed.

Experience taught this to the man of whom an old story gives account. This man was by nature prone to sudden bursts of passion, but instead of seeking the cause of this fault in himself, he cast the blame upon the man who excited him to anger, and he thought—

“If this is so, the world is an injury to me, and it is better that I should leave it, rather than lose my soul.”

He withdrew, therefore, into the wilderness, and built himself a hut in the midst of a wood, close by a spring; and the bread that he ate was brought daily to him by a boy, who had been directed to place it upon a rock, at a distance from the hut.

And thus all went well for several days, and he thought that he had become the most mild and even-tempered man in the world.

One day, he went, as usual, with his pitcher to the spring, and placed it so that the water might run into it. But as the ground was stony and uneven, the pitcher fell over. He placed it upright again, and more carefully than before; but the water, which spouted forth irregularly, overturned it a second time. Then he angrily seized the vessel and dashed it violently upon the ground, so that it broke in pieces.

He now remarked that his old anger had broken forth again, and he thought—

“If that is the case, the wilderness can in no way profit me; and it is better that I try to save my soul in the world, by avoiding that which is evil, and practising that which is good.” And he returned again into the world.

Observe—there are evil inclinations which may be conquered by avoiding the occasions which call them forth, and there are others which must be vanquished by resistance. But to perform either, we need not fly from the world, but from ourselves only.

## HE RETIRED MERCHANT.

A LONDON merchant engaged in Mediterranean commerce, had successfully prosecuted his business and amassed, what all merchants desire, an ample fortune. His, indeed, was a princely one. He had purchased a large and beautiful estate in the country, and had built and furnished a splendid mansion in town, on the Surrey-side of the river, and now that he was verging towards sixty, he concluded to retire and enjoy the remnant of his life in peaceful leisure.

He negotiated for the sale of his abundance-making business, and sold it for another fortune. He then retired. He was a bachelor. He had his halls, his parlors, dining rooms and drawing rooms, his library and cabinets of curiosities. The floors were covered with the most mosaic specimens of Brussels or of Turkey carpetings—the furniture was of the most complete and exquisite selections—the walls with splendid mirrors and with classic paintings were adorned—and fine linen decorated all.

Carriages, horses, grooms and servants, were at his command. Books, pictures and engravings were at hand to interest him. The daily and the weekly papers, and the periodicals, brought to his table all the news of the great world, and his friends and his acquaintance paid him homage. How happy must the man be, who has all this!

*He* was not happy. He had no aim, no motive. The

zest with which he read the papers when he was a merchant, he had lost, now he had ceased to be engaged in commerce. A storm, a fleet, a pestilence along the Mediterranean shores, was full of interest to him before, because he had investments there. Now, they were of no consequence to him. The views and aims of government, were watched by him before, with searching scrutiny, because his destiny was bound up with theirs. The parliamentary debates were of the greatest consequence before, as indicating British policy; but that to him now ceased to be an object of importance.—His fortune was achieved—his course was run—his destiny fulfilled.

Soon, every thing and place appeared to him, one uniform and universal blank. His beautiful apartments were unused—his carriage and horses unemployed—his books unread—his papers were unopened—his meals untasted—and his clothes unworn. He had lost all enjoyment of his life, and contemplated suicide.

Saturday night arrived, and he resolved on Sunday morning early, before the busy populace were stirring, he would make his way to Waterloo bridge, and jump, or tumble off, into the river.

At three o'clock, he set out on his final expedition, and had slowly reached the bridge, the shadows of the night protecting him from observation, when a figure stood before him. Amazed at being seen by any one, he turned out of his path, when the figure crouching low before him, revealed a tattered, miserable man, bearing his head in abjectness.

“What are you doing here,” inquired the retired merchant.



"I have a wife and family, whom I can't help from starving, and I am afraid to go and see them. Last night I knew they would be turned into the streets," replied the man.

"Take that," replied the merchant, giving him his purse, with gold and silver in it—thinking to himself, "how much more useful this will be to him, than in my pockets in the water."

"God bless you, sir—God bless you, sir," exclaimed the man, several times—kneeling before the astonished merchant.

"Stop," said the merchant, "do not overwhelm me so with your thanksgivings—but tell me where you live."

"In Lambeth, sir."

"Then why are you *here* this morning," said the merchant.

"I do not like to tell you," said the man. "I am ashamed to tell a gentleman like you."

"Why so?" replied the merchant.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "as I had not a single penny, and did not know how to get one, I came here to drown myself, although I knew 'twas wicked!"

The merchant was astonished and appalled, and after a long silence, said, "My man, I am overwhelmed with wealth, and yet I am so miserable, that I came here this morning for the same purpose as yourself. There's something more in this than I can understand at present. Let me go with you, and see your family."

The man made every excuse to hinder the merchant—but he would go.

"Have you lost your character?" said the merchant.

"No sir," replied the man, "but I am so miserably poor

and wretched—and for anything I know, my wife and children may be turned into the street.”

“Why are you out of work and pay?” resumed the merchant.

“I used to groom the horses of the stage coaches,” said the man, “but since the railroads are come up, the coaches are put down, and many men, like me, have no employment.”

They plodded on their way, two miles of brick and mortar piled on either side. At last they came to a third-rate house, when a rough, common-looking woman was opening the door and shutter. As soon as she saw the man, she let loose her tongue upon him for all the villany in the world, but something which passed from his hand to hers, hushed her in an instant; and observing the merchant, she courtesied to him civilly.

The man ran up stairs, leaving the merchant and woman together, which gave the former an opportunity to make inquiries. Having satisfied himself that want was the crime of the family, he told the woman who he was, promised to see her paid, and induced her to set on and cook a breakfast for the family, and supply them with any thing which they needed.

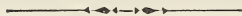
The man returned, and the merchant went up stairs, to see, for the first time, a wretched family in rags, dirt, and misery. He comforted them with hope of better days, and bidding the man take a hasty meal below, took him with him, and helped with his own hands to load a cart with bed, bedding, clothes, furniture and food, for the family.

The man was gone, and the merchant for the first moment, reflected on all that had passed. He was relieved of his

misery, by doing something for another, and out of mere selfishness, he resolved on doing good to others, to prevent the necessity for drowning himself.

He employed the man in his stable, removed the family near, and placed them in a cottage, sending the children to school. Soon he sought out misery to relieve, and was led to consider the cause of all misery—sin. He turned to God and found Him—and sought to turn his fellow sinners.

He aided every good word and work, and was the humble teller of his own humbling story. He had been a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls—and having found the pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it—and the retired earthly merchant became an active heavenly merchant.



## MORNING.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

SADLY, when the day was done,  
To his setting waned the sun ;  
Heavily the shadows fell,  
And the wind, with fitful swell,  
Echoed through the forest dim,  
Like a friar's ghostly hymn.

Mournful on the wall afar,  
Walked the evening sentry star;  
Burning clear, and cold, and lone,  
Midnight's constellations shone;  
While the hours, with solemn tread,  
Passed like watchers by the dead.

Now at last the morning wakes,  
And the spell of darkness breaks,  
On the mountains, dewy sweet,  
Standing with her rosy feet,  
While her golden fingers fair  
Part the soft flow of her hair.

With the dew from flower and leaf  
Flies the heavy dew of grief;  
From the darkness of my thought,  
Night her solemn aspect caught;  
And the morning's joys begin,  
As a morning breaks within.

God's free sunsine on the hills,  
Soft mists hanging o'er the rills,  
Blushing flowers of loveliness  
Trembling with the light wind's kiss—  
Oh! the soul forgets its care,  
Looking on a world so fair!

Morning woos me with her charms,  
Like a lover's pleading arms;  
Soft above me bend her skies,  
As a lover's tender eyes;  
And my heavy heart of pain,  
Trembling, thrills with hope again.

## THE DESOLATION OF YTCHTENE.

A Remarkable Passage in the Romance of History.

“THE memorial tree,” from which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced, and beside which the king lay extended on the ground, is now exceeding old, and scarcely a trace remains of its former greatness. It stood in this wild spot, (the New Forest) when the stern decree went forth, which enjoined that throughout the whole extent of the southwestern part of Hampshire, measuring thirty miles from Salisbury to the sea, and in circumference at least ninety miles, all trace of human habitation should be swept away.—William the Conqueror might have indulged his passion for the chase in the many parks and forests which Anglo-Saxon monarchs had reserved for the purpose, but he preferred rather to have a vast hunting-ground for his “superfluous and insatiate pleasure” in the immediate neighborhood of Winchester, his favorite place of residence. The wide expanse that was thus doomed to inevitable desolation was called Ytene or Ytchtene; it comprised numerous villages and homesteads, churches, and ancestral halls, where Saxon families of rank resided, and where an industrious population followed the daily routine of pasturage and husbandry. A large proportion had been consequently brought into cultivation; yet sufficient still remained to afford a harbor for



numerous wild animals. This part comprised many sylvan spots of great beauty, with tracts of common land, covered with the golden blossomed gorse, and tufts of ferns, or else with short herbage, intermingled with wild thyme. Noble groups of forest-trees were seen at intervals, with clear running streams, and masses of huge stones which projected from among the grass. The sun rose on the morning of the fatal day in cloudless beauty, and fresh breezes tempered the heat, which, at harvest-time is often great; the people were already in the fields, and the creaking of heavy-laden wagons was heard at intervals, with the sweeping sound of the rapid sickle. In a moment the scene was changed. Bands of Norman soldiers rushed in and drove all before them. They trod down the standing corn, and commanded the terrified inhabitants of hall and hut, to depart in haste. More than one hundred manors, villages, and hamlets were depopulated, even the churches were thrown down—those venerated places, where the voice of prayer and thanksgiving had been heard for generations. He who passed the next day over the wide waste, saw only ruins black with smoke, trampled fields, and dismantled churches. Here and there broken implements of husbandry met the view, and beside them, not unfrequently, the corpse of him who had dared to resist the harsh mandate of the Conqueror. Females, too, had fallen to the earth in their terror and distress, and young children were in their death-sleep, among the tufts of flowers where they had sported the day before. Many stately buildings were pulled down at once; others, having their roofs thrown open, were left to be destroyed by the weather, and hence it not seldom happened that a stranger, in passing through a

meadow into one of those shady coverts, which still varied the aspect of the country, forgetting, in the freshness and the loveliness of all around him, the terrible undoings of previous days, might see through the undulating branches of the trees, the walls or roofs of houses, which looked as if they had escaped the general ruin. They stood, apparently, in the midst of cultivated fields, occasionally by the road side, and their pointed roofs were covered with the vine or honeysuckle. On a nearer approach the illusion vanished, not a sound disturbed the silence of the place; the houses which looked so inviting when seen at a short distance, showed that the hand of ruin had done its work. The doors were broken open, the windows dashed in, the roofs were open to the winds of heaven, and the little gardens overrun with weeds. The ruins of an antique abbey were often close at hand, with its richly painted windows, broken through and through; or, perhaps, the shattered walls of some hospitable dwelling, in which a Saxon thane had resided.

Where the labor of man has ceased, vegetation soon asserts her empire, and fields, when left to themselves, become, according to their soil, either wild or stony, or else covered with a dense growth of underwood and tall trees. Such was the case over the wide expanse which had been rendered desolate; the spaces of common ground, with golden blossomed gorse and wild thyme, continued such as they had been, but trees grew thick and fast, the beautiful groves became woods in the course of a short time, and the once cultivated country was rapidly absorbed in the wilderness portions of Ytchtene.

The "memorial tree," which now stands lone and

seamed, was then a sapling, for such we may conjecture to have been the case, according to the well-known longevity of forest-trees. Three events of great interest are associated with it—the making desolate a wide extent of country ; the death of the proud Norman, by whose command the work of ruin was achieved ; and the untimely end of his successor.

Had the history of William I. been written with reference to his private actions, it might be noticed that a tissue of domestic sorrows succeeded to the laying desolate of Ytchtene. His wife Matilda died a few years after, and his fair daughter Gundreda, the cherished one in her father's house, was cut off in the flower of her youth. He saw with grief the jealousy that subsisted between his sons William and Henry ; and during the time that Duke Robert, his first-born, continued an exile and a fugitive, Richard, his second son, was gored to death by a stag, as he was hunting over the wide expanse which his father had depopulated. Men spoke of the sad event as a just punishment on him who had respected neither the lives nor feelings of those who once had dwelt there. Some said, this is but one ; we shall see others of his family to whom the forest will prove fatal, and they spoke true.

War was declared with France, and the king shortly afterwards departed for the continent. The object of the expedition was expressly to take possession of the city of Mantes, with a rich territory situated between the Epte and the Oise. The corn was nearly ready for the sickle, and the grapes hung in ripening clusters on the vines, when the fierce king ordered his men to advance on the devoted territory ; when in the bitterness of his spirit he marched his cavalry through

the corn-fields, and caused his soldiers to tear up the vines and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes could offer but a weak resistance, and the town was set on fire. Riding beside the ruined town, to view the misery which he had wrought, the horse of the Norman conqueror trod on some hot cinders ; the frightened creature plunged violently, and the king being unable to retain his seat, fell to the ground. The injury which he sustained caused him to be carried in a litter to a religious house, in the neighborhood of Rouen, where his army was encamped, for he could not bear, he said, the noise of the great city. It was told by those who were present at the time, that although he at first preserved much apparent dignity, and conversed calmly on the events of his past life, and concerning the vanity of human greatness ; when death drew near, the case was otherwise. He then spoke and felt as a dying man, who was shortly to appear before the tribunal of his Maker, there to render an account of all the deeds which he had done, of all the gifts committed to his care, of his riches and his power. His hard heart softened then, and he bitterly bewailed the cruelties which he had committed.

One morning early, the chief prelates and barons received a summons to assemble with all haste in the chamber of the king, who finding his end approach, desired to finish the settlement of his affairs. They came accordingly, though the day had not yet dawned, and found him with his two sons, Henry and William, who waited impatiently for the declaration of his will. "I bequeath the duchy of Normandy," said he, "to my eldest son Robert. As to the crown of England, I bequeath it to no one, for I did not receive it, like



the duchy of Normandy, from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood, with mine own sword. The succession of that kingdom, I therefore, leave to the decision of the Almighty. My own most fervent wish is, that my son William, who has ever been dutiful to me in all things, may obtain and prosper in it." "And what do you give me, O my father?" impatiently cried Prince Henry, who had not been mentioned. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury," was his answer. "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" "Be patient," rejoined the king, "and have trust in the Lord; suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee—thy time will come after theirs." On hearing this, Prince Henry hurried off to secure the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then provided himself with a strong coffer, having locks and iron bindings to keep his treasure safe. William, also, staid no longer by the bed-side of his dying parent; he called for his attendants, and hastened to the coast, that he might pass over without delay to take possession of his crown. He, whose sword had made many childless, was thus deserted in his hour of greatest need by his unnatural sons.

His last sigh was a signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights buckled on their spurs, and the priests and doctors, who had passed the night by his bed-side, made no delay in leaving their wearisome occupation. "To horse! to horse!" resounded through the monastery, and each one galloped off to his own home, in order to secure his interests or his property. A few of the king's servants, and some vassals of minor rank staid behind, but not to do honor to



the poor remains of him who had been their king. They spoke loudly and trod heavily, where but a short time before men would scarcely have dared to whisper ; where the noiseless step and hushed sound, told the rank and sufferings of him, whom now the voice of seven thunders would not wake. They proceeded without remorse to rifle the apartment both of arms and silver vessels ; they even took away the linen and royal vestments, and having hastily packed them in bundles, each man threw the one, which he secured, upon his steed, and galloped away like the rest. From six till nine the corpse of the mighty conqueror lay on the bare boards, with scarcely a sheet to cover him. At length the monks and clergy recollected the condition of the deceased monarch, and forming a procession, they went with a crucifix and lighted tapers to pray over the dishonored body. The Archbishop of Rouen wished that the interment should take place at Caen, in preference to his own city, it being thought most proper that the church of St. Stephen, which the king had built, and royally endowed, should be honored with his sepulchre. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the corpse being carried by water to Caen, was received by the abbots and monks of St. Stephen. Mass was performed, the Bishop of Evreux pronounced a panegyric on him who had borne the name of Conqueror while living, and who had done great deeds among his fellow-men, and the bier on which lay the body of the king, attired in royal robes, and being in no respect concealed from the view, was about to be lowered into the grave, when a stern voice forbade the interment. " Bishop," it said, " the man whom you have praised was a robber. The very ground on which we are standing is mine ;

and this is the site of my father's house. He took it from me by violence to build this church upon its ruins. I reclaim it as my right, and in the name of the Most High I forbid you to bury him there, or to cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly, was Asseline Fitz-Arthur. He had vainly sought for justice from the king while living, and he loudly proclaimed the fact of his injustice and oppression, before his face, when dead. Many who were present well remembered the pulling down of Fitz-Arthur's house, and the distress which it occasioned, and the bishop, being assured of the fact, gave his son sixty shillings for the grave alone, and engaged to procure the full value of his land. One moment more, and the corpse remained among living men; another, and it disappeared in the darkness of the tomb, and the remainder of the ceremony being hurried over, the assembly broke up in haste.

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Barons and men-at-arms were assembled in Malwood-Keep, at the invitation of William Rufus, who proposed to hold a chase, and to follow the red-deer over the wide hunting-grounds, where once stood the pleasant homes, which his father had rendered desolate. William was preparing for the chase, when an artizan brought him six new arrows. He praised their workmanship, and putting aside four for himself, he gave the other two to Sir Walter Tyrrel, or, as he was often called, Sir Walter de Poix, from his estates in France, saying, as he presented them, "Good weapons are due to him, who knows how to make a right use of them." Many of the younger barons were already mounted, and their horses were curvetting on the grass, as though they partook

of the impatience of their riders, while every now and then the blast of the hunter's horn, in the hand of some young squire, gave notice to those within that the sun was already high. All was gaiety and animation, and boisterous mirth within and around Malwood-Keep, when a stranger was seen approaching through the forest, grave, and yet in haste. He spoke as one who had business of moment to communicate, and which admitted of no delay, but his look and voice sufficed to check the eagerness of those who sought to know whence and why he came. He told the king, when admitted to his presence, that he had travelled both far and fast; that the Norman abbot of St. Peter's at Gloucester had sent to inform his majesty how greatly he was troubled on his account, for that one of his monks had dreamed a dream which foreboded a sudden and awful death to him. "To horse!" hastily exclaimed the king, "Walter de Poix, do you think that I am one of those fools who give up their pleasure or their business for such matters? the man is a true monk, he dreameth for the sake of money; give him an hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."

Forth went the hunting train, and while some rode one way, some another, according to the manner adopted in the chase, Sir Walter de Tyrrel, the king's especial favorite, remained with him, and their dogs hunted together. They had good sport, and none thought of returning, although the sun was sinking in the west and the shadows of the forest-trees began to lengthen on the grass, at which time an hart came bounding by, between the king and his companion, who stood concealed in a thicket. The king drew his bow, but

the string broke, and the arrow took no effect; the hart being startled at the sound, paused in his speed, and looked on all sides, as if doubtful which way to turn. The king, meanwhile gazing steadfastly at the creature, raised his bridle-hand above his eyes, that he might shade them from the glare of the sun, which now shone almost horizontally through the forest, and being unprovided with a second bow, he called out "Shoot, Walter, shoot away!" Tyrrel drew his bow, but the arrow went not forth in a straight line, it glanced against a tree and struck the king in its side-course against his breast, which was left exposed by the raised arm. The fork-head pierced his heart, and in an instant he expired. Sir Walter flew to his side, but he saw that his master was beyond all human aid, and mounting his horse he hastened to the sea-coast, from whence he embarked for Normandy. He was heard of soon after, as having fled into the dominions of the French king, and the next account of him was, that he had gone to the Holy Land.

Rufus had left the bed-side of his dying parent while life still lingered, intent only on obtaining the English crown; he even left the care of his interment to the hands of strangers, for it does not seem that he at all concerned himself about the matter. Now then was he also left alone, in the depth of the still forest. His companions in the chase were eagerly following their amusement, and chanced not to pass where he was lying. At length the royal corpse was discovered by a poor charcoal-burner, who put it, still bleeding, into his cart, and drove off to Winchester. The intelligence soon spread, and Henry hastened to seize the treasures that belonged to the crown, while the knights, who had

re-assembled at Malwood-Keep, thought only how the accident might affect themselves ; no one caring to show respect to the remains of the unhappy monarch, with whom they had banquetted the evening before. It was afterwards observed by many, that as the corpse of the Conqueror lay extended on a board, with scarcely a vestment to cover him, so, by a reasonable coincidence, the body of his unnatural son, unwashed, without even a mantle, and hideous to look upon, remained in the cart of the charcoal-burner till the next day, when it was conveyed in the same condition to the cathedral church of Winchester. There, however, some faint show of respect was paid to what had been a king : it was interred in the centre of the choir, where, as wrote the chronicler of this sad history, many persons looked on, but few grieved. It was even said by some, that the fall of a high tower which covered his tomb with ruins, showed the just displeasure of Heaven against one, who having deserted his dying parent, sought not to repair the evils which he had done, who, neither acting justly nor living righteously, was undeserving of Christian burial.



**ADDRESS TO NIGHT.**

BY L. C. LEVIN.

HAIL, goddess of the gloomy hour !  
I love thy faint and lonely ray ;  
Thy deepest shadows please me more  
Than all the gorgeous light of day.

I love thee when the vault of heaven  
With lightning fires is sheeted o'er,  
And field and forest, thunder riven,  
Quake with the elemental roar.

I love thee, too, when not a breath  
Breaks thy expressive stillness ; when  
It seems as if triumphant death  
Reigned over all that once were men.

Oh ! let intrusive memory lose  
All thoughts of objects felt or seen,  
And fancy paint in quaintest hues,  
What ne'er will be nor e'er has been.

I'll think my soul, in ages past,  
Was tenant of some brighter sphere ;  
And for some dark transgression, cast  
To work its absolution here.

But, day appears—my fellow men  
Rise up, like monsters from their lair ;  
I see myself like them, and then,  
Think my lot hopeless, and—despair.

## AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Nor going to the ball?" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look and tone of surprise. "What has come over the girl?"

"I don't know, but she says she's not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a beautiful ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that you are not going to this ball?" she said.

Helen looked up with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying, for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or stay at home. I think, perhaps, I ought to remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like your dress?"

"O yes! very much. I think it beautiful."

"Doesn't it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the largest and most fashionable of the season. You know that your father and myself are both going. We shall want to see you there, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, unless you can satisfy him that your reason for doing so is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you are doing right. I wish all my children to act under the government of a sound judgment. Impulse, or reasons not to be spoken of freely to their parents, should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke,

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for his, my dear?"

"He doesn't go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is too young, and too backward. You couldn't hire him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend the evening in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he cannot or will not participate."

"He does not. I know he would not hear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not have a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him that I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

"I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments. "You are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But, I must say, I think you rather foolish. You will not find Edward disposed to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I ought not to think."

"Perhaps not. Well, you may do as you like. But, I don't know what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen; that period when many young men, especially those who have been blessed with sisters, would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was shy, timid and bashful in company, and could hardly ever be induced to go out to parties with his sisters. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many good qualities endeared him to his family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a very tender regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with whom his own was on friendly terms. With these he associated frequently, and, with two

or three others, quite intimately. For a month or two, Helen noticed that one and another of these young friends called every now and then for Edward, in the evening, and that he went out with them and staid until bed-time. But unless his sisters were from home, he never went of his own accord. The fact of his being out with these young men, had, from the first, troubled Helen; though, the reason of her feeling troubled she could not tell. Edward had good principles, and she could not bring herself to entertain fears of any clearly-defined evil. Still a sensation of uneasiness was always produced when he was from home in the evening.

Her knowing that Edward would go out, after they had all left, was the reason why Helen did not wish to attend the ball. The first thought of this had produced an unpleasant sensation in her mind, which increased the longer she debated the question of going away, or remaining at home. Finally, she decided that she would not go. This decision took place after the interview with her mother, which was only half an hour from the time of starting.

Edward knew nothing of the intention of his sister. He was in his own room, dressing to go out, and supposed, when he heard the carriage drive from the door, that Helen had gone with the other members of the family. On descending to the parlor, he was surprised to find her sitting by the centre table, with a book in her hand.

"Helen! Is this you! I thought you had gone to the ball. Are you not well?" he said quickly and with surprise, coming up to her side

"I am very well, brother," she replied, looking into his face with a smile of sisterly regard. "But I have concluded



to stay at home this evening. I'm going to keep your company."

"Are you, indeed! right glad am I of it! though I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the pleasure of this ball, which, I believe, is to be a very brilliant one. I was just going out, because it is so dull at home when you are all away."

"I am not particularly desirous of going to the ball. So little so, that the thoughts of you being left here all alone had sufficient influence over me to keep me away."

"Indeed! Well, I must say you are kind." Edward returned, with feeling. The self-sacrificing act of his sister had touched him sensibly.

Both Helen and her brother played well. She upon the harp and piano, and he upon the flute and violin. Both were fond of music, and practised and played frequently together. Part of the evening was spent in this way, much to the satisfaction of each. Then an hour passed in reading and conversation, after which, music was again resorted to. Thus passed the time pleasantly until the hour for retiring came, when they separated, both with an internal feeling of pleasure more delightful than they had experienced for a long time. It was nearly three o'clock before Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, and the daughter who had accompanied them to the ball, came home. Hours before, the senses of both Edward and Helen had been locked in forgetfulness.

Time passed on. Edward Lindley grew up and became a man of sound principles—a blessing to his family and society. He saw his sisters well married; and himself, finally, led to the altar a lovely maiden. She made him a

truly happy husband. On the night of his wedding, as he sat beside Helen, he paused for some time, in the midst of a pleasant conversation, thoughtfully. At last, he said,

“Do you remember, sister, the night you staid home from the ball to keep me company?”

“That was many years ago. Yes, I remember it very well, now you have recalled it to my mind.”

“I have often since thought, Helen,” he said, with a serious air, “that by the simple act of thus remaining at home for my sake, you were the means of saving me from destruction.”

“How so?” asked the sister.

“I was just then beginning to form an intimate association with young men of my own age, nearly all of whom have since turned out badly. I did not care a great deal about their company; still, I liked society and used to be with them frequently—especially when you and Mary went out in the evening. On the night of the ball to which you were going, these young men had a supper, and I was to have been with them. I did not wish particularly to join them, but preferred doing so to remaining at home alone. To find you, as I did, so unexpectedly, in the parlor, was an agreeable surprise indeed. I staid at home with a new pleasure, which was heightened by the thought, that it was your love for me that had made you deny yourself for my gratification. We read together on that evening, we played together, we talked of many things. In your mind I had never before seen as much to inspire my own with high and pure thoughts. I remembered the conversation of the young men with whom I had been associating, and in which I had taken pleasure,

with something like disgust. It was low, sensual and too much of it vile and demoralizing. Never, from that hour, did I join them. Their way, even in the early stage of life's journey, I saw to be downward, and downward it has ever since been tending. How often since have I thought of that point in time, so full-fraught with good and evil influences. Those few hours spent with you seemed to take scales from my eyes. I saw with a new vision. I thought and felt differently. Had you gone to the ball, and I to meet those young men, no one can tell what might not have been the consequence. Sensual indulgences, carried to excess, amid songs and sentiments calculated to awaken evil instead of good feelings, might have stamped upon my young and delicate mind a bias to low affections that never would have been eradicated. That was the great starting point in life—the period when I was coming into a state of rationality and freedom. The good prevailed over the evil, and by the agency of my sister, as an angel sent by the Author of all benefits to save me.”

Like Helen Lindley, let every elder sister be thoughtful of her brothers at that critical period in life, when the boy is about passing up to the stage of manhood, and she may save them from many a snare set for their unwary feet by the evil one. In closing this little sketch, we can say nothing better than has already been said by an accomplished American authoress, Mrs. Farrar.

“So many temptations,” she says, “beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that young brothers’ evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends,

that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment, chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which I am here endeavoring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. To do good and to make others happy was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

“Sisters should always be willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers; and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusements, and making home the most agreeable place to them. . . .

“I have been told by some, who have passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home

engagement, of which their sisters were the charm ; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting, loving friends ; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.



### THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours  
When others are asleep,  
When moaning round the low thatched roof  
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days  
Passed in a gloomy room,  
When others are abroad to taste  
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store  
And missed while it is given :  
'Tis given—for the claims of earth  
Are less than those of heaven.



## THE FIRST ORATION.

A TEMPERANCE society was to be formed in Lyonville, and of course there must be an address from some one. No public lecturer happening to be in the place, those engaged in getting up the meeting pitched upon a young man named Agnew for the purpose, and, despite of all objections and remonstrance, extorted from him the promise to act as orator for the evening. Agnew had talents, was a good talker and a warm advocate of the temperance cause. But he had never spoken in public beyond an occasional argument in a debating club, and very naturally had many serious doubts as to his success. He had only three or four days for the work of preparation. At first he tried to write an address; but he failed in this altogether. He had not the faculty of thinking with his pen in hand. Then he turned his subject over and over again in his mind, lying awake upon it half the night, and going out into the fields early in the morning to exercise himself in reading aloud or speaking, to an imaginary audience, the oration he had composed.

These performances were, upon the whole, quite satisfactory to the young orator; and by the time the meeting was to be held, he felt fully prepared to do both himself and his subject ample justice.



W. H. L. L.

W. H. L. L.

*The Young Gardener*



On the evening in question, the little village-church was filled to overflowing. For the three hours previous to the time when he was to open his address, Agnew had been repeating it over and over again, in order to have every word perfect in his memory. But as the period drew near, he felt more and more nervous. There was a weight on his breast, and a dry, choking sensation in his throat. On entering the church, and finding it so crowded with spectators, Agnew's knees began to tremble; and when he searched about in his mind for the opening portion of his address, it was no where to be found.

Seating himself on the platform temporarily erected for the purposes of the evening, he awaited, in a state of nervous anxiety, the conclusion of the preliminary ceremonies, still searching, but in vain, for the clue to his oration. Not a single portion of his intended speech could he remember, try as he would to recall it.

At last the time came. There was deep hush of expectation through the assembly. All eyes were upon him. Rising, in the trembling hope that, at the last moment, his speech would come, he said, with as steady a voice as he could assume,

“Mr. President——”

Just at that moment, the door of the church opened, and a man who sold liquor and had done more to corrupt and demoralize the young men of the village than any one in it, entered, and, with a look of defiance, walked boldly down the aisle, and took his seat just in front of the young speaker. As he did so, he perceived Agnew's embarrassment, and gave a chuckle of enjoyment.

“ Mr. President,” said the speaker, as the liquor-seller thus noted his confusion. His voice was steadier than before. “ It is related, that, in old times, when the sons of the Lord came up to worship, Satan came also.”

He paused, looking steadily at the tavern-keeper ; and the eyes of the whole congregation followed his gaze.

“ It is also said,” he continued, “ that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Happily, Satan cannot now appear among us in bodily form. Many who have served Satan, however, are here, but I sincerely trust as the repentant sinners over whom heaven rejoices.”

Thus opening, extemporaneously, he continued, turning his reference to the liquor-seller to such good account as to disarm his resentment, while he deeply interested both him and the whole audience. His address was most admirable, yet not a line of what he had prepared was uttered.

When he sat down and the pledge was presented, the old liquor-seller was the first to sign. So much for Agnew’s first oration. He has made many since ; but none that will be remembered in Lyonville as long as his maiden speech.

S. A.



## WHY DON'T HE COME.

WHY don't he come ?—the morning light,  
In amber rays, break from the east ;  
He said he would come back last night,  
Nor tarry at the midnight feast.

Ah, that the revel and the song  
Should lure him from my smiles away,  
The vigil why did he prolong  
In politician's idle fray ?

When the last evening's hymn was sung,  
My babes a wondering silence kept,  
And with his name upon its tongue,  
Each little innocent has slept.

Until the waning moon was high,  
A silent watch I here did keep ;  
But slow, the long, long hours went by,  
And I retired, alone to weep.

I see him not—he little knows  
The pain this faithful heart must feel ;  
Oh, that his own may find repose,  
Nor be consumed by party zeal.

The sun is up—yet he comes not,  
To light with joy our peaceful home ;  
These revels are with ruin fraught—  
I wonder why he does not come !

## BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

FROM MISS BREMER.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.—How cold, how gloomy it is! The window-panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Norland, however, the mid-day has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months.

They say in the North, that “Nature sleeps,” but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time—if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and while every thing sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out “what in all the world” you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christ-

man should loose his way and pass by thy door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts ; ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter ! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish ; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up ; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking-pig squeaking in it, which must endeavor, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good humor.

It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically ; it holds all life fettered in nature ; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom ; destroys every sprouting grass blade ; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport ; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into gray space, and takes heed that every thing keeps itself immoveable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times.

At length comes the darkest moments of the year, the midnight hour of nature ; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout, full of gladness, " It is Christmas ! it is Christmas !" Earth sends her hallelujah on high !

And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving ? " A Child is born !" A child ! In the hour of night, in a lowly manger, he has been born ; and angels have also sung, " Peace on earth !" This is the festival which shall be

celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy! Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this Friend, this Brother, was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shall help to answer the great questions of life. Rejoice, ye happy children, whom He blesses! Rejoice, and follow after Him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

There are inexhaustible, love-inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts, in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole—and in them the healthy find an elevating life's refreshment. Of this kind are the thoughts on that Child—His poverty, His lowliness, His glory!

FATHERS OF FAMILIES.—Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scolest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children—thou who makest unhappy wife and child and servants—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter sauce out of thy gall—shame and indigestion to thee!

BUT—Honor and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech, callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavor than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them—

honor to thee, and joys in abundance. May good-will ever spread the table for thee ; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honor and joy to thee !

NATURE.—The wind on the sea, the air on the mountain, the sea-like sound in the wood, the fresh, fresh breath of nature, which expels care and refreshes life—I praise you ! Who has not felt himself elevated—when he has returned from the house of mourning, from the impure atmosphere of society, and from the exhaustion of business ? Wonderful, powerful, care-free life in the air, in the water, and in the earth ! Mighty Nature, how I love thee, and how gladly would I lead all hearts to thee ! In hostility to thee, life is a burthen ; in peace with thee, we have a presentiment of the repose of Paradise. Thy storms sound through the immortal harps of Ossian and Byron ; in the songs of the sea-heroes—in the romances of the north, breathes thy life. The feeling heart owes to thee its best and freshest sentiments. To her also who pens these lines hast thou given new life. Her soul was sick to death, and she cast herself on thy bosom. Thou didst raise her up again ; she received power to lift herself up to God.

SELFISHNESS AND EGOTISM.—It is indeed a terrible sight, that of a man who has so completely smothered every thing divine in his nature, that nothing remains but a horrible egotism. To such a one nothing is sacred ; to accomplish his will and to satisfy his humor, he hesitates at none, no, not the most criminal means, and finds a pleasure in making himself a tormentor.

THE FAR NORTH.—So poor, so waste, so gloomily does nature here present herself—monotonous, but great ! Great,



since she is eternal, without change, without disquiet. Proud and immovable in her poverty, she casts from her the industry of men, the affluence of agriculture, and renounces every joy, but at the same time every fetter. She turns away her countenance from life, draws the winding-sheet around her, and seems to rejoice herself in everlasting repose.

LIFE'S MOONLIGHT.—There is also a moonlight in human life—a moonlight in the hearts of men. It ascends cheerfully after a disquieting, stormy day. It has the reconciling of light and shade; a bright twilight; a still melancholy; a soft slumbering of feeling; a wo—but it also is a benefit: then are shed quiet tears, gentle and refreshing as the dew upon the scorched-up valleys. Often, however, is it a long time before this repose, this heavenly light, descends into the heart; often is it tempested so long.

THE BRIDAL HOUR.—We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and

full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears ; if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being—when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease—even then people will not think of misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, “ I was just so on my wedding-day—but that passes over with time ! ” Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh arise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself, in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, “ O that is the way of the world ! ”

MISFORTUNES.—When a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily-laden heart should not have broken ; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No ; we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life ; who without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled ; who suffers without complaint ; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labors for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint !

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, could I be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

But I must here remark a difference. There is a misfortune in which we see a higher hand, an inevitable fate; it is like a thunder-stroke out of the clouds. But there are sufferings of another kind, of which the torture resembles a perpetual needle-pricking. These proceed from the hand of man; these arise in families, where married people, parents, children, only live one with another to make home a hell: there are the plagued and the plagues; it were difficult to say which are most worthy of pity—the unhappy ones! The first kind of misfortune is most easy to endure. It is much, much easier to suffer under the hand of God, than under that of man. Lightning from above gives death, or light and exhilaration; the prick from the hand of man wastes away like a slow cancer; it embitters the heart—bitterness is the simoom of life; where it blows, there exists a desert. But even here, is there a means of deliverance. There is an angel-patience which blunts the wounding point, which sanctifies the sufferer under his pang, and at length improves others by this means. There is a Socratic courage which converts all Xantippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains which it finds too heavy to be borne. Many a tormented one proves himself, but he proves himself before a higher eye; he may, if he will, prevent his heart becoming embittered, for that is the worst that can happen to him.

## REMEMBEREST THOU ME.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

I LOVED thee when thou wert a fairy thing  
Of less than sixteen summers ; and thy form  
Was as a flower of beauty's fashioning,  
Bright in the sunshine, drooping in the storm.  
Thy laughing eyes were of that deep clear blue,  
In which the soul was seated like a star,  
Throned in its kindred heaven.—I would strew  
Gladness around thee, fair one ! though afar  
Our streams have parted, ne'er to mingle more.  
Thou hast encircling thee in thy bright home  
The fond ones of thy girlhood,—and thy door  
Still looks on scenes where once we loved to roam ;  
(I bless thee, dearest !) and thy golden tress  
Lies even now before me, and is wet  
With tears that come from memory's fount and press  
Its spirit depths full sadly.—Where we met,  
Is pictured to the sense ; the bower, the beechen tree,  
On which our names were graved ; the little stream,  
That gliding onward mingled with the sea ;  
The sun just setting, while his crimson beam,  
Falls slantingly upon the tiny sail  
That gems the still blue waters. Thou art there,  
And I am by thee, and thy lashes veil  
The tears that glisten through them ; while a prayer  
Comes whispered from thy lips—bless thee ! bless thee !  
That prayer was breathed for me and—this is but  
A dream of what hath been.

**VISIT TO FATHER MATHEW.**

BY COL. WM. SHERBURNE.

ON leaving the beautiful and chaste City of Dublin, which may be ranked second only to the City of Edinburgh for its magnificent mansions, I was presented with letters to the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew at Cork; to the Earl Montagle, late Chancellor of the British Exchequer and Member of the House of Lords, residing near Cork; to the Lord High Sheriff of the County of Cork; and numerous others of equal rank and standing in Ireland, all of which placed me in a position, while on my rambles over an island so enchanting in prospect, clime and soil, to the traveller, made me forget the famishing thousands, or my danger as a foreigner travelling amid subjects armed at every point and ripe for rebellion, incendiarism, and bloodshed. Yet, after a pleasant jaunt, by railway and coach, I arrived in safety at the City of Cork, and took my quarters at Cotton's Imperial Hotel. The following morning I called to deliver my letters of introduction and pay my respects to Father Mathew, (so termed in Ireland,) whose humble abode I found a few squares from the hotel over the Lee in a narrow, obscure street. In front of the house was a large number of the poor, waiting to have an opportunity to see the great Apostle of Temperance and obtain the usual morn-



ing blessing, with something also to keep them from starvation. Making my way through the motley crowd, amid a hundred cries of "a penny, your honor, in the name of God !" I gave the usual summons, and was invited into the office of the good Father's private secretary, on the right of a narrow passage, the floor of which was covered with straw, thrown carelessly down, for the purpose, as I was afterwards informed, of letting the poor mendicants wipe their feet of the mud brought in from the street before entering the office. The secretary, on learning my object, my letters and country, expressed much regret that Father Mathew was absent from town on a mission of mercy ; but said that he would return that evening, and hoped I would leave my letter and card, as he would feel rejoiced to see and take by the hand a citizen from a country that had saved millions from starvation by its most generous sympathy in the great time of need.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, while reading the morning paper near the front window in the parlor, a cab drove rapidly up the street and reined up at the Imperial ; and while gazing out to see a large number of the poor Irish in front and around the cab, I was aroused at the entrance and announcement of mine host of the name of Father Mathew, who, with all the courtly grace of a finished gentleman, bade me welcome to Ireland, and regretting that his absence on the day previous had deprived him of the pleasure of welcoming me at his own domicil. The deep-felt gratitude, towards the American citizens, he expatiated upon until tears filled his eyes ; and when describing the horrors of the famine and what he had seen and passed through during

that awful visitation of Providence, it seemed completely to unman the good Father, who rose, and with measured steps walked the room for a while in silence, apparently to recover his agitated feelings and change the too-painful subject. On the taking leave, he said, with his usual bland smile, while holding my hand, that he should expect me to dine with him on the next day with a few select friends, to whom he should be pleased to introduce me. On waiting on the good Father to his cab we found, still collected, a large number of the poor, who, on his approach, knelt on the pavement to ask a blessing as he passed out to enter his carriage. Many followed the carriage some distance up the street.

I had the impression, like thousands of others, that Father Mathew was a small man, of advanced age, and my astonishment was great on seeing a gentleman in the prime of life, of true Chesterfieldian grace in every movement, and with handsome form and features. Father Mathew may be termed one of nature's true noblemen. His dress was a suit of black with small-clothes and boots of high polish up to the knee, when in the street or making short visits; in private, at home, he wears a well-made neat shoe, after the style of the old English gentleman.

At the humble residence of the Apostle of temperance, on the next day, I was introduced to the Lord Mayor, several of the corporation and two or three priests. We dined in the same room in which we all met, and when dinner was announced, Father Mathew did me the honor of placing me at his right hand with the Lord Mayor on his left. We had an excellent dinner, with pure water; tea and coffee followed while the dessert was on the table, a part of which had been

sent from the United States by a lady as a present to Father Mathew. All the time we were at the table, a constant crowd of the poor destitute Irish were in front of the house, looking up to the windows, most anxiously wishing for some of the crumbs that fell from the good Father's table. While sipping our coffee, Father Mathew rose and whispered me to excuse him for a few minutes. His object was, to order his servant-man to divide all that was left of the dinner among those who crowded the door in front, as far as it would go, and then to request them to return to their homes and he would see them another time ; all of which was fulfilled, and all left on their way rejoicing, blessing the name of Father Mathew.

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### REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis something, if in absence we can trace  
The footsteps of the past : it soothes the heart  
To breathe the air scented in other years  
By lips beloved, to wander through the groves  
Where once we were not lonely ; where the rose  
Reminds us of the hair we used to wreath  
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,  
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by,  
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes.

**POETRY OF MR. HAYNES BAYLY.**

THE songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind ; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow, we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury ; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession ; but it was found impossible to confine him to

such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early age of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief:



the poet sympathized, and "pity is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel ———, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another. Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;  
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;  
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,  
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;  
I could not bear to view thee, decked in fashion's bright array;  
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,  
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless  
moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee ;  
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me ;  
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,  
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer ! there is nothing happy now ;  
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough :  
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,  
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,  
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.  
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,  
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, re-established the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning, in 1824, to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate in the event. He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs. Hayes, whose soirees at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young and the gay. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of "Isabel," expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author ; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau ideal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes ; and, on conversing with Mrs. Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days.

This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband ; for so it proved.

He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once ; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr. Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was “*épris*,” without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr. Haynes Bayly’s suit ; but when she found her daughter’s mind was set on going abroad she wisely allowed her to do so ; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother’s wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained at Bath. Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen :—

Oh ! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet ;  
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,  
Alas ! there are none who can make us forget  
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,  
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house duties.

Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent  
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* ('midst the many who sighed  
To solicit your favor)—one favorite beau?  
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,  
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—no?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been thronged,  
With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;  
Indeed, it is said that a man who belonged  
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found  
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?  
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,  
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own  
The form we have worshipped as if 'twere divine?  
No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,  
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of the poet's songs: a large party was stay-



ing at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre and determined to turn the tables upon them; he waved his hand carelessly and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a reverie, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, "I'd be a butterfly." He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show



them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad ; for it will be seen by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity : he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities : for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and

he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song :—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the ark :  
The world was a desert, the future all dark ;  
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,  
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.  
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth  
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth ;  
Again I can smile with the gay and the young ;  
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.  
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong ;  
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife :—

Oh ! hadst thou never shared my fate,  
More dark that fate would prove ;  
My heart were truly desolate,  
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,  
Whilst this relief I found,  
Like fearless lips that strive to take  
The poison from a wound !

My fond affection thou hast seen,  
Then judge of my regret,  
To think more happy thou hadst been,  
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee ?

Ah no, that smiling cheek

Proves more unchanging love for me

Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight

Of sorrow summons forth ;

Though known in days of past delight

We know not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed

So much in friendship's name ;

Yet calmly pause to think how best

They may evade her claim.

But ah ! from them to thee I turn ;

They'd make me loathe mankind ;

Far better lessons I may learn

From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,

I feel they cannot take ;

We'll pray for happier years to come,

For one another's sake.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—"He was a kind

parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realize his own playfully-expressed wish :—

What, though you tell me each gay little rover  
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day !  
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,  
To die when all fair things are fading away  
Some in life's winter may fail to discover  
Means of procuring a weary delay—  
I'd be a butterfly ; living, a rover,  
Dying when fair things are fading away !

The poems and songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age ; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all ; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humor scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connection with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his varied compositions.

THE END.





































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